LUCIFER'S COURT

A Heretic's Journey in Search of the Light Bringers

Otto Rahn

THE

COURT

OF

LUCIFER

A Voyage with Europe’s benevolent Ghosts

by Otto Rahn

Translated by Craig Gawler

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THE

COURT

OF

LUCIFER

Departure

PART ONE

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Pamiers

Foix

Lavelanet

Montségur

in

the

Pyrenees

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Carcassonne

Saint-Germain-en-Laye

Cahors

Ornolac in the land of Foix

Mirepoix

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the

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To my comrades

DEPARTURE

He who loves his country, should also wish

to understand it

He who wishes to understand it, should try

at every turn to penetrate its History.

Jakob Grimm

n the beginning, this book was simply a journal, begun in Germany, continued in France's Midi region and completed, provisionally, in Iceland. I might have ended it there, as the Iexperience of the midnight sun had brought to light the essence of the perfect sphere within which my thoughts and acts, bound by very precise rules, had been evolving.

I acted as an artist who, piecing together a mosaic, first gathers the different coloured pieces one by one, then places them, beginning to sketch out his work. I gleaned intuitions and knowledge under multiple skies and in different countries. From their convergence, leapt an impression of the whole.

In excising, capping or emphasising, I built up my Journal, regrouping separate pages, so that the image I had in mind might be understood, mulled over and animated by others. I hope, in this, my hand has been fortunate!

I wrote this book in my little village of High Hesse. From my work-desk, I could make out an infinitely extending landscape, one extremely dear to me and towards which my mind would often return whilst my destiny swept me off across strange deserts and lands.

High Hesse, country of my fathers. In this village, standing on the wooded highs which seems to close up the country to the south, they have, since the most distant past, tilled the earth, struck the anvil, ground wheat to make flour or laboured to make cloth cloth in low-ceilinged rooms. The ground of this land is very stony and its sky is often obscured by clouds. Rare are those from here who have made a fortune. In Odenwald, □ from where they hailed, my mother's ancestors had an easier life. There, the sun and air are full of gentleness and the soil is generous to those who lovingly take care of

it. This little town, in which I lived and wrote this book, is dominated by the ruins of a fortified castle. Near its great gate, which still stands, is an ancient lime tree. In its shadow, Boniface is said to have preached Roman Christianity to the Chattes. [] If, whilst sitting under the lime, I looked to the North, my gaze would dwell fascinated upon a basalt cone rising up sharply towards the sky. At its summit, the German 'Apostle' had his monastic fortress, the Amöneburg. Boniface, this saint who pretended to preach the gospel of love, never cared much for my ancestors. In a letter addressed to the Pope in 742, he referred to them as "idiots".

A few hours walk separate my little village of High Hesse from Marbourg on the Lahn. A son of this town, nicknamed the "scourge of Germany", also preached for Rome.

This person, the Grand Inquisitor Konrad von Marburg, covered his native country on the back of a mule, multiplying the "rose miracles" for the canonisation of his illustrious penitent, Elizabeth of Thuringe, — all the while, taking advantage of this to lay his hands on

[] *lit.* The forest of Odhinn.

[] German tribe.

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some heretics. They were put to the stake in the middle of town, in the square that still today bears the name 'Ketzerbach'. []

My ancestors were pagans, and my forefathers heretics.

[] River of heretics.

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PART ONE

For God, the Devil doesn't exist, but

For us, he is a very powerful phantom.

Novalis

spent eight years of my childhood, until the start of the World War, in this little town next to the Rhine. I am returning, for the first time, after a long absence. Just for a day.

IThe house where I used to live no longer exists. It was razed to the ground due to its dilapidated condition. Even the fields, in which I ran about and played, have disappeared.

Now houses stand in their stead. Only the vines, which began life at the foot of our garden, remain unchanged. A good harvest is expected. It is autumn.

I am beginning a great journey. Around this time tomorrow, I will set off for the South: to France and then farther still, the regions that lie between the Alps and the Pyrenees. I might also go to Italy and South Tyrol. I realise that our fatherland has more to impart to us than foreign countries, which have so often born harmful intentions. Even so, I am journeying far away on account of my distant ancestors and my forefathers who were pagans and heretics. I am aware that the future is more important than the past. By the same token, I am perfectly aware what duty requires at the present time. But, if the epochs I am researching thrived then they are not obsolete. There is much talk today of pagans and heretics.

In this little town next to the Rhine, my point of departure, there once lived an abominable woman, originally from Grünberg in High Hesse. She sold her husband's parents to the German Grand Inquisitor, Konrad von Marburg, who dispatched them to be burnt at the stake. In a few days, I will visit the monastery that was at the heart of all the inquisitions: the abbey of Notre-Dame de Prouille, near Toulouse, which also gave rise to the Western custom of praying with the aid of a rosary. The history of this Dominican monastery, founded by Saint Dominic, is linked to the destinies of the most famous heretics of the Middle Ages: the Albigensians, also known as Cathars. The word Cathar (pronounced Kàtharer) means 'pure' (in Greek, *katharoi*), but its meaning becomes corrupted in the German *Ketzer*, which lends it a more dubious sense. I am going to the south of France, because it is said that heresy is disseminated from there as far as Germany.

I have read everything I could find on the Cathars, who were at one time "as numerous as grains of sand on the beach" and had partisans

in a thousand cities. In this way, I learnt that only the Cathars from the south of France, in Provence, Languedoc and Gascony were called Albigensians. In Germany they were called the *Runkeler*[] or the Friends of God. [] They were probably particularly influential in Lombardy. The moralistic poet Wernher, who was a priest in Augsburg around 1180, reports somewhere that “Lombardy is blazing with a passion for heresy”.

Theologians and historians, whether Catholic or Protestant, were all agreed on one point: Cathars, wherever they might be found, should be exterminated. Otherwise, the spiritual life of the West would be corrupted and led astray down ‘non-European’ paths. But they struggled, as they still do now, to fathom to which category of heretics, forsaken of God, they belong. Some like to see in them a variation of the Manichean heresy, which

[] Celtic-Roman Bingium, between the left bank of the Rhine and the right bank of the Nahe.

[] *Lit.* Heretic.

[] Runcariens, Runcarii, Runcharii or Rungarii.

[] In the Balkans, where heresy originated before reaching the Pyrenees, they were called Bogomils, which also means ‘Friends of God’.

sprung from Persia. In support of this argument, they could advance numerous testimonies and written evidence. Others, a minority, deemed Cathar heresy a relic of the ancient doctrine to which the Goths, Vandals, Burgundians and Lombards adhered: specifically, that it was from the Visigoth kingdom situated in the south of France, ancient Gothia, that Arianism[] had shown itself to be particularly powerful. Who is right? Already, the sources of the time contradict each other, and it is difficult to make head or tail of it. It is significant, when we see, to give one example, an inquisitor simply dredging up from old books the wrongdoing already attributed to the first Christian heretics.

Amongst the ‘charges’ brought against the Cathars, we find among others: that they gave in to nocturnal orgies, climbed onto piles of crayfish; where they kissed the hind-quarters of a cat and murdered children which they then ate, after first having reduced them to powder. They also rejected procreation, so that Lucifer, according to

them, the Creator of all the visible world and of the human form, could not take any more souls into his power.

At the same time however, they were reproached as worshippers of Lucifer. Which seems to be founded to a greater extent on the premise that German heretics of the twelfth century would utter, “Lucifer, unto whom such great wrong has been done, greets you!” as a mark of recognition.

Tomorrow, towards the same time, I will head for the South, in the hope of clarifying this obscurity to the best of my abilities. So that I might be allowed to become a Bearer of light.

 The first of the great heresies of the Catholic Church, bearing the name of its initiator the Christian priest Arius (probably born around 256 in Cyrenaica). The gist of the doctrine sought to give a coherent explanation to the mystery of the Trinity, notably in distancing the Father, creator of the world, from the Son-Word, progenitor of the creatures.

 In other words, a ‘Lucifer’, which etymologically means ‘bearer of light’.

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PARIS

am shown the reproductions of two paintings by the Spanish master Berruguete depicting life-scenes and activities of Saint Dominic. The originals are exposed in the IPrado of Madrid. In one of the paintings, heretics are being burnt alive; the pyre is starting to blaze. To prevent them running away, the victims are tethered to stakes. Very quickly, they are transformed into living torches. In the second reproduction, Saint Dominic is burning books. Books suspected of heresy. Parchments are already burning. One book, however, floats freely in the air. It had the good fortune to please the god of Rome and will not be burnt.

On the Rue de Seine, I buy a translation of the Lutheran Bible to read once more the book of the prophet Isaiah where he explains why Yahweh condemns Lucifer and casts him out from the high heavens: “How art thou fallen from Heaven, O star of morning! … For thou hast said in thine heart: ‘I will ascend into heaven; I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds, I will be like the most High’.

Yet thou shalt be brought down to Sheol, to the sides of the pit! …[1]

But thou art cast out of your grave like an abominable branch, *and as* the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit; as a carcase trodden under feet.

Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial! …

Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. [2]

Yahweh Sabaoth hath sworn, saying: Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, *so* shall it stand…[3] For Yahweh Sabaoth hath purposed,and who should disannul *it*? and his hand *is* stretched out, and who shall turn it back? [4]

I, Yahweh Sabaoth, I am the Lord and *there is* none else, there is no god beside me ...

That they may know, from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that *there is* none beside me. I am the Lord and *there is* none else. I form the light and I create darkness; I make peace, and create evil…[5]

Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! *Let* the potsherd *strive* with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, 'What makest thou?' … Woe unto him that saith unto *his* father: 'What begettest thou?' or to the woman: 'What hast thou brought forth?'" [6]

All afternoon, I strolled along the quays of the Seine where the *bouquinistes* — near on five hundred dealers of second hand books who align themselves next to one another —

sell old works. I was told that the days of finding treasures, an invaluable fist edition or a rare

[1] *Isaiah*, 14, 12-15.

[2] *Isaiah*, 14, 19-21.

[3] *Isaiah*, 14, 24. In the Authorised Version 'Yahweh Sabaoth' is replaced in English by 'the Lord of hosts' – as this is clearly not the case in Otto Rahn's edition, I have accordingly altered these texts.

[4] *Isaiah*, 14, 27.

 Isaiah, 45, 5-7.

 Isaiah, 45, 9-10.

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work, are long since gone. In one of the vendors' well-secured trunk (for it is in this manner that the book selections are presented), I unearthed the German mystic Jakob Böhme's book, *Aurora*. I leafed through the work and read: "In truth, I am divulging a secret here; the time is already upon us when the fiancé crowns his fiancée. Guess where his crown is to be found? Next to Midnight, because the light shines in the darkness. But where does the fiancé hail from? From Midday, where the heat engenders the light, and he heads for Midnight where the light shines. But what do those from Midday do? They sleep due to the heat, but a storm is going to wake them, and, amongst them, many will die of fear".

Jakob Böhme was a Protestant cobbler from Görlitz. A contemporary of a certain Kepler and one Galileo, he died during the Thirty Year War. The full title of his book is: *Aurora or the sun at sunrise, that is to say the root or mother of Philosophy, of Astrology and of Theology according to their true basis, or Description of Nature, as everything appears and as everything becomes*. I bought this book at a ridiculously low price. Now it is on my table. Next to the Bible.

I have come from the North. I wish to journey to the South. Scarcely has my voyage begun when I must return my gaze northwards once again. Towards Midnight. It must be there that a mountain of Assembly and a crown can be found…

TOULOUSE

 Böhme's first work, which dates from 1612.

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ate in the evening, under a violent October rain, I leave Paris. Worn out by the big city, I am soon asleep. On waking, the blue of the Meridional sky, which I have never Llaid eyes upon before, greets me through the window of my compartment. The trees are resplendent with the colours of summer; the waters of a stream, straddled by a broad medieval bridge, sparkle.

I have been here ten hours now; I have visited that which all travellers must visit if they wish to maintain, with any conviction, that they have been to Toulouse. As my final destination, I visit the basilica of St. Sernin, a marvellous Roman edifice in brick, which is reminiscent of the Gothic churches of Greifswald, Stralsund, Wismar or Chorin. As I approach the basilica from the town-centre, it appears to be ablaze due to a visual effect rendered by the golden rays of the setting sun, which is hidden from view by the tall houses.

One could believe there is a fire in the House of God, the stone ablaze, where it is a bloody red. Much blood flowed in Toulouse: the blood of the Goths and Albigensians…

In crossing the square opposite the portal entrance, I think of the Italian philosopher Vanini, whose tongue was cut out by Roman priests in order to stop him making public addresses. Finally, on the 19th of February 1619, he was burnt alive in Toulouse, as, deprived of speech, he had taken to writing. Inside the church, I notice a heavy and oversized umbrella propped up against a column. Nearby, leaning against a second column and hugging it with her arms outstretched behind her, a peasant girl stares transfixed with ecstasy at a cross in front of her. She is as unaware of me as she is of others as they pass her by. Nor does she hear the clinking of coins, which from time to time, fall into the collection box at the foot of the crucifix. I turn around and head back to town.

A marble plaque is embedded in the town's enclosure. It marks the spot where, on the 25th of June 1218, during the siege of Toulouse, a stone killed the knight from the north of France, Simon de Montfort, generalissimo of the Albigensian Crusade, commissioned by the Pope and the king of France. A heroic Toulousan is said to have, with steady hand, manoeuvred the stone from the ramparts. According to what I have been told, people from Toulouse and Provence still come here even now to spit. They have not forgotten the suffering that Simon de Montfort willed upon their country.

It is on account of the Albigensians that I have come to this country. Like my ancestors, they were believed to have been in league with the Devil. In 1275, when a great number of heretics were burnt, a 56-year-old woman, Angèle de Labarthe, also passed through the temporary to the eternal flames. Under torture, she was made to confess that she had had carnal relations with the Devil and, through this union, had born a monster with a wolf's head and a serpent's tail. Each night, she would steal little children to nourish her monstrous offspring. All this, this heretic woman confessed… under torture.

Angèle, a name that means ‘Angel’.

PAMIERS

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he climate of this little town whose walls reflect in the Ariège’s crystal waters, waters of Andorran snow thaws, is very unhealthy. At least, such is the opinion of a young TToulousan whom I met in the library; he also confided to me, among other things, that one could meet women every morning around eleven o’clock, without any difficulty, in St. Sernin’s Basilica. Even, that it was there that one could most easily come upon the *femmes legères*, the prostitutes. He advised me not to stay in Pamiers. I would certainly die of boredom. When I informed him that it was indeed my intention to go to Pamiers and continue on towards Foix, and from there as far as the little village of Montségur, in the Pyrenees mountains, he regarded me dumbfounded. Then, an instant later, a smile, at once polite and sympathetic, washed over his face. And he added: “You too are looking for the Albigensians’ treasure?” When I asked of him what he had meant, he replied that a legend spoke of a treasure that the Albigensians were said to have buried in Montségur Castle, during the crusade launched against them by Rome and Paris, seven hundred years ago. It should still be there. At that very moment, an engineer from Bordeaux was apparently looking for it, with the aid of dynamite, divining rods and other such means.

Pamiers is surrounded by hills whose graceful contours block out the peaks of the Pyrenees, which stand beyond it. In the narrow streets, the crowd bustles; I notice black Senegalese and Arabs in uniform. In effect, this town will not hold me up.

This is what happened in Pamiers in 1207. At the invitation of the Countess of Foix who bore the handsome name of Esclarmonde, priests, doctors and roman monks, hailing from the towns and abbeys of the south of France and even the Vatican, gathered here to debate Christian faith with the Albigensian heretics. Esclarmonde, a heretic herself, feared for her country, aware that the Pope in Rome and the king of France had sworn out its downfall. Blood had already flowed. On Pope Alexander III’s order, an abbot, Henri de Clairvaux, given the title of cardinal of Albano during the Lateran Council in 1179, had preached a crusade against the Albigensians and attempted the triumph of Rome’s doctrine through pillage and murder with the help of some bribed pilgrims. In 1207, Innocent III, the infamous, was sitting on Peter’s throne. He had sworn not only to destroy the head of

the Albigensian dragon, but also the entire heretic country, to make way for a new generation. In Pamiers Castle, where Esclarmonde had lived since her widowhood, it was a question of determining who, the Romans or Albigensians, were the better Christians. Esclarmonde herself participated in this heated debate. But, just as she was reproaching the Romans for the cardinal of Albano's unchristian crusade, a monk replied angrily, "Madam, your place is by the spindle! You have no place in such an assembly!"

Esclarmonde de Foix, even if hardly anyone today remembers her, was one of the greatest female figures of the Middle Ages. Cursed by the Pope and hated by the king of France, she had but one preoccupation right up to her last breath: political and religious independence for her country. She died at a ripe old age. But where, nobody knows. Perhaps in a lodge within Montségur Castle, which she had turned into an impregnable fortress. One thing is certain: she did not facilitate the tragic end that befell her country. So that she might rest in peace, the faithful must have entrusted her body to the earth, the earth that the Creator had shaped. Esclarmonde was a high-ranking heretic. Today's Christians denounce her as neo-pagan, as she rejected the Old Testament, believing that Yahweh, god of the Jews, was Satan, gave no credence to the death of Jesus Christ on the cross, and even less that this had brought about mankind's redemption.

 Lit. Burst of crystal.

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Esclarmonde was received among the heretics in 1204 at Fanjeaux, which is not far from Pamiers. The heretic Church's patriarch, the knight, Guilhabert de Castres, of the noble line of Belissen, had celebrated *Haereticatio*. This was how the inquisitors termed the act of heretic ordination. From this point, Esclarmonde belonged to the Cathar community.

It was impossible to become a Cathar unless one had previously been a faithful or believer (*credens*), and uttered, so it was said, the following oaths: " I promise to give myself up to God and to his true Gospel, to never lie, to never blaspheme, to no longer engage in relations with a woman (a female heretic equally renounced the same for men), to not kill animals, to never eat meat, and to live on vegetables alone. And I promise never to betray my faith, no matter what form of death I am threatened with". In this way, one became a Pure One or a Perfect (*Perfectus*). The new member of the community would then wear a plaited cord around the waist, called a

vêture or robe. [] The heretic women, for their part, wore a diadem. In the language of the people of Provence, this ordination act was called *Consolament* (consolation). A simple believer who had not pronounced his vows could live as any other man. He had a wife and children, went to work and hunted, ate meat and drank wine. A forest or a grotto served him as a house of God. His spiritual fathers were Cathars whom he venerated and addressed as *Bonshommes* (Goodmen). Saint Bernard de Clairvaux reports that in the south of France, almost all knights (*fere omnes milites*) became Cathars.

When Esclarmonde de Foix pronounced her Cathar vows, she was already an aged widow and the mother of six adult children. Had not heretic asceticism adopted a rather particular form? I find it hard to believe that “almost all knights” lived like monks.

FOIX

am most pleased by this little village in the Pyrenees. Surrounded by imposing mountains, with an overhanging, picturesque castle and fine church, in the midst of the Iwell-kept, verdant gardens, it is paved in every direction with narrow but sparklingly clean

[] *Pur* or *Parfait*, in French.

[] Before the Inquisition, the Cathars wore a long black robe. But in order to escape Christian persecutors, they abandoned this outfit and kept only the belt, symbolising their membership and their old garment, and for this they held onto the name of the original garment.

lanes. I cross a surprising number of large, blonde men. Might they not be of Germanic origin? The Goths and the Franks, these fraternal foes, have long since been at home here…

The town’s church reminds us of our fratricidal combats. It is dedicated to Volusian, a little-known saint, of whom I should therefore say something here. Around the year 500

AD, while the Visigoths dominated Meridional Gaul, the Roman bishops, unhappy with the domination of the Visigoths, who were Aryan and therefore heretic, enlisted the help of the king of the Franks, Choldwig. [] One of the bishops, this Volusian, opened the gates of the town of Tours to the approaching Franks. The Goths pursued the traitor relentlessly and caught up with him in the

Pyrenees. There, they slaughtered him. After the Battle of Vouillé, which cost the life of the king of the Goths, Alaric II, and which opened up the way for the Franks' conquest of the south of France, Choldwig sought out the remains of this Volusian who was then proclaimed a martyr and saint by the Frankish clergy. A monastery was erected around Volusian's tomb; and around this monastery, on the ruins of these very ancient colonies, a town was created, which Charles, king of the Franks, transformed into a stronghold. So came about the present day town of Foix.

Its name, however, comes from the Phocaeans, the Greeks of Asia minor, who having been chased out in the sixth century BC by the Persian tyrant Harpagos, abandoned their country of Phocaea to establish themselves on the coast of Gaul. Massilia (present day Marseille), Portus Veneris (Port-Vendres) and a certain number of other French Meridional towns came into being in this manner. It is even believed that Foix was originally the Phokis or Phocaea of the western Occident.

About seven hundred years ago, the country, the town and Foix Castle were witness to terrible events. It was the time of the Albigensian Crusade. In 1209, by order of the Pope and with the blessing of the king of France, three thousand good Catholics, joining with the rabble of the regions, gathered in Lyon to unite, under the command of the abbot of Cîteaux, then Simon de Montfort, on the fertile lands between the Alps and the Pyrenees, Provence and Languedoc. There were three pretexts attached to this: Rome's Christian dogma must be recognised as the unique credo, French authority must be imposed, and finally, that a group of people, who were accustomed to plundering and killing unbelievers during the Crusades in Palestine, should be able to continue in the same vein. The king of France promised a wealth of spoils. The Pope's promises also had their effect: all those who took part in the Albigensian Crusade, for no less than forty days, were guaranteed a place in eternal Paradise and were absolved in advance of all sins they might commit during the war's course. Under the Virgin Mary's protection and accompanied by a legion of archbishops, bishops, abbots, priests and monks chanting canticles, all the while bearing arms, this army reached the Provençal frontier. In his declaration of the 1st of September 1883, Pope Leo XIII, one of Germany's many enemies to have occupied Peter's throne, claimed that the Albigensians were preparing to overthrow the Church by force, but that it had been saved, not by force, but by the intervention of the Blessed Virgin who had responded to the Dominican invention of the rosary. Either this Pope was badly informed or he informed badly. Rome and Paris had deliberately triggered the war by

provocation.

The uncrowned king of the south of France, Count Raymond of Toulouse tried every approach with Rome in the hope of distancing his country from grief. In vain. Even though he had knelt before the cross, hardly any time passed before the first cities, the first villages and the first men began to burn.

 The Clovis of the French.

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Finally, the Crusaders laid siege to Foix. Already, its lord, one of the most loyal vassals amongst the Counts of Toulouse, had complained to the third Lateran Council, that the representative of God on earth, the Pope, was standing idly by while the people of Provence, without any distinction made concerning their religious beliefs, had their throats cut. Five hundred thousand had already succumbed to the blows of the crusading assassins.

The plaintive secured only a farewell benediction, given with a simple diplomatic smile. It is impossible to describe here what the earldom of Foix must have endured in the way of ensuing atrocities, despoilment and persecution by the pilgrims and their successors, the Dominicans (read: the Inquisitors) who had been set up especially for the conversion (read: extermination) of the Albigensians.

During this Lateran Council, the Count of Foix saw himself reproached for the fact that his sister Esclarmonde was a Cathar of high rank and that she protected the heretics in an unwavering manner. It was not his fault, reasoned the count, his sister could dispose of her possessions as she thought fit and entertain her subjects as she wished. As far as her beliefs were concerned, he had less chance and even less right to influence them. Besides which, he held the deep-rooted conviction that everyone should be free to choose their beliefs, whatever they were.

But from then on, everywhere in the country, masses were chanted in Latin, the Provençal castles had been usurped by new masters, the conquered country obeyed the French crown and the language of the victor, French, was imposed. At this time then, the Cathar faith was maintained only at Montségur Castle and in the high country of Foix, protected by the Pyrenees mountains that seemed to threaten the very sky. This area was still enjoying its freedom in 1244, in other words, thirty-five years since the Crusade’s inception.

After the failure of the Pamiers conference, the prudent Countess Esclarmonde, to whom Montségur belonged in cosuzerainty according to her widow's rights, had commissioned the finest military architect of the period, Bertran de Baccalauria, to modify the castle with the aim of making it as impenetrable as was humanly possible. As a result, isolated high up in the clouds, a small number of knights loyal to their country, heretics, unshakeable in their faith, and a few brave peasants were capable of resisting an enemy, both obstinate and superior in number.

Cécile, Esclarmonde's sister, was 'heretical' as well, but she belonged to the Vaudois sect, comprising disciples of the Lyon merchant Peire Valdo, which, adhering to the tenets of the Bible and protesting at the opulence and moral perversion of Rome, aspired to a return of apostolic life, in imitation of the strict life of Christ. The Vatican had also sworn to exterminate the Vaudois, who now numbered among them but a few knights or free men from Occitania, for during the Albigensian Crusade, they had been killed in their thousands and thousands. But the high-ranking heretics whom Rome hated above all others were the Cathars like Esclarmonde's father and brother. The latter was renowned troubadour, a courtly poet, whose castle was always open to wandering minstrels. On his deathbed, he was given the heretic 'Consolation'.

 Consolamentum.

15

LAVELANET

D

uring the journey, I am barely able to make out the high peaks of the Pyrenees.

Since yesterday, it has been pouring down. Here too, autumn seems to want to put in an appearance. In the end, I took the coach. My travelling companions are peasants who are going to sell their produce at the market in Lavelanet. They soon learn I am German and that I am planning to stay in their mountains. They would like to show me the rock that supports Montségur Castle and normally dominates the landscape from a fair distance. But the clouds and rain conceal it. "You wouldn't, in fact, be hunting for the

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treasure of the Albigensians, would you?" they ask me. I learn that, very recently, an article on the subject appeared in a Toulousan newspaper.

A small, clean inn housed me for the night. Around ten o'clock, tomorrow morning, I will be able to visit the village of Montferrier (which means Mount of Iron), with the innkeeper's son, a doctor, and from there arrive at the hamlet of Montségur, where he has some calls to make.

After dinner, an octogenarian resident of Lavelanet invited me back to his house to show me his collections. For dozens of years, he had been searching in the castles and grottoes of the sector. With enthusiasm and unhidden pride, he brought out bear and lion bones found in the caverns, objects in stone, arrowheads in bone, bronze and iron, fragments of glass and many other things besides. He had also carried out some searches in Montségur Castle, but only superficial ones. His main finds were weapons, stone tiles and balls, which would be hurled down from the slopes onto assailants and would then continue rolling down into the valley. Finally, with the utmost care, he brought out from a cupboard some clay doves, which he had also discovered at Montségur. My host could not enlighten me as to their erstwhile purpose. To my great surprise, he informed me that one of his friends, now deceased, had discovered a book in the castle written in strange, foreign characters — Chinese or Arab, he was unsure as to which. It had since disappeared.

Now, recalling this evening, I am all the more eager to reach Montségur. However, this little tale was not all the old man divulged as, practically on his doorstep before taking his leave, he encouraged me to reflect upon the following: Towards the end of the twelfth century, somewhere near Cahors, in the county of Toulouse, there lived the powerful Viscount Raymond-Jourdan. As befitting a knight of his rank, he occupied his time with courtly suiting and the composition of poetry honouring a noble lady, in other words, the deeds of a troubadour. Raymond-Jourdan's chosen one was Adelaïde, the wife of the noble knight of Penne who knew of their love and gave it his blessing. When the terrible war against the Albigensians exploded, Raymond and the noble knight took up arms and threw themselves against the enemy. The knight of Penne fell, and soon after, there was no sign of Raymond-Jourdan. Despondent and distraught, Adelaïde awaited her troubadour. Believing him also to have died in the war, she retired from the world and, as she was a heretic, took herself to Montségur Castle. Here, she wished to live out the rest of her life as a recluse. Raymond-Jourdan, however, was still

alive. Seriously wounded, he had sought refuge and treatment with some friends. After a long illness, he recovered and wished to be reunited with Adelaïde. Via secret passages, he gained Penne Castle, which had for a long time now been occupied by the enemy, its mistress long since vanished without trace. For him too, having being declared an outlaw by the enemy, there was no other alternative but to seek out Montségur Castle. There, he was reunited with Adelaïde.

On my return, some verses of Ludwig Uhland come to mind. As a schoolboy, I had had to learn them by heart. Who would have guessed that one day I would repeat them in the valleys of Provence!

In the valleys of Provence

Dawns the song of Love:

Child of Springtime and of Love,

Charming and ardent companion.

 Minnesäng in German.

17

It is on account of the Albigensians, heretics like my ancestors, that I have journeyed to this country. But that there existed a link between the heretics and troubadours, I had no previous knowledge.

MONTSÉGUR IN THE PYRENEES

am living in a very modest house belonging to some peasants. I must fetch water from a source a distance away, where a footpath leads to a place known as the *pré du bûcher*, field Iof the stake. It is there that the Dominican monks burnt two hundred and fifty heretics on an enormous pyre. The source springs from a rock, upon which stands a cast-iron cross, adorned with two crossed swords. A whip, a rod, a crown of thorns and Saint Peter's keys

 In fact, it is known as *Pré des Brûlés*, Field of the Burnt, *Prat del Cremats* in Occitanian

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hang from the arms of the cross. The formidable mountain of the

castle rises up from behind the rock. At its summit, the ruins nestle in Montségur's grandiose solitude.

The hamlet of Montségur, suspended above a vertiginous gorge, holds fewer than thirty houses. And even some of those have fallen into ruin. Those who can, settle in the towns and valleys, abandoning their belongings. Nothing grows at this altitude, except pasture grass, potatoes and a few fruits. People are particularly poor. Even the town's curate, with whom I lodge, complains of this. He is forever poring over the church registers and rehashing his accounts. The revenues of the parish do not provide him with enough with which to live. Sometimes, he takes off for a few days and stays with his parents in the neighbouring village of Belesta. When he returns, he is laden with bread and sausages.

The schoolchildren are practically the only people who frequent the little church, which is a miserable building. The adults, a pair of wrinkly old women aside, only come for *le jour des Morts*, the Day of the Dead. It is the one day of the year when the curate can muster the whole community. On this day, the dead are remembered.

The engineer from Bordeaux, who is looking for the Albigensian treasure and whose acquaintance I made on the first day of my stay at Montségur, is staying near the church. He informed me that the castle is the property of the community and that he had come to an arrangement with it whereby he would share half of the treasure, should his search be crowned with success. This treasure, he was convinced, was made up of gold and silver, but he also hoped to find an unfalsified Gospel of John, which contained Jesus Christ's true doctrine and which had belonged to the Albigensians — during the same period when the Roman Church, the falsifiers of the Gospels, wished to destroy the authentic and unique message of God-made-man.

I asked him how had he come into possession of these precise pieces of information.

This, he could not answer me. He belonged to a secret society, which demanded silence from its members. He only had the right to divulge one thing: that although the Albigenians had been wiped out, almost to the last, by the inquisitors and their valets, the executioners, the true Gospel of John had been concealed in a secure spot, in the heart of the mountain which is hollow. For a long period, after it had gained possession of the castle, the Church would regularly return and carry out searches, in the hope of finding this Johannic Gospel.

In vain.

Furthermore, he added that he knew the site of Esclarmonde's tomb. A dowser had indicated the placement and even described the sarcophagus, thanks to the motions of his diving-rod: it is made out of stone and there is a golden dove on its lid. I suppress a little smile.

Never before have I had a more beautiful view from the castle mountain's summit

than this morning. The plain extends unhindered all the way to Carcassonne, where the Visigoth kings once held court, and as far as Toulouse. To the extreme east, I believe I can make out the sea, as a silver line between the black mountain and the Alaric mounts. At my feet, surging forth from the luxuriant verdure, is the abbey of Notre-Dame de Prouille: motherhouse of the Dominican order, birthplace of the rosary and cradle of the Inquisition.

The abbey was founded by Saint Dominic who wished to survey Montségur from close-quarters, after the mother of God, appearing to him in a vision, had told him to introduce the rosary and exterminate heretics. But he himself never set foot in the Cathar castle. Before it fell into the hands of his people, Dominic had closed his eyes forever and had entered, if

 This is known in the community as the *pog* or peak.

the Church is to be believed, into the Community of Saints. With plenty of dead on his conscience…

To the northeast of Toulouse, where a light mists floats, one can make out Albi, from which the name 'Albigensian' given to heretics was derived, as the town had sheltered a great many. Nearer, just at my feet, but more than a thousand metres below, I can clearly make out the little town of Mirepoix. I know that in pre-Christian times, it was known as Beli-Cartha. This meant 'town of light'; Belis and Abellio were the names of light divinities in this country. Towards the north, maybe four hours walk, I can make out Foix Castle, superbly alluring between the high mountains. The morning sun is reflected in its windows.

To the west and south, the peaks of the Pyrenees rise up, each one prouder and bolder than the last: Canigou, Carlitte, Soularac and the majestic peak of St. Bartholomew, that the peasants here call the

Tabor. Could it have been, like the Tabor of Palestine, a mountain of Transfiguration? Around its summit, culminating at nearly three thousand metres, little clouds dance.

For thirty years, the pilgrims and soldiers of the Albigensian Crusade, then the Dominicans, all united with the French and launched themselves against Montségur. As we know, it was behind these solid walls that the last heretics and free knights entrenched themselves. For thirty years they held out, until some bribed shepherds, on the night of Palm Sunday 1244, [] pointed out to the assailants a way through the rockface, via which, if one did not suffer from vertigo, it was possible to reach the mountain's summit. The west side, less sheer and only route of access to the castle, was totally protected by fortifications. But even on that side a danger menaced the besieged. The assailants had constructed a *cat*, a siege machine, which, day by day, foot by foot, approached nearer to the summit and had already reached the castle walls. [] But it was really the shepherds' treason that brought about the downfall. All those who refused to acknowledge the god Yahweh, the power of Saint Peter's keys and Rome's dogma, were burnt alive, on Palm Sunday. [] Amongst the two hundred and five of their number was Esclarmonde de Belissen, the castle lord's daughter, who was related to the noble Esclarmonde de Foix. The other prisoners — around four hundred —

were thrown into the oubliettes of Carcassonne Castle, where most of them died miserably.

I am resting up with a shepherd whom I met on the Soularac peak. He gives me cheese and I let him drink red wine from my gourd, made from goatskin, which I was given to refresh me *en route*. Even though the sun is shining through a clear sky, the South wind is raging. The shepherd and I talk of Montségur and the Cathar treasure.

My shepherd truly believed that Montségur had, at one time, sheltered the Grail: while the ramparts still stood, the Pure Ones kept the holy object there. The castle was in danger. Lucifer's cohorts were laying siege to the walls. They desired the Grail, so that they might place it on the diadem of their prince, where it had fallen to earth, when the angels were cast out from the sky. At the height of the peril, a white dove rose up out of the cloud and split the Tabor open with its beak. Esclarmonde, the Grail's guardian, threw the sacred object deep into the mountain's interior, which then enveloped it and in this way the Grail

[] Otto Rahn is thought to have made an error here. In 1244, Palm

Sunday fell on the 16th March, the day when the Montségur Cathars were burnt at the stake (as he mentions later). It is more likely to have been sometime towards the end of December 1243.

 In matter of fact the machine was hoisted, not to the west, but to the east.

 Traditionally thought to be the 16th March 1944. As there had been no modification to the Gregorian calendar at that time, with the slight displacement required, it would have been nearer to the 21st March.

was saved. By the time that the demons had penetrated the castle, it was too late. Mad with rage, they burnt all the Pure Ones, not far from the castle, on the *Champ des Crémats*, the Field of the Burnt. All the Pure Ones were burnt, save for Esclarmonde. Once she knew that the Grail was safe, she climbed to the Tabor's summit, where she metamorphosised into a white dove and flew off towards the mountains of Asia. Esclarmonde is not dead. Even today, she lives on in terrestrial paradise. It is for this reason, concludes my shepherd, that Esclarmonde's tomb has never been found.

I questioned him further and asked what he thought of the divining dowser and his claims on the subject of Esclarmonde's sarcophagus. "They are all just shirkers!" he told me.

In a kitchen with a low ceiling, I am sitting down by the fireplace with the curate's nephew and some peasants. In the adjoining room, some young *belote* players are making a great deal of noise. It is dark. The village and Montségur Castle seem suspended in the clouds. (Three days later, as I am copying this out, the clouds still remain. It is autumn. It is very cold.) Everybody here is convinced that Montségur was the 'Grail castle'. Everyone in Foix also believes this. The engineer had made fun of them, when they told him this. It was for this reason they had remained silent with me about this legend until now.

It is without doubt due to my exaltation that our conversation became more enthusiastic. And I learnt more:

The engineer would never find the treasure, as it is hidden in a grotto, lost in the thick Tabor forest. To protect it from intruders, its entrance is blocked by an enormous stone slab. And in the cavern itself, vipers keep watch. He, who wishes to enter, must present himself there on Palm Sunday, during the priest's mass. At this time only, the stone will draw aside, and the serpents will be asleep. However, tragedy will

befall he who has not left by the time the priest pronounces, “*Misa est*!” □ At the end of the Mass, the treasure grotto will reseal itself and he who finds himself its prisoner will reap an atrocious death, bitten by the suddenly awoken serpents.

One of those present tells of a day when his grandfather while looking after his sheep had found, in the thick of forest, just such a stone slab with a ring of iron. He had failed to lift it. So he rushed to the village to seek help. But he had never found the place again. Oh, country full of mysteries!

Winter is here! For eight days now, it has been snowing virtually continuously. When I left the North, my country, I could never have imagined myself clearing a path in the snow with a shovel, in order to reach the little inn where I now take my meals. Were it not for the farms of the south of France, I would completely forget that I am sojourning in the most Meridional part of the country. And that just a few hours walk separate me from Spain, which we wrongly represent as a great garden full of lemons and oranges. Instead of which, I find high mountains similar to the Bavarian Alps, pastures and snowy fir forests. From what I have experienced, the South appears to me in a very Nordic light. But the sky is of a blue and the sun a luminosity, the like of which I have never seen before. The night is extremely cold. And the stars seem so close; close enough to touch. I throw log after log into the hearth. I hate fireplaces, because if you are right next to it, there reigns an infernal heat, but if you distance yourself a few feet, you freeze. Seat yourself right in front and, at the same time, you shiver and sweat. I prefer to stay in the inn’s kitchen. There is an oven there, which radiates heat out in a homogenous fashion. The peasants have much the same opinion. The kitchen has become the communal room.

□ Mass is finished.

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It is impossible to reach the castle. I have tried a few times. But the snow is too deep for me to make any progress. The abrupt incline halfway from the castle has become an insurmountable wall of ice and the storm, which whips the mountain, barely allows me to remain standing. As a result, I profit by reading the few books that I have had sent from Germany: The *Parzival* □ of the greatest German troubadour, Wolfram von Eschenberg, *The War of the Wartburg Singers* and some French and German works on the Grail legend and troubadour songs.

Wolfram's poetry sets off an intense inner joy. What man, questing for what is right, has not identified with Parzival? What mother, who must let her son go off and do what life demands of him, does not compare herself to Herzeloïde? What just person has not felt drawn to the light and the clarity of a Grail country?

The War of the Singers of the Wartburg, written by an unknown, moves me less profoundly. It lacks the completion, the eternal and universal dimension of Wolfram's work.

But, it contains moving passages, which express profoundly the great suffering of a religious epoch, the thirteenth century of the Christian Era. The great cry, "Let us break from Rome!" even though it belongs to another period, has found an echo here, that it is hard to find an equivalent for in German literature.

The object of Parzival's nostalgic quest is the Grail, a stone of light, which would make any terrestrial light seem dull, and which would correspond to the realisation of all terrestrial desires, Paradise. The one who sees the Grail cannot die. Heracles, Alexander the Great and plenty of other heroes of Greek antiquity had already known it. And, illuminatingly, it is "a pagan and an astrologer" who caught sight of it in the light and movement of the stars and then revealed it to men. Wolfram did not say how the Grail came from the starry sky down to earth. But the stone finally stayed on earth, abandoned by a legion of beings, "who climbed back up to the stars, because their purity had called them back to their origin." In a castle named Montsalvage, the Grail has, since that time, been guarded by a king and brave Templars. Young maidens are devoted to its service and only their mistress may carry it. A young hero sets off in quest of the Grail: his name is Parzival.

He leaves his mother, Herzeloïde, to embrace a knight's life. On becoming a knight of King Arthur's Round Table, he aspires only to terrestrial happiness. In Montsalvage Castle, he finds it in approaching the Grail, and he becomes its king. His son Lohengrin, on becoming an adult, becomes the Grail's herald. In a wherry drawn by swans, he visits with men and fights against all injustice.

The editor of my *Parzival* edition believed that the castle of which Wolfram speaks was to be found in the Pyrenees. The place names, like Aragon and Katelangen (Catalonia), must have suggested this hypothesis. The Pyrenees peasants are not mistaken then, when they choose to see in Montségur Castle, the castle of the Holy Grail. And the snow that Parzival, the Grail seeker, must cross on horseback, on

the way to his fortress-sanctuary, could well have been Pyrenean snow. The name Montsalvage, which only Wolfram gives to the castle of the Grail, in French would give you, as many would testify, *Mont sauvage*. The

Percival.

Herzeloyde.

Los von Rom in German.

Montsalvatge, Munsalvatsche or Munsalvaesche.

Mount Savage in English.

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French word *sauvage* comes from the Latin *silvaticus* (from *silva*: forest). Forests are certainly not lacking in the region of Montségur — but only in this region. It must also be noted that, in the local dialect, *Mont sauvage* is pronounced *Moun salvatgé*. Differing from Wolfram, who served as his guarantor all the same, Richard Wagner, the author and composer of *Lohengrin* and *Parzival*, called the castle Montsalvat. This means 'Mount of Salvation' but Montsalvat and Montsalvage could easily be interpreted, one as much as the other, as *Moun ségur*, the sure mountain or the mountain of security. Thus, even from this point of view, Montségur Castle, in whose environs I'm staying, could be considered the castle of the Grail, so much sought after.

As I have said, the name Montsalvage is only found in Wolfram von Eschenbach's work. Other poets of the Early Middle Ages, many of whom spoke of the Grail, all chose very different denominations. In an Old French prose novel, the goal, towards which the Grail questing knight heads, is the paradise of *Edein* (Eden), the *Chastiax de Joie* (Joy Castle) or the *Chastiax des Armes* (Castle of Souls). In another poem, the ultimate objective is Olympia itself and that accordingly, the one who finds the Grail becomes an Olympian, like the Greek gods and heroes. In all the poems of the Early Middle Ages, the mountain and Grail castle are considered lands of light and places of Transfiguration. It is perhaps because of this that St. Bartholomew's Peak, on whose easternmost foothills Montségur Castle lies, is called the Tabor, like the biblical mountain of Transfiguration.

In my room there hung a brightly coloured picture, representing Jesus on the Mount of Olives. A winged angel, half-visible in a cloud, was offering up in prayer a chalice, in the form of an ostensory, to the

Lord. I took this off the wall and replaced it with a sheet of my finest letter-writing paper. On, it I wrote, in the finest and neatest way I know how, some verses from Wolfram:

From Provence to German country

The true news has carried to us:

When Lucifer went to Hell

With his legion, man appeared.

Reflect on what Lucifer

And his companions of war won!

They were innocent and pure…

I willingly believe, that it was Satan's armies and not those of Lucifer who besieged Montségur in the hope of stealing the Grail, fallen from the crown of Lucifer, bearer of light, looked after by the Pure Ones. The Pure Ones were Cathars, not these priests and adventurers who, with the cross on their chest, wished to prepare Provence for a new race: their own.

 Armes was Old French for 'souls' and not arms / weapons as it now means.

 Aus der Provence in deutsches Land

Ward uns die rechte Mär gesant:

Da Lucifer zur Höll' entschwand

Mit seiner Schar, der Mensch entstand.

Bedenkt, was Luziver errang

Mitsamt der Kampfgenossen sein!

Sie waren unschuldsvoll und rein …

left the little village of Montségur a few hours ago. The mule-drawn cart, to which I had entrusted my luggage on its journey down the valley, has just arrived. My worktable is set Iup in the little inn's garden, next to a fig tree. Sirens cry out in the great and reputed cloth factories. It is the signal for the relief team. I would say that nearly half of the town's population is comprised of weavers and weaving has been practised here since time immemorial.

The Cathars were also called *Tisserands* (Weavers)…

I am once again the guest of this octogenarian, Mr. Rives, [] as I will refer to him here. I learnt some important details from him: before the Albigensian Crusade, the poetry of the troubadours and heresy were mistaken for one another! And as he underlined to me, it was for this reason that Catharism was thought to have been a *Gleisa d'amor* — a Church of Love, and that the ritual by which a Lady accepted a troubadour at her side was called

[] In reality, the Occitanian poet and archaeologist Arthur Caussou.

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Consolament, like the ceremony of ordination, which turns a *Credens* heretic into a *Perfectus*. By that the *Chevalier errant* (Knight-errant), singing and practising Love, becomes a *Chevalier parfait* (Knight-perfect). From *Pregaire* (a preacher or seeker), he becomes a *Trobador*, (a finder). The state of the *Chevalier errant* corresponds to that of the heretic *Credens* and that of the *Chevalier parfait* to the *Perfectus*. The Latin denominations were originally introduced by the inquisitors who wrote only in Latin. As for the Round Table, as so many poems from the Middle Ages celebrate so marvellously, it was, due to its 'perfect' from, a circle, the symbol of the community of *Perfecti* and the ideal pursued by the *Chevaliers errants*. Arthur's circle and that of the Grail should be perceived as a magnified poeticisation of the world of Love and Cathars.

I ask him if he is aware of the legend that would have it that Montségur is the 'Grail castle' and he becomes serious. Without hesitation, he replies in the affirmative.

It is taught in the schools and universities, Mr. Rives continues, that

the troubadours were nothing but a group of sentimental and wild parasites who abandoned the charge of all their daily problems to their protectors and patrons, and only worried about winning a lady's favour, more often than not that of a married woman, by their courtly songs and actions.

Therein, we can recognise a malevolent interpretation that, immediately after the Albigensian Crusade, was lent authenticity by Rome. Reading in an objective manner the songs of the first troubadours from Provence, it can be noted that they never call their lady by her name, but they sing praises to the "Blonde Lady" and the "Lady with the beautiful face" or the

"Light of the world". This lady was nothing other than the symbolisation of their Church of Love. And all the troubadours who celebrated, for example, their "Blonde Lady of Toulouse" or their "Lady of Carcassonne", were envisaging none other than the secret Cathar communities of Toulouse and Carcassonne. In the same way that, when the inquisitors of Rome forcibly imposed the cult of Mary and the practice of the rosary, enforcing them with the stake, the troubadours certainly composed songs about Mary, all the while knowing in their hearts that it was still to their Church of Love that they were referring.

The

Domina, the mistress of the troubadours, in his opinion, was in this sense a

'goddess', because it was not a human being that the minstrels were glorifying, but divine wisdom. It went even further, in the beginning, in the songs of the *Fideli d'Amore* (The Faithful of Love) from northern Italy, directly influenced by Provence, which praised a *Madonna Intelligenzia*, Madam Wisdom.

In examining the biography of the troubadours, it can be noted that the *Domina* or the *Madonna* is 'married', the knight husband is always cited under his full name and never without mention of his castle and his fiefdom. As ancient sources can prove, this 'husband'

should be seen as the noble protector of the Cathar community on these lands. Thus Lady Adélaïde (which corresponds to the German name *Adelheid*, meaning 'noble pagan') —

whose tragic tale Mr. Rives had recounted on my previous visit — was protected by the knight of Penne, who — his full name is irrelevant —

had encouraged and protected Catharism on his Albigensian grounds of Penne. He knew and approved of the 'Love' of his wife, Adélaïde, for her 'suitor', the troubadour Raymond, which meant that she had granted *Consolament* to Penne: on his knees, he had sworn fidelity until death and, as a symbol of that Love, she had given him a ring or a coat…

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I then asked Mr. Rives how he could explain that the German word *Minne* was never to be found among the Cathars and the troubadours of Provence.

He responded that I was mistaken. The sacrament of *Consolament* was also referred to as *Manisola* — the fête of the Mani consolatrice — in the Albigensian tongue. Mani corresponds to the German *Minne* and to the closely related Gothic term *munni*, that is to say what we call 'Recollection'. *Minne* could never mean 'Love' in the common sense of the word, rather 'thoughts of Love'. In Sanskrit, the literary language of ancient India, this word had the same sense, while also describing the legendary stone, which lit up the world and dissipated the Tenebrae, the domain of error. To my knowledge, many seekers saw in this stone — most often perceived as a stone table, which dispensed food and drink — the reflection, if not the original model, of the Grail. Finally, I asked my host, if, according to him, the courtly songs — Love songs — of Provence had belonged to Germany's spiritual heritage. He again replied in the affirmative: the *Manisola* and the *Consolament* would have been the equivalents of the Germanic custom of 'toasting Love' which, as it is celebrated in May, come from the Germanic tradition of May dances. Since the time of the Visigoths, this custom continued in 'Gothia'.

Before going our separate ways, Mr. Rives cited a number of books, thanks to which I shall be able to verify and follow up on his information. On shaking my hand, he adds,

"Don't forget that the troubadours saw themselves as the practitioners of a *Gaja Scienza* — a Gay Science—; and that is indeed what they practised!"

My head is spinning. If everything I have learnt here is correct, I will have to throw out all that I have learnt and believed in up until now. I will have to, as the saying goes, start from scratch.

So be it!

Our German word *Minne* therefore does not mean ‘love’ but ‘recollection’ and

‘thoughts’! Since I am reflecting, compounding and interpreting as a result of my ancestors, I also wish to be a ‘poet of the *Minne*’ — a poet of Recollection. I seek. That I might become a *Trobador* — a finder! My ‘knowledge’, which seemed to me up until now to be closed and rigid, should be bright and in turn render people of my kind bright too in their turn. But I must not take the easy way out, no more than should those who, in the future, will read this book, when I have judged it fit to be published…

 Love.

 Minnetrinken.

 Visigothic Languedoc.

 Nietzsche speaks of ‘the Gay Science’.

26

L. CASTLE IN THE REGION OF

TOULOUSE

am the guest of the Countess P. , an old lady. No one knows the history, legends and traditions of her country better than her. Her library is of an unusual exhaustiveness on Ione sole specialised subject. The countess would often visit me at Montségur. Today, it is I who return her politeness.

We spent the afternoon by the Mediterranean seaside, and, at the beginning of the evening, we returned at a leisurely pace. In this way, we traversed the Alaric mounts, forlorn and bleak mountains, which derive their name from the Gothic king, Alaric. At the side of the road, in the shade of a tree, we noticed a covered vehicle. In front of it, stood a willowy man with white hair. Near him, a young blonde woman was seated on a rock. The old man fixed us with his clear eyes. “He’s a Cagot”, my walking companion whispered to me,

“Albigensian nomadic Cagot. There are also settled ones. In the highest valleys of the

 The countess Pujol-Murat, a member of the Polaires group.

Pyrenees. If you question the peasants about them, they reply that they are cursed beings.

The word Cagot is in all likelihood a synthesis of *Cathars* and *Goths*. You are therefore looking at a descendant of the last Albigensians…"

Night fallen, we are sitting in front of the fireplace. The countess is knitting. I open a book, which tells of tombs from Albigensian times that had been discovered, just nearby, in the black Mountain. One of them was a communal pit. Twelve skeletons were found there, disposed in a manner as to mark out a sort of wheel: the heads represented the centre, and the bodies the spokes. The author, in all probability with good reason, thought that this practise was linked to a sun-worshipping cult. Now, we engage in conversation. My hostess has long been aware of the legend that has it that Montségur was the Grail castle. If, as she is convinced, the Grail was really conserved in this castle, then her ancestors were the knights who lost their lives defending it, because many of them fell in the siege of Montségur, and some were burnt there. She tells me:

"I belong to the line of the great Esclarmonde. I am proud of this. I often see her in spirit on the platform of Montségur's dungeon, reading in the stars. The heretics loved the stars; they believed they could bring themselves closer to the divine state after death by orbiting gradually from star to star. In the morning, they would pray facing the rising sun; in the evening, in a state of total reverence, they would watch it disappear. At night, they would turn their gaze to the silvery moon, or towards the North because, for them, the North was sacred, the South, by contrast, was considered Satan's abode. Satan is not Lucifer. Because Lucifer means 'Bearer of Light'! The Cathars recognised him by another name as well: Lucibel. He was not the Devil! The Jews and papists wished to debase him by confounding him in this way.

As far as the Grail is concerned, it must be, as many believe, a stone fallen from Lucifer's crown. This is why the Church vindicated it in their turn, to Christianise this Luciferian symbol. Montségur's *pog* was the mountain of the Grail, of which Esclarmonde was mistress. After her death, after the destruction of Montségur and the extermination of the Cathars, the Grail and its castle were abandoned. The Church, perfectly aware with the Albigensian Crusade of leading, first of all, a war of the Cross against the Grail, let no opportunity slip of appropriating this new non-Christian religious symbol for itself and

milking it for all it was worth. But this was not enough to explain that the Grail was the chalice that Jesus had shared with his disciples at the Last Supper and in which his blood had been gathered at Golgotha. No, the church had also to make believe that the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, in the southern Pyrenees, was the Grail temple. After the Cathars

 often referred to as 'Luciferians' by the inquisitors had guarded the Luciferian Grail stone, in the northern Pyrenees, it was now the Catholic monks who claimed to be holding it, in the south of the same mountains, although by now they had turned it into a relic, conferred by Jesus, the conqueror of the Prince of Darkness, to his faithful."

We both remained silent. Then the Countess continued: "I don't have to remind you that the Basque Ignatius of Loyola was the founder of the Society of Jesus. But did you know that is was at Montserrat, near Barcelona, that Ignatius conceived his Jesuit ' *Spiritual Exercises*', the organisation of the Jesuit Order and, if I am not mistaken, the cult of the Sacred-Heart of Jesus? You should look into these points…"

 This is not the most widespread opinion on the subject. *Canis Gotis* (Dog of the Goths) in Latin is certainly one possible reading. The term ' *Canis*' (dog) in Latin has no pejorative meaning.

28

My hostess made me the gift of a few books. I rejoiced particularly in the German work that came out sixty years ago and has for title *Cäsarius von Heisterbach*. The editor says that it contributes to the understanding of the cultures of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Perhaps, I will use a phrase from the Gospel of John as an epigram to the next book:

"Gather together the pieces, so that nothing is lost!"

My ancestors were pagans, and my forefathers heretics. It is in order to justify their actions that I have gathered together the pieces that Rome scattered.

CARCASSONNE

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Da

T ty-five years before the fall of Montségur, on the 15th August 1209,

Assumption y, the village was taken by the ‘pilgrims’ of the Albigensian Crusade. With the help of the Virgin Mary, according to the chronicler.

A long siege preceded the fall, during the course of which terrible scenes were played out, the town being well aware it had been promised an atrocious death. In front of the gates, the ‘Soldiers of Christ’ were waiting, ready to light the stakes. Inside the walls, the plague was rampant, a consequence of the piling up of human bodies and animal carcasses, victims of hunger and water shortage, and was spreading via the clouds of mosquitoes.

Two days before the surrender, a messenger of the Roman legate presented himself at the eastern gate. He had come to offer Raymond-Roger-Trencavel, Lord of Carcassonne, an audience in the Crusaders’ camp to negotiate. The envoy had sworn “in the name of God All-Mighty” that his free passage would be guaranteed and that this word would be respected. After a brief meeting with the barons and consuls, Viscount Trencavel agreed to meet the invitation. He hoped to save the town. Accompanied by a hundred knights, he set off in the direction of the tent of the enemy forces’ leader: the abbot of Cîteaux. There, he

was apprehended and locked up with his companions. The abbot allowed a few knights to escape, so that they might inform the town of their prince’s arrest. The next morning, the abbot awaited the surrender of Carcassonne. But the drawbridge was not lowered and the gates remained shut. The Crusaders, suspecting a ruse, approached the ramparts carefully.

They listened: not a sound. The gate was battered down. The town was empty. The assailants’ footsteps resounded lugubriously in the deserted streets. What was going on? The town’s besieged people had fled via an underground passage leading into the mountain.

Only five hundred old men, women and children, for whom the flight would have been too difficult, were to be found, seeking refuge in the caves. A hundred of them, who, on fear of death, had converted to Roman Catholicism, were stripped of their garments. They were left to escape “dressed only in their sins”. As for the others, as they chose not to forswear heresy, they were burnt alive. While the Crusaders celebrated the Mass of offering thanks in St. Nazaire Cathedral, the heretics screamed in the flames. The smell of the incense mixed with

the thick smoke from the stakes. When the screams of the victims had subsided, the abbot of Cîteaux said the “Mass of the Holy-Spirit” and pronounced a sermon on the nativity of Jesus Christ. After the office, a knight from the north of France, Simon de Montfort, was chosen “thanks to the influence manifested by the Holy-Spirit” as temporary lord of the conquered lands “for the Glory of God, the honour of the Church and the quashing of heresy”. Simon de Montfort poisoned Viscount Trencavel. That is how the Cross triumphed at Carcassonne. As a sign of victory, it was erected on the highest tower of city…

Beautiful and mournful Carcassonne! Unlike no other Occidental city. As imposing as in former days, the ramparts of your towers and barbicans rise up. And they speak…

Today, I spent a long time in the *Tour de l’Inquisition* (Tower of the Inquisition). It was here that the final scene of the Albigensian drama was played out. It was here that the inquisitors walled in the four hundred defenders of Montségur Castle who were not destined to end their lives in the flames of the stake. Among them was a knight who, one day, cried out on seeing a cross that he would never choose to be saved by that sign. What symbol of salvation did he prefer? The Grail?

I also visited the *Tours des Visigoths* (Towers of the Visigoths) and *du Trésor* (of the Treasure), which date from the Visigothic era. The latter perhaps sheltered the Grail, as the old poems tell that it made up part of the celebrated treasure of the Goths, which had known strange vicissitudes. The Romans had stolen it. It remained in their possession until Alaric, the king of the Visigoths, bore it to Carcassonne. A hundred years later, the Ostrogothic king, Theodoric, — also known as Dietrich of Bern — transported it to Ravenna. However a part of the treasure remained in Carcassonne.

How many mysteries surround the Grail!

Now, night has fallen. The heat crushes the town and the countryside. Above the Pyrenees, lightning is visible. Thunder can be heard in the distance. The storm seems to be drawing nearer. One after another the stars are hidden from view by the motion of the clouds. A burning wind, sweeping in from the South, exhausts me. I would like to work, but am incapable. My journey and my research seem suddenly in vain. I reprimand myself, in my heart of hearts, for my foolish enthusiasm.

 It is claimed that this underground passage emerged at the level of Cabaret Castle, at Lastours, eighteen kilometres to the north of Carcassonne.

 Now known more generally as the *Tour ronde de l'Évêque* (the Bishop's round tower).

30

In three hours, I will pick up the route again: direction Saint-Germain, near Paris. I should note here what I have uncovered so far, lest I forget: Firstly: Wolfram von Eschenbach gave the name of *Parzival*, which means 'pierced through the heart', (Percival: Pierce well). The old Provençal word ' *Trencavel*' means roughly the same thing. Wolfram von Eschenbach sang about Viscount Raymond-Roger-Trencavel under the name of Parzival!

Secondly: Trencavel's mother's name was Adélaïde. She served as a model for Wolfram's Herzeloïde. Precisely, having married the father of Raymond-Roger, Adélaïde had been courted by the king of Aragon, *Alphonse the Chaste*. This 'chaste' king would become Wolfram's King Castis, a model for Herzeloïde's defunct fiancé.

Thirdly: Adélaïde and her son embraced heresy. They renounced the Cross as a symbol of Salvation. The Grail was — I am certain — the symbol of the heretics' 'faith'. It had been left, as Wolfram von Eschenbach states on numerous occasions, on earth by the *Purs*. In saying that, he was envisaging Cathars, because Cathar, in German, is *Reine* (pure).

Fourthly: Wolfram von Eschenbach calls the king of the Grail Anfortas, whose sufferance ceases thanks to Parzival, a *guotman* (good man). The Cathars were 'venerated' by their disciples and their faithful under the title of *Bonshommes* (Goodmen)…!

Fifthly: Wolfram von Eschenbach affirms that the true legend of the Grail came from Provence, that is to say from the south of France, to Germany! The Roman poet Kyot de Provence furnished him with the material. At the beginning of the twelfth century, a troubadour by the name of Guiot de Provins was the guest of the Court of Carcassonne.

This wandering minstrel became Wolfram's Kyot and, as was the custom of old, he wished to thank the House of Trencavel by singing the praises of his hosts, Adélaïde and her son Raymond-Roger-Trencavel, under the names of Herzeloïde and Parzival. And Wolfram followed Guiot's, his Kyot's, example.

Sixthly: Adélaïde of Carcassonne and her son Trencavel were closely related to Esclarmonde de Foix. This woman was, as Montségur's suzerain, also Montsalvage's, the Grail castle! In Wolfram von

Eschenbach's *Parzival*, we find her in the guise of 'Repanse de Shoye', Parzival's cousin and the only person authorised to bear the Grail.

Seventhly: Wolfram von Eschenbach and the troubadour Guiot de Provins could have known each other at Mayence, as they were both staying there at the same time, during the chivalry fêtes, organised by Frederick Barbarossa. However, we cannot deduce from this that the characters of Parzival and Herzeloïde are the poet Kyot-Guiot's inventions, as the Grail and Parzival legends were already widespread and well appreciated by that time.

Furthermore, they had been compiled in a far more ancient period, a lot longer than seven centuries ago. I only point out that Kyot-Guiot sang the praises of his hosts under the guise of Herzeloïde and Parzival.

Eighthly: Rome had done a good job of eradicating Cathar writings, but we are in possession, with Wolfram's *Parzival*, of a poem, without a shadow of doubt, inspired by Catharism.

 Alphonse II of Aragon.

31

SAINT-GERMAIN-EN-LAYE

or a few weeks now, I have been working in Paris at the National Library, for it is here that the Inquisition registers furnishing details of Montségur's tragic end are F kept. I now know that during that famous night of Palm Sunday, when Montségur fell, four heretic priests, draped in woollen cloth, descended secretly via ropes, from the rock's summit, where the castle stands, down to unfathomable depths to save the "Church's treasure". The enterprise paid off. They were able to hand over the precious property to the heretic knight Pons Arnauld, Lord of Castel-Verdun, in the Sabarthès.

Sabarthès is the name of a valley in the Ariège, to the west of the massif of Tabor. A mule track leads there from Montségur: the route of the Cathars. If the mysterious Cathar treasure, of which the legend speaks and which can only be found when everyone is at Mass, is the same as the church's treasure, which perhaps is the Grail, it is in the Sabarthès that it should be sought. Spring will be coming soon, and I will set off again for Albigensian country. And this time, the Sabarthès too.

Thanks to my research at the National — as the French abbreviate

their state library

—, I have learnt new and remarkable things about the Cathars and troubadours, who, in fact, made up a single and same “community of Love”.

The German Cistercian monk, Cäsarius von Heisterbach, their contemporary, said of the Cathars that they would not have been considered heretics if they had recognised the authority of Moses and the prophets; but the Albigensian error had spread with such force that in very little time a thousand towns had been contaminated; and the whole of Europe would have been also if the good Christian believers had not struck it down with their

broadsword. — That was the combat, in reality, between reputedly Orthodox Christianity and Catharism: the violent and intolerant implantation of vetero-testamental religiosity. —

To add to which:

Twenty years ago, the Catholic University of Louvain published the doctorate thesis of Edmond Broeckx, licensed in theology and professor at the minor seminary of Hoogstraten — a thesis dedicated to Cardinal Mercier — bearing the title *Catharism*. Here we find it written that a monkish asceticism was practised only by an infinitesimal number of heretics, and that asceticism was exceptional (I shall therefore no longer deal with the exception!). Heretics, he precises in his thesis, carrying out the profession of a butcher were not required to abandon their profession, as is proved by the example of the inhabitant of Salsigne. Concerning the act of killing, a Perfect by the name of Guilhabert de Belibaste not only authorised the putting to death of animals, but also of Catholics, whilst they were hunting heretics! … I have made, in this book, an even more important ‘discovery’, which is borne out in one phrase. Here it is: “The sect possessed writings and national chants!”

These writings and chants had been destroyed when those assuring their preservation were exterminated. A painting, which I have already mentioned, visible in the Prado de Madrid, is sufficiently eloquent: we see Saint Dominic burning heretic works…

The Grail legend, “brought from Provence to Germany” and “recounted in German”, in Francony, by the troubadour Wolfram von Eschenbach, was a national chant!

While Wolfram von Eschenbach was composing his *Parzival*, in Provence the *peregrini*

— the pilgrims of the Albigensian Crusade — were burning *innumerabiles cum ingenti gaudio* —

innumerable people with immeasurable joy. This monstrous phrase is found in the *Historia albigensis* — History of the Albigensians — by the monk of Vaux-Cernay. But this work also enlightens us as to a far more rejoiceful fact, divulging that "almost all the barons of this country harboured and protected the heretics, whom they truly loved, and stood up against God and the Church".

Wolfram von Eschenbach was a courageous man, to have dared state that the

"authentic history" he was recounting belonged to the spiritual Provençal heartland.

Saint Bernard de Clairvaux said one day that there was no sermon more Christian than that of the Cathars, that their morals were pure and their deeds worthy of their word.

Yet he still wished them burnt at the stake. It is not my task to judge whether the Cathar sermons were — or were not — 'Christian', or if in truth, as the French Dominican Guiraud claimed in 1907, heretic rites rediscovered the purity of the first Christian liturgies. But it appears to me a well-established fact that the Christ of the Cathars was very different to the one we know through the Bible. In the Inquisition registers, we read: *dicunt Christum phantasma fuisse non hominem*. That is to say that the Albigensian heretics asserted that Christ was a phantom and not a man! Elsewhere I have seen it written that they taught that Christ

"lived among the stars in the sky". According to that, the Cathars were therefore persuaded (like the German, Arthur Drews, recently deceased and the subject of so many virulent attacks whilst alive) that Christology was nothing other than a celestial myth inspired by the course of the stars.

That old woman whose ancestors were Cathars told me recently that the heretics loved the stars. She was right.

33

I also visit the immense museum of the castle. A little more than

three hundred years ago, King Henri IV of France, a descendant of the counts of Foix and nicknamed

'King of the Huguenots', lived here.

In a large room, prehistoric discoveries from the Pyrenees are assembled. It is difficult to find an object unmarked by the swastika, this immemorial symbol of sun and of Salvation. I think of Germany…

CAHORS

am back in the south of France. Cahors is the town where, during my first voyage to the land of Albigensians and troubadours, I had caught sight from the train of a broad and Ilofty bridge that soared upwards over the river. Associating ideas, I asked myself why the Pope is called *Pontifex maximus*, the 'greatest builder of bridges'.

The troubadour Viscount Raymond who burned with passion for his heretic 'Lady', Adélaïde of Penne, and was loved in return, who was reported missing during the Albigensian Crusade and who was then finally reunited with his 'Lady' at Montségur Castle whither she had fled, came here in pilgrimage. As so too did, by strange coincidence: in 1198, the German Cistercian monk, Cäsarius von Heisterbach, to whom we owe so much information concerning the Albigensians! Before him, Saint Engelbert, archbishop of Cologne and notable enemy of heretics, had already completed this pilgrimage. Twice even, to be precise. In reality, I think the trips concerned research. One day, Cäsarius was able to witness a Spanish heretic being burnt at the stake. He used this experience to his advantage, when he later burnt heretics near Cologne's Jewish cemetery. I will come back to this.

Cäsarius was a Cistercian. He himself tells us how and why he joined this order. "I went one day to Cologne in the company of the abbot Gevard of Heisterbach. On the way, he exhorted me to convert with utmost urgency. And he told me of the incredible apparition

 Now, the *Musée des antiquités historiques de Saint-Germain-en-Laye*.

at Clairvaux: during harvest season, whilst the friars were making hay in the valleys, the holy mother of God, her mother Saint Anne and Saint Mary Magdalene, came down the mountains and appeared with dazzling clarity; they dried the monks' sweat and sent them a fresh breeze. This moved me so much that I made a pledge to the abbot father that, as God had given me the will, I would choose none other

than his own monastery. At this time however, I was not yet free, as I had promised to make a pilgrimage to Saint Maria von Rocamadour. Three months after my return from this pilgrimage, I went, without telling a single one of my friends, to St. Peter's Valley, near Heisterbach…" It is in this way that Cäsarius became a monk. Later, he writes in his celebrated *Dialogus Miraculorum* — (that Roman theologians and historians would later deem dangerous for the Church due to its ridiculing and doubt-casting line concerning the most authentic of the miracles), a *Vita S.*

Elisabethae landgraviae — a life of the Landgravine saint, Elisabeth — and, *Adelaïde, petitionem magistri Joannis* — Adelaïde, at Magister Johannes' request — this man was a *tortor haereticorum*

— a torturer of heretics —, a treatise *Contra haeresim de Lucifero* — Against the heresy of Lucifer.

I took up my Bible again and reread, once more, the book's verses of the prophet Isaiah who recounted Lucifer's condemnation and that of his children by Yahweh, the God of the Jews. It was then that I decided to entitle this present book, the cause of my travels, meditations and putting of pen to paper: The Court of Lucifer. With this title, I was already hoping to infer all those who seeking Justice and Law, had found, elsewhere than in the ten commandments of Moses, and through their own might, the sense of their Law, of their Duty and of their Life; those who, independent and bold, without awaiting the slightest assistance from Mount Sinai, had instead headed — perhaps unconsciously — towards a

"mountain of assembly in the most distant midnight" so that they might summon this aid and bear it to men of their bloodline; those who held knowledge above belief and the being above appearances; finally, those who believed that Yahweh could absolutely never be their God, nor Jesus of Nazareth their Saviour. In Lucifer's house too, there are numerous dwelling-places. More than one path and more than one bridge leads there…

35

ORNOLAC IN THE LAND OF FOIX

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T Sabarthès, where I am staying at the moment, is a narrow valley,

wild and antic, surrounded by high chalky cliffs and crossed by the Ariège's tumultuous waters. Descending from the heights of the Puymorens Pass — a pass much frequented at its summit, where the route leading from Toulouse splits in two: one axis towards Andorra, the other towards Catalonia —, a crystal clear water cascades down the valley, leaping over rocks and forming splendid falls in some places. It reaches Ax-les-Thermes, an ancient thermal spa. The Romans used to cure their illnesses in its sulphurous waters. Later, in the Middle Ages, the Crusaders, on returning from Palestine, would come here to reconstitute their bodies, exhausted as a result of drawn out trials and, sometimes, even leprosy. For, whilst awaiting the eternal congratulations promised by the Church, they nonetheless aspired to long life and excellent health in their present existence.

Downhill from Ax-les-Thermes, twisting in a north-westerly compass, the Ariège, now even wilder and frothier, courses along the bottom of a narrow gorge, bathing the foothills of St. Bartholomew's Peak on one side and those of Montcalm on the other. One comes across the villages of Verdun, Bouan, Ornolac, the thermal spa of Ussat-les-Bains and the picturesque little village of Tarascon-on-the-Ariège (not to be confused with the famous Tarascon-on-the-Rhône). And Sabart, an already well-known pilgrimage spot, but which, in the last century, lost its importance after Lourdes blossomed. It is from Sabart that the Sabarthès takes its name. From there, the Ariège continues its flow northwards towards the towns of Foix, Palmiers and Toulouse, finally pitching itself into the Garonne and reaching the Biscaye.

36

I cover the same path, in the inverse sense, taken by the mysterious *trésor de l'Église*,

borne by four courageous Cathars leaving besieged Montségur, during the night of Palm Sunday in 1244.

The

Route des Cathares (Route of the Cathars), which is still called that to this day, begins near the little village of Ornolac, where I am staying, and climbs, via numerous hairpin bends and detours, to the high *plateau de Lujat* (Lujat plateau) on the mount of the same name. The vertical faces of the foothills of St. Bartholomew's Peak fall, in places, straight down to the Sabarthès. On this plateau, hidden from view by thick hawthorn bushes and blackberry hedges, I discover a vaulted construction. What exactly could have been its purpose? I am not

equipped say. On the other hand, I can speculate that it may well have served as a temporary shelter for Cathars journeying to the Sabarthès from Montségur. They would have needed such a break, as it is here that an impressive pattern of high mountains begins to take shape: rock upon rock, rising ever higher and more chaotically, culminating at nearly three thousand metres.

You have to admire the care and attention given to detail in establishing this *Route des cathares*. Often, just as a precipice gapes open before you, and it seems impossible to progress further, you discover a bridge, made up of great tree trunks propped up by beams, thrown over the chasm. Those with stamina and who are not susceptible to vertigo can, in a few hours, accomplish the ascent to the Tabor. It is in this way that the Pyrenean peasants call St. Bartholomew's Peak. From its summit, if the clouds do not obscure it altogether from view, one can make out the goal of the route, the pyramid of Montségur, crowned by its castle, at the bottom of a vertiginous precipice, and, even farther still, the Sierra Maladetta.

Perching at the Tabor's summit are the vague remains of a temple to Belis or Abellio and a meteorological observatory. The latter, constructed within the temple ruins, was destroyed during a storm. Only the foundations and a few stones remain.

Traversing

the

Val de l'Icant — Valley of Enchantment — whilst making the descent to Montségur, I was forced to kill a dangerous viper, which I had inadvertently trodden upon. It had already readied itself to strike.

Amongst the numerous grottoes of the Sabarthès, some of which are fortified, there are two that particularly draw my attention: the grotto of Lombrives and that of Fontanet, known also as *Fount Santo* — the sacred fountain. They burrow into the chalky mountains for many kilometres. They are adorned with magnificent stalactites. Marble and crystal shimmer in the light of the acetylene lamp that I am in the habit of bringing along. On the faces, one find sculptures, drawings, inscriptions, and signs enabling one to find one's bearings. From unfathomable depths, one becomes aware of a rising din of subterranean rivers, which only just succeed in carving a way through the mountain. Sometimes, a gaping hole hinders my progress. In addition to the danger, my will not to trample on human bones renders my step hesitant: ever since the time when tools and weapons

were made of stone, men have come here to drift into eternal sleep. The grotto of Lombrives — the vastest one boasting the most tributaries — shelters at its heart an immense chamber with an eighty-metre ceiling: the Cathedral. It is the most important of the subterranean *gleyzos* — as the Albigensian churches, converted in the grottoes, are still known to this day. It is evident that the Fontanet grotto must have gathered in its womb the celebration of the Cathar cult. It is

 Cathar treasure. *Lit*. Church's treasure.

 It is thought to take eight hours to go from Ornolac to Montségur by this route. St. Bartholomew's summit is situated exactly half way along the path.

also a *gleyzo* and, inside, one sees the stalagmite of an indescribable beauty that is known as the *autel* (altar). The theoretically clear walls of the chamber, as nature had formed them, are blackened by smoke. Starting at the level of a man's height, these sombre traces could only have been made by torches. From this, we can deduce the following: in the grottoes, it was by torchlight, that the Provençal heretics celebrated their supreme ceremony, the *Consolament*

— the 'Consolation'.

Wolfram von Eschenbach himself also evoked such a grotto: before his hero Parzival found the Salvation of the Grail, he paused for a while at the home of the hermit Trevrizent in the grotto situated near *Fontane la Salvasche*. Trevrizent led him to an altar and dressed him in a robe, like that which the Cathars wore before the altar in the grotto of Fontanet, during their heretic consecration. The concordance is absolutely clear.

The grotto of Lombrives could equally be associated with the Grail legend. From its cathedral, a stone staircase leads to a higher part of the lugubrious labyrinth. At its extremity, an abyss, a hundred metres deep, reveals itself, overhung by an enormous rock, sculpted, as if by enchantment, in the form of a club by the streaming water. The peasants say that it is the tomb of Heracles, whom Wolfram celebrated as a Grail prophet! This is how the peasant legend has it: in a far-off time, King Bebryx ruled in Lombrives' subterranean palace. One day, Heracles was passing through. Bebryx offered him hospitality. He had a daughter. Her name was Pyrène. Heracles and the king's daughter

fell in love. But soon, the hero with the adventurous heart left in his turn King Bebryx's palace. He wished to continue still further on his route. Only, Pyrène, bearing his child within her, took up his pursuit, fearful of her father and burning with passion for her lover. Wild beasts fell upon the helpless woman. She called out to Heracles for help. He heard her cries but when he reached her, it was too late.

Pyrène was dead. So he wept all the tears out of his body. Mountains, rocks and grottoes flung back the echoes of his cries. He went to bury Pyrène, who will never be forgotten as the Pyrenees have since that time borne her name.

Near a lake, inside the grotto, three other stalagmites are to be found, which have for names, the throne and tomb of Bebryx and the tomb of Pyrène. Water perpetually drops on them, as if the mountain is crying over the death of the king's daughter. Just next to them, on the faces and the ceiling, the petrified clothes she loved whilst alive hang suspended.

Pyrène would be the goddess Venus herself.

Of all the grottoes of the Sabarthès, how to say which is the most beautiful, the most grand, the most mysterious? If I chose to recount all the experiences that I have lived through in negotiating them, I would have to blacken many a page. However, if I have often found myself in great danger, I have always been returned to the blissful daylight safe and sound. I hardly ever returned without some find. Whosoever visits the Sabarthès, can exhibit his objects at Ornolac. However, as for the other 'discoveries', which are particularly dear to me — sketches and inscriptions — I alone can show their emplacement. Many are ancient; numerous others are very recent. One of the last inscriptions is perhaps the question of a young man: he asks God why he took his wife and mother of his children. — Another, dated 1850, still awaits his reply: "What is God?" Yet another declares: "*Je me cache ici, je suis l'assasin de Maître Labori*" ("I am hiding here, I am the assassin of Maître Labori"). Maître Labori, Emile Zola's lawyer — author of the celebrated novels *Rome* and *Lourdes* —, was, if I am not mistaken, killed by an unknown, in 1899, at Rennes. — In 1576, Henri IV himself, the future king of Huguenot France, inscribed his name on the grotto's face. Forty years later, he was treacherously assassinated by the Catholic fanatic Ravaillac. Henri was a descendant of Esclarmonde de Foix. She, whose tomb, unknown to this day, could quite possibly be

located in the neighbourhood of these petrified masses, under which Heracles and Pyrène are resting in peace.

Accounts of the Albigensian epoch move me profoundly. Many survive, but they are not so readily obtained. In this vein, it took me an entire year before beholding a ship that a Cathar had, in the grotto's eternal night, sketched with charcoal on the marble wall. It perfectly depicts a vessel of the dead, which has the sun for a mast, this sun dispenser of life, eternally reborn each winter! — In the vicinity of this depiction, I exhumed human bones from the sandy soil. They were carbonised. Thus, this question I asked myself: did the Cathars incinerate their dead? These remains could not have been those of a victim of the Roman Inquisition who had finished up on the stake, for the ashes of the burnt Cathars were cast to the four winds.

I also discovered a tree — the Tree of Life —, it too drawn in charcoal, and, in a most mysterious grotto, I fell upon a dove, graven into the stone; this dove, which was the symbol of the god-spirit and of the Grail knight's armour.

With melancholy, I ready my baggage, before definitively leaving the Sabarthès. I am also obliged to leave behind the cat who had attached himself to me over a period and was in the habit of following me even into the very grottoes themselves. He was very loyal to me.

This animal makes liars of the monks of the Middle Ages who pretended that the heretics bore the humiliating name of *Ketzer* (in German), because they were "as false as cats (*Katzen*, in German)".

As long as I live, my thoughts will return to the Sabarthès, to Montségur, the Grail castle, and to the Grail itself, which was perhaps the treasure of the heretics, of whom the Inquisition registers speak! I admit that I would have liked to find it…

39

MIREPOIX

am not an authority on the Bible and nor do I wish to be. However, I would argue that the Old and New Testaments, even though they speak of different 'Antichrists', recognise Ibut one. The Old Testament curses the "beautiful star of morning"; □ the New Testament reveals to us, in the *Apocalypse* of John, that a certain "king and angel of the abyss" bore "in Greek the name of Apollyon". □ Apollyon, angel of the abyss and prince of this world, is the radiant Apollo. My conviction, that the "morning star" of the Old Testament and the

"Apollyon" of the New Testament are but one, is backed up by the fact that in Greece, the morning star, *Phosphoros* (a word signifying equally 'bearer of light') passed for the loyal companion, herald and emissary of Apollo, as like unto the sun, the greatest bearer of light, and that Apollo himself was confused with the beautiful "morning star", the sun.

It is not without reason that I have chosen the little Pyrenean village of Mirepoix to write down my reflections. It is located opposite the mountains that are dominated by the Grail mountain's, Montségur's, imposing pyramid. Just two hours walk separate us from the hamlet situated at the foot of the *pog*. On returning there, the engineer from Bordeaux was still seeking the true Gospel of John for his secret society. But the real reason for my stay here is the following: in pre-Christian times, Mirepoix was called Beli Cartha. Which would have meant the 'town of light', because, as I have already mentioned, Belis and Abellio were, in this country, names for the luminous Apollo.

Coming from the land of the Hyperboreans, so rich in legends, situated far away towards the Septentrion and "beyond the North winds", Apollo, son of Zeus, Father-of-All, visits the South once a year. After which, he returns to the North via the paths along

Isaiah, 14,12.

Apocalypse, 9,11. Greek word Apollyon signifies *Destruction* or *Destroyer*. Abaddon in Hebrew.

Archaic. The North.

which destiny leads him. For the Greeks, the day of the spring equinox was celebrated as the paramount festivity. Apollo was not only the sun submitted to the laws of rising and falling, but also the essence of the reigning and immutable light. It is only later when the sun god Helios — who was only worshipped as the principal god on the Island of Rhodes, opposite the coasts of Asia Minor — was awarded Apollo's place, that they were subsequently confused. Originally, the Dorian and Ionian hunters, shepherds and farmers, who came down from the North to Greece, celebrated him as the god bringing the light of spring after the long night of winter, as the protector of the fields, pastures, flocks, bees and of all that was necessary and dear to the peasants' hearts. That is why the pastors established the festivities of the ram in his honour and the peasants those of the harvest. The chants invoking

him would recall his victory over Python, the dragon of winter and would entreat that he, light incarnate, would not remain too long in the North among the happy Hyperborean peoples. — And, because spring and summer chase away the infirmities of winter, he is regarded as the exterminator of physical ills and the father of the medicine god, Asklepios. The latter being an aspect of Apollo's essence. Both were known as Saviour and Protector. The cock, which heralds the morning light, was consecrated to them. It is probably for this reason that Socrates, before swallowing deadly hemlock, instructed his students not to forget to sacrifice a cock to Asklepios. Confident in Apollo, the Protector and in Asklepios, the Saviour, Socrates serenely awaited the new day…

Aside from peasants and pastors, Apollo also watched over travellers and navigators, because, in common with them, he traversed land and sea, mountains and islands, always pursuing his goal. Aside from Parnassus, a mountain in northern Greece that housed the celebrated Delphi sanctuary, he was said to have been particularly fond of the Island of Delos in the Aegean. On this island, his birth was celebrated on the seventh day of the spring month. Myths recount that on this occasion the earth smiles and that the young god makes his voice heard: "I would like a cithara and an arched bow. I will announce Zeus'

infallible decisions to men!" Then he would leave the circle of goddesses who had aided his mother at the moment of his birth, and he would travel above the lofty clouds, proclaiming to humans the law of god and teaching them in the ways of chanting and cithara playing. For this reason, he became the god of poets, among whom poetry and prayer were taken to be the same thing. While Apollo is present on the earth, the earth smiles. Did it know that henceforth it would possess a Gay Knowledge…?

Along with Delos, Delphi, situated in Phocide at the foot of Mount Parnassus, was one of the principal sites of the god's cult. At Delphi, Apollo, like a Hellenic Sigurd-Siegfried, is said to have vanquished Python, the dragon of winter and darkness, and buried him under a rock. — Here, at Delphi, Pythia vaticinated. She would sit on a tripod over a crevasse from which cold and stifling vapours rose. — Here, flowed the fountain of the muses, the fountain of Castalie, source of *Catharsis*, of Purification, indispensable in communicating with god. — And it is here, in spring, that the festival of Apollo's return from the solar land of the Hyperboreans, situated beyond the North winds, is celebrated…

Wherever Apollo is venerated, it is not forgotten to make sacrifices and offer prayers to his sister Artemis, who is also evoked as Belissena here. Like her brother, she governs a star: she incarnates the law of the moon and its luminous nature. From the sun, she receives

 Roman. Esculape.

 The name of the drowned nymph who tried to escape from Apollo.

 Hyper (beyond) — *borée* (name of a Septentrional wind).

her light, and, like him, but more rapidly, she travels through the zodiac. For this reason, Artemis, travelling with a gentle step, accompanied by her nymphs, 'hunts' the animals in the fields and forests. Yet, for the animals she is not only hunter; she is also their protector. —

And as dispenser of the dew, which falls more abundantly on clear moonlit nights, the goddess nourishes the plants, following the example of her luminous brother. — Women, whose menstrual cycle is regulated by the lunar cycle, are especially placed under her protection. When a woman's periods withdraw, Artemis arrives, unrecognised in the guise of *Eileithyia*, the obstetrician, to ease the pain of childbirth. For this reason, the Romans, who worshipped her under the name of Diana, considered her star, the Moon, as the *familiarissime lumen*, the most favourable. Being the goddess of birth, she is also that of fertility. But, she is not that voluptuous hetaera under whose traits Near Eastern sensuality represented its goddess of fertility. Virginal and chaste, she waits on the loved one who will bless her and make her a mother, which is the goal of all women.

The Greeks also knew 'a maternal and terrestrial Artemis', resembling their Earth-Mother, Gemeter or Demeter. I should not talk of her without having first evoked the following developments:

Ancient Greece did not worship personalised 'gods', but instead 'powers' and

'forces', which governed the three worlds: subterranean, terrestrial and celestial. A Father-of-All, a supreme Mother… In his *Guerre des Gaules*, Caesar said of the Germans that they only worshipped forces as gods who aided them in a manifest way: the Sun, the Moon and Fire.

This interpretation can be applied literally to the whole set of religious conceptions held by the peoples of the North, in general, and the Greeks who were originally Nordic, in particular. The latter equally believed that the supraterrestrial world was governed by the sun, the terrestrial world by the moon, and the subterranean world by fire, and that this trinity corresponded to the three 'genders': masculine, feminine and neuter. Fire was considered as neuter (or as encompassing the other two genders); the earth and the moon as feminine; the sun and the sky as masculine. These elements of the trinity maintained numerous links with each other. Since then, it has been sought to grace the phenomena of Nature with a symbolic envelope in order to engender a correspondence to each other (An example: from the sky, where the sun resides, lightning falls on the earth and sets it ablaze. Thus it could easily be said that he sky had engendered fire on the earth).

I have evoked the goddess Artemis, known as Belissena in this region: she is the Woman-moon. During the night, she cannot be in contact with the Man-sun, to whom the day belongs, and therefore remains a virgin; as she resembles him in many aspects, she is deemed to be his twin sister! This goddess is also Woman-earth, who should be fertilised by Man-sun in order to bear the terrestrial creatures; she is also Love itself, in the sense that she waits perpetually for her husband sun. The Greeks believed that in the beginning the goddess of Love was not distinguishable from the Sky, but that she had since developed into a separate entity. This clears up the fact that this divinity was then split into several

'goddesses': the mother of the sky Hera, the virgin Artemis, the lover Aphrodite and the earth mother Demeter (whom the Romans knew respectively as Juno, Diana, Venus and Ceres). Now we can see the much-disparaged polytheism of paganism under a different light.

It was wrongly interpreted, or rather, as I believe, it was deliberately wrongly interpreted!

While Catharism was flourishing, there lived in Sicily, a celebrated hermit whose name was Joachim di Fiore. He passed for the best exegete of the *Apocalypse* of John. He believed he saw in the Cathars, the grasshoppers, spoken of in the ninth chapter, who "with

the power of Scorpions" □ left "the unfathomable depths of the abyss". □ They were nothing, as Joachim deplores, but a mask for the

Antichrist himself; their force would grow and their king had already been chosen. In Greek, his name was Apollo…!

Apollo can only be Lucifer, whom the Provençal heretics knew as Lucibel and unto whom, as they believed, so much wrong had been done.

The Cathars interpreted Lucifer's 'fall' as the "illegitimate eviction of Lucifer, eldest son of God, by the Nazarene". Certain among them — although they represented the exception — definitely saw Lucifer, as a sort of prodigal son of the Gospel, who was, due to haughtiness and vanity, separated from his divine father, and they believed that on Judgement day, he would fall to his knees at the feet of the Almighty and beg his pardon.

This cosmogonical myth (it could not be other) had for foundation that the world was a place of suffering where one was far from God, and that it could not attain perfection before the eternal divine Spirit had spiritualised, divinised and delivered its ephemeral components and materials. According to such heretics who, as we have said, represented the exception, the Christian doctrine of Redemption had already exercised all its waning influence, even when it was not being advanced in a Roman guise. It does not concern me to deal with these exceptions…

The doctrine of the existence of an individualised God and of a Jesus, Son of God made man, is the cornerstone of ecclesiastic Christianity. The Cathar conceptions of God were poles apart. They said: "We heretics are not theologians, but philosophers who seek Wisdom and Truth above all. We already know God is Light, Spirit and Power. As for the earth, it is matter, but it is in communication with God. Via the Light, the Spirit and the Power. How could the world and we ourselves live, if the sun did not give us life? How could we think and comprehend if a Spirit did not exist within us? How could we seek Wisdom and Truth — such elusive goals — and still pursue them, whatever the obstacles, if a Power was not within us? God is Light, Spirit and Power. He acts in us.

"God is Law and he has given us laws, but not those of Moses — who took a Mauresque for a wife — brought down from Mount Sinai to give to the Jews. The *Livre de la Loi* (Book of Law) of our God is the starry sky and the earth peopled with a multitude of living beings. Following immutable laws, the sun follows its course from sunrise to sunset, travelling through the twelve signs of the zodiac or, through from summer to winter and from winter to summer, from one solstice

to another. Leaving humans at nightfall, the God-law lights up the moon and the countless stars, which will, in their turn, follow, without exception, the fixed course set for them. We are not affirming here that the sun or one of these stars is, in themselves, a god. They are the heralds and vehicles of God.

“The divinity is multiple, but there do not exist several gods, as we are reproached for teaching. Through our senses, we can only grasp one part: Nature. This consists of that which, in ourselves, is only perishable matter; of the polymorphous world, in which we must follow the route of our existence; finally of the starry sky, as much of the day as of the night.

Nature is not God the Father, that is to say Light, Spirit and Power. She is the child of God, a creation of the Light, Spirit and Power. She governs herself, according to the laws of her divine father.” The Cathars added: “— That is why it is useless to pray to God, the Father, that he might send rain, good weather, health or fortune, as numerous Christians do. There is no miracle that can transgress the law. By its own nature, the Law is already sufficiently

 Ap. 9,4

 Ap. 9,2-3

miraculous. Once one has plainly grasped this, one can accomplish ‘miracles’ by oneself. A doctor (the Cathars were such reputed doctors that even Catholic bishops went to be healed by them, hoping to avoid having to depart too hastily from this ‘miraculous’ world that was theirs) cannot accomplish the miracle of curing, unless he knows enough of the laws governing the human body, to re-establish the perturbed order. Nature is not God, but she is divine. She is not Light but the Bearer of Light. Neither is she Power, but the catalyst of Power. Nor is she Spirit, but she opens, to the Spirit that has worked in us since birth, the doors of Knowledge, which lead to the vision of God. This is the sole and authentic

‘redemption’. Our dispenser of supreme light is the sun. He is the guide of the celestial legions, which we call Angels, but who are nothing more than stars. All submit to the law that governs the earth. Hereafter, we, men, if we explore and observe the sky, are able to understand the Laws, which govern the sky, and in this way lead our lives in a way which does not oppose the divine laws, but which fulfils

them. We must be sons of the Sun, Bearer of Light!”

During the time of the Albigensian Crusade, there lived at Mirepoix, the knight Pierre-Roger de Mirepoix of the Bélissen family, a vassal and relation to the house of the Counts of Foix. Whilst Montségur’s fortress, which was on his lands, was under siege, he became its commander. At the point when the peril was at its peak, he gave the order to the four courageous Cathars to bear the Church’s treasure into the Sabarthès. — Before Rome and Paris launched the Albigensian Crusade, so long planned, his castle had been the meeting place of the families of the courts: Troubadours and errant knights would always find hospitality there and would not set off again without first having been supplied with ample provisions for the route.

The majority of troubadours were poor. A number of them — by no means a minority — came from the populace: Bernard de Ventadour, one example among many, was the son of a baker’s helper at Ventadour Castle who had the simple task of maintaining the oven. In no way, was poverty or low birth a hindrance to becoming a knight. The peasant who could demonstrate his talents for discoursing was ennobled; the artisan poet would gain access to chivalry. A chant written by the troubadour Arnold de Maureuil speaks of the man of low birth who can still hold worthy sentiments; as one virtue may be common to all, nobles, bourgeois, artisans or peasants: Loyalty. And the poet adds that cowards and louts do not merit his consideration, and even less his verses. He is speaking to us from the bottom of his heart.

A lot was demanded of a troubadour: he had to show proof of “an excellent memory and a broad understanding of history”; he had to be aware of the myths and legends of his country; he had to be “merry and likeable, spiritual and righteous, seductive thanks to the gifts of his spirit and heart, chivalrous and brave during war and at tournaments, open to everything which is great and beautiful”. All veritable troubadours should dispose of what we today would call an ‘encyclopaedic knowledge’. Perhaps it is for this reason that our epoch, which loves synthetic thought, feels such a bond with the art of the court. — It is very possible that we feel very distant from the forms of thought of that period. However, we approve wholeheartedly of its “sincere aspiration to Beauty in all its manifestations of life, to the education of taste, to the joy of a life raised to the level of aesthetic expression”

and its “ideal of internalised nobility in man”. Provençal chivalry had

nothing whatsoever to do with feudal chivalry, which has been so justly disparaged!

Paris and Rome looked upon the troubadours' Provence with loathing and envy. The French crown, now at the summit of its power, had long sought to rejoin the Mediterranean

and to extend its domination along ancient Gaul's richest regions. But what was the motivation behind the occupants of Peter's seat?

For the Roman Church, the troubadours, like the Cathars (I shall still differentiate between them, as it was current to do so since that time), passed for the "Devil's henchmen, sworn to eternal damnation". On a very regular basis, the Pope's legates made edicts against certain troubadours. But achieved nothing. As if nothing had happened, the troubadours continued to vigorously reject all the ideas, conceptions, teachings and myths of ecclesiastical theology. They celebrated neither the god Jehovah nor this Jesus of Nazareth, but rather, the hero Heracles or the god Love. And this god was particularly hated by conceited Rome, this Rome that the Cathars rejected, deeming it 'Satan's Synagogue' or the 'Devil's Basilica'.

According to the famous troubadour Peire Cardinal, the god Love could be perceived on this earth by an independent spirit whose eyes faith had opened. The no less renowned Peire Vidal sang, undoubtedly without contradicting the former, that, for him, God showed himself only at springtime, and that to see him, one must take oneself to the place of God, which is none other than Nature herself who has just begun to wake. God appears in the form of a horseman with blonde hair, astride a palfrey, half black as the night and half dazzling white. On its bridle, a carbuncle shining as the sun! Behind him, there was a paladin. His name was Fidelity (or Loyalty).

It is necessary to remain faithful until death; then God will proffer the crown of eternal life so is it written in the Bible. As, according to the Church of Rome — from out of whose bounds there can be no salvation —, the troubadours were among the Devil's servants, as they brandished their loyalty to the god Love as a rallying banner, as they celebrated, as we know through innumerable examples, the marvels of the crown of Lucifer, it is possible that — if we take Biblical terms into account — there existed a Luciferian

"crown of eternal life", and that if we follow this train of thought to

its conclusion, the god Love was none other than Lucifer under a more affirmed guise. This hypothesis becomes a certainty when we examine this idea from another angle. The god Love is the god of spring.

Does the same not apply for Apollo? So the two, Love and Apollo, incarnate the god of Spring. It is he who brings in the light from the sun; he is therefore a bearer of light, a

'Lucifer'. According to the *Apocalypse* of John — we have seen this —, Apollyon-Apollo pass for the Devil, and according to the doctrine of the Roman Church, based on the Bible and the fathers of the Church, Lucifer is Satan. We can conclude from this that the god of spring, Apollo-Love, is according to clerical belief, Satan and the Devil. From that, we can easily surmise that the anguished call of Joachim di Fiore, evoking those who were the Antichrists with Apollo as king, saw the troubadours as the 'Devil's servants' too.

From now on, I will have no need of establishing the distinction between the Cathars and the troubadours, dignitaries of the Court of Lucifer…!

Peire Vidal, son of a Toulousan furrier, knight and troubadour, evoked the paladin, Fidelity, riding in the wake of the god Love. Fidelity is conditioned by one law, which can be exterior or interior. The troubadours were also subject to such a condition: the law of Love.

Its supreme principle proclaims that Love has nothing to do with carnal love. However, all the troubadours were called *Chanteurs d'Amour* (Singers of Love). This false dilemma is resolved without difficulty when harking back to the German translation of this expression, in use for centuries: *Minnesänger*, the singers of *Minne*, of Love. The Provençal *Amor* (Love) is the German *Minne*! Even this word, originally bore no associations with physical love, as it is, as Walther von der Vogelweide succinctly pointed out, "neither man, nor woman" and

possessed "neither soul, nor body". It is Force and it fortifies the spirit because it is Fidelity.

This was also the opinion of Wolfram von Eschenbach: true Love (*Minne*) is true fidelity!

The law of Love is composed of several sentences, named *Leys d'amors*. The first troubadour is said to have found them in the branches of a

sacred oak. That is why he became a *Troubador*, a finder. His name was ‘Saviour’…

The pilgrims of the Albigensian Crusade (which the Jesuit historian, Benoist, referred to “the most just thing in the world”), as they had been promised eternal life and hoped to recover some loot, executed the papal order with enthusiasm and prepared the country for a new race. During this time, the troubadours, as their fidelity demanded, sang “in the service of their threatened princes and supported their politics against the Church, the French and the Dominican Inquisition”. They sang… and fought. When the magnificent castles of their protectors were no more than ashes, they were the last to flee abroad, beyond the Pyrenees or the Alps. — From then on, they were *Faydits*, outlaws. Now, the forests and the routes truly became the country of this wandering people: in Germany, in northern Italy and Spain.

I recently read, in a book by a French researcher, that some might have journeyed as far as Iceland.

And Apollo, the Bearer of Light, patron of poets and travellers, would never abandon his own in distress. He himself had become an outlaw, even seen as the Devil. But as he was not the Devil, he watched over, in accordance with the celestial laws, the forests and the routes. On the bridle of his charger, he left his carbuncle shining like the sun. When one of his minstrels died, he carried him above the clouds towards the “Mountain of Assembly in the far distant midnight”, in the extreme North. Was it important that his children could not live in the towns as other men and were not buried in the same manner as everyone else? In the dwelling place of the Bearer of Light, there is plenty of light! More than in the houses of God, the cathedrals and churches, in which Lucifer could not enter and would not wish to enter as the stained glass windows let in so little light and represented Jewish prophets and apostles, Roman gods and saints. The forest was free!

Each time that Apollo, distanced by celestial law, was unable to make his carbuncle shine, the ‘Devil’s Grandmother’ would arrive: the ‘Grand Mother’ who is the earth and who governs the moon. At night, she nourished the outlaws with animals, as she was their guardian, she quenched their thirst with dew, for she was its dispenser, and lit their way with silver rays…

Whilst the Devil and his grandmother were not ‘at home’ or when they could not make it on time, they would dispatch a delegate or a

messenger. Lucifer sent the morning star, and the Grand Mother that of the evening: the same star, which is called Lucifer or Venus. It has never fallen from the sky!

46

PORT-VENDRES

rom dawn until late in the evening, and even into the night, an intense liveliness animates the quay and surrounding wharfs. Time seems to pass very quickly. Some F fishermen offered to take me for a trip out to sea. We should be back by dawn. But, during the course of the day, the sea became choppy and they advised me to wait a while longer.

I watch a great liner leaving for Africa. Plenty of Englishmen are aboard. I am told that the French Mediterranean coast's climate no longer has the same regularity and sweetness as in former days, and that the North African coast has become its rival.

Since ancient times, this port town has been established at the foot of the eastern Pyrenees. The Phoenicians, already on the trail of gold in the Pyrenees mountains, founded an important commercial trading post here. Supplanted by the Greeks, they were forced to abandon it to the latter. *Portus Veneris*, the Port of Venus… such was its ancient name.

Since the most distant past, men reminiscent of Vikings would once set off from these seas. They were Hellenes, journeying from Argos, their town of origin, and would dock in… a port of Venus. Their expedition's goal was most precise: they sought the Island of Sun, Æa, to carry away from there a ram's sacred fleece, the Golden Fleece. During a lengthy period, they would affront numerous challenges. They had to ferociously combat the king of the Bebryces who invited all strangers arriving in his country to fight bare fist with him, and who, up until then, had beaten all comers. They vanquished this hostile king. After having attained the Port of Venus, the Argonauts — as these Hellenic Vikings were known — made off with the Golden Fleece, which was suspended from the branches of a sacred oak.

The leader of the Argonauts was the Thessalien, Jason. His name meant 'Saviour'.

His twelve (or fifty two) companions were all sons of gods, heroes and *aedes* of ancient Greece: Heracles, Castor and Pollux, Orpheus, to name only the most famous.

The Argonauts' desired goal, as we have said, was the Golden Fleece. It could not be discovered except by crossing a great sea: to the North, as all the old myths recount that the Argo, the Argonauts' nef, navigated "by the North wind". To find "the Island of Sun", situated near Midnight, they had carved the prow of their ship in an auspicious wood. This wood was cut from Dodone oak, the most sacred tree in Greece.

In the country of my birth, the old country of the Chattes, Boniface, Rome's envoy, felled the sacred oak of Geismar with an axe. It was consecrated to Thorr-Donar and was baptised by the peasants "The Force of God". In Dodone also, the most famous of the Greek sanctuaries, there stood this king of trees. The ancient Greeks believed they could

 Greek. Errant poets.

hear God speaking, as it rustled in the wind. So as not to be deprived of God's familiar voice during their journey, the Argonauts cut a beam from the sacred Dodone oak and placed it at the prow of their ship, the Argo. This piece of wood instructed them to head towards the North. — In the Nordic lands, where this tree has its origins, consultations would still be sought, as late as 1000 of the Christian era, from the oracles of an oak tree wood, consecrated to the god Thorr. When the Norwegian nobles, robbed of their traditional liberty, set off for distant Iceland to establish themselves there, they threw into the sea, on catching sight of their new country, the rises of the high-seat , which were fashioned from oak. They would settle in the location where their tutelary God had beached the sacred wood. — The troubadours as well, these Provençal poets of Love (*Minnesänger*), had not forgotten the oak's sacred aspect. The knowledge and the songs of Love — which were called the *Leys d'Amors*, the Laws of Love —, the first troubadour, 'Saviour', is said to have received from an eagle or falcon perched on the branch of a golden oak.

Troubadour means ' *trouveur*' (finder). The first among them ' *trouva*' (found) in the branches of an oak, the Laws of Love and of courtly poetry. The Argonauts — 'finders'

themselves — discovered, at the end of their long expedition, the Golden Fleece in an oak.

In a way, they were *Chevaliers errants* and they became Poets, as this

originally Greek word also means ‘finder’. Even Goethe thought that the Golden Fleece had turned these ‘finders’

into poets: when his Faust, penetrated the night of classical Walpurgis, he demanded from the therapeutic centaur, Chiron, news of the “beautiful cohort of noble Argonauts and those who edify the world of Poets”. Half-man, half-horse, Chiron replies:

Among the Argonaut’s high company

Each in his way had valiance of his own,

So fired with power within his soul, that he

What others lacked could well provide alone.

Were the Argonauts stirred by the Force of Love? In any case, they were inspired by the Quest for the Divine — a Force that permitted the ‘moving’ of mountains and the

‘striding over’ of seas.

Heracles was one of the Argonauts. In the fifth century BC, the Greek historian, Herodotus, tells that he was venerated in two ways: as a human hero and as a god. Perhaps he had formerly been a man, or perhaps, as is indicated by an ancient inscription discovered in Malta, an invincible ‘founding chief’ of the Hellenes. The myths concerning him, of the ancient Greeks, are supreme chants exalting power of will and the liberation obtained by its inherent force. The will of this power, incarnated by Heracles, stands against Destiny and Destiny submits to it. Following the sun, the ‘sun hero’ raised himself above the night of rest and indolence, sought the Divine and found it within himself. In this way he became a god.

Heracles was a rebel: he desired equality with the Most High. But he also recognised the need for endurance: patiently he ‘suffered’ the fateful law that flows through and ordains the cosmic All. In this way, he became Olympian. Heracles found the Golden Fleece in the Island of Sun, Æa. In the Middle Ages, some thought that this Fleece, symbol of the transmutation of man into god, was in reality the ‘philosopher’s stone’.

Hochsitzpfeiler in German. These ‘rises of the seat of honour’ were

carved, sculpted or painted in the image of the tutelary divinity.

 Faust, Part Two. Act II, Scene ‘On the lower Peneus”.

48

Did Heracles find the Grail, the stone of Light? Was he a Hellenic Parzival? I believe so. — For Wolfram von Eschenbach, “Heracles possessed the understanding of stones”. In this way, Heracles knew also of the stone fallen from Lucifer’s crown, which was called the Grail. In a poem in Old French, a Grail-questing knight’s ultimate goal was Olympia. I assert that Heracles entered into the Grail’s circle, and Parzival sat at the Olympian gods’ table, where they offered him their nectar and ambrosia.

As admitted by a Belgian historian and theologian who did not render the greatest service to his church in so doing, the Cathars conserved and maintained writings and national chants. Rome destroyed everything, in Provence, in Lombardy and in Germany.

However, it could not silence all the chants. The Court of Lucifer still sings, undoubtedly discretely, these *lieder*, at the same time extremely ancient and yet always new. In this country, the Pyrenean peasants, faithful heirs of their ancestors, are the guardians of these chants. In the mountains and the forests, *oun au descourbrit Apollon* — where they discovered Apollo —, they heard, in the murmur of water and the rustling of trees, the message, long since forgotten and yet so familiar, of the ancient gods, who had been idolised and demonised. In the songs and legends transmitted from father to son, and from son to grandson, they conserve this precious asset. Today, just as yesterday and tomorrow, the multiple divinity, which is nonetheless unique, dwells as much on the summits, which are near the light as in the eternal night of the grottoes. The ruins of the ancient castles are still haunted by the spirits of warriors and heroes. I already know of more than one song that alludes to this.

The Argonauts docked in the port of Venus: that could mean Port-Vendres. — The Dioscures vanquished a king of the Bebryces; according to the peasants of the Sabarthès, he is buried in the grotto of Lombrives. — Wolfram von Eschenbach claims to have received the story of the Grail in Provence; the Grail castle is presented as being in the Provençal mountains. According to Wolfram, Heracles was one of the Grail’s prophets; the peasants of Ornolac believe that the hero-turned-god rested after his exploits not far from the Pyrenean Grail castle. — And, very near to Port-Vendres, Cape Cerberus evokes the

guardian of Hell, of the same name; Heracles vanquished it and chained it, as he had no fear of death.

The myths of the Argonauts and Heracles therefore also make up part of these

'national chants', whose survival was assured thenceforth by the Cathars! They are vestiges of something that blossomed in the past on this earth.

The Argonauts, these Hellenic Vikings, are showing me the way to the North. In setting off from here and heading in the direction of Midnight, I am returning to my country. The Chattes venerated Heracles there. The inscription (in Latin) of an altar proves this. They were even aware, as are all Germans, of the Argonaut twins, Castor and Pollux.

According to Tacitus, they called them the *Alcis*.

 In Greek mythology, Cerberus was a three-headed dog that guarded the Gates of Hell.

hips putting into the port, draw alongside. Others weigh anchor or set out to sea…

Here, coal is being shovelled; over there, fruit is being unloaded. The S creaking of cranes and the rattling of chains can be heard. A little further off, a siren wails. The dockers bustle about. Drunken sailors vociferate; dreadful harridans howl; sentimental old tunes whine away. Newspaper vendors bawl out their wares; it is a question of who cries out the loudest. Car horns blare, trams ring and — above everything — the bells of Notre-Dame de la Garde take up their toll, drowning out all other sound.

Even if he has just left a 'courtesan' from one of the shady houses near the port, each sailor commends himself to 'Notre-Dame de la Garde', in the hope that Mary, the Immaculate Virgin, will accompany him beyond the seas and permit him to return safe and sound. But few of those who return consider expressing their thanks to her — fewer still actually do. Most of them have plenty of other things to be getting on with…

A few years after Jesus of Nazareth's death on Golgotha, a ship reached the port of Marseille. On board were Jews, fugitives with whom we are familiar thanks to the Bible: Joseph of Arimathea, Mary Magdalene and her sister Martha. According to Christian legend, they are said to have brought the Grail with them. This was not a stone, but a dish in which, on the evening of Maundy Thursday, Jesus and his disciples ate the sacrificial lamb, before Judas Iscariot sold him to the priests. The next day, Good Friday, this plate found an even more sacred destination: on Golgotha, it gathered Jesus Christ's flowing blood. When the Nazarene said, "Everything is accomplished!" and he inclined his head, he had given his spirit, [] his body was laid to rest in a tomb dug into the rock that Joseph of Arimathea had been thoughtful enough to provide. It was for this, that the Jews threw Joseph in a dungeon abandoning him there without food. But, oh miracle! night after night an angel appeared before the prisoner nourishing him thanks to the Grail, blessing the recipient. Finally, Joseph of Arimathea was freed by Jesus himself who asked him to bear the object to other horizons.

Bringing Mary Magdalene and Martha along with him, he entrusted himself to God and the ocean. And God wished it that the waves and winds took him to Marseille. Until her death, Mary Magdalene was said to have watched over the Grail in a grotto situated near Tarascon-on-the-Rhône. Other Christian legends attest that it was Pontius Pilate who gave the Grail

— cup or dish — to Joseph of Arimathea, in exchange for services rendered. Joseph is then said to have gathered Jesus' blood in it and to have taken it to Great Britain. On Joseph's death, the Grail cup disappeared from the face of the earth and did not reappear until the reign of the much-celebrated King Titurel. The Grail was conferred to his charge in addition to the lance used by the Roman centurion, Longinus, to open Jesus Christ's flank. It is also said that Titurel built a castle of an unbelievable magnificence and beauty for the purpose of housing relics and, above all, the Grail. The Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, near Barcelona, has been put forward as this castle — but this is incorrect.

[] Gospel of John, 19,30.

Faithful to its method, the Church recouped the Grail myth, interpreting it in a Jewish and Christian sense. []

Two thousand, two hundred and sixty years ago, a ship, modest in appearance, but built to withstand the great sea, was anchored right here, in the port of this Greek colony of Massilia. We do not know her name. But we do know that her captain's name was Pytheas and that he was a scholar of geography, mathematics and astrology. Pytheas wished to embark upon the ocean and to sail towards the distant Midnight, towards the Far North.

As soon as the ship was provisioned with all that the crew needed for the long, perilous journey, her captain, before even boarding or hoisting sail, offered up a sacrifice to his god. He paid homage to the radiant Pythic Apollo who had vanquished the serpent Python, and in whose honour, the Massilian seeker had received the name, Pytheas. But he could equally have gone in pilgrimage to modern day Monaco where a temple to Heracles Monoikos stood — a temple in which he alone was honoured. Heracles was also considered as the god-protector of those who journeyed towards the North. For when, in order to conquer the Golden Fleece in the land of Æa, this hero had crossed the seas on the ship Argo with the other Argonauts, he had, as we are told in the most ancient myths, set sail

"towards the North". And when, he had followed his adventurous life and his route towards divinisation, he had arrived in the "savage lands" where he was for a long time the guest of King Bretannos. Therefore, he sojourned in Great Britain.

In trusting, through his prayers, to Heracles, Pytheas was not neglecting the luminous Apollo, for Heracles, half-brother to the former, was an Apollonian god: on the river bank, before boarding the Argo, Jason and the Argonauts, all sons of gods and

'saviours', implored Apollo's protection and benevolence. In the name of all the Argonauts, Jason uttered the following prayer: "Permit me, Lord, to cast off the mooring so that we might soar, illuminated by your wisdom, towards a destiny without torment! Allow an amicable wind to blow for us, which might enable us to cross the seas, safe and sound!" —

Pytheas must have addressed a very similar prayer.

On the subject of Pytheas of Marseille and his voyage to the North, which can "place itself amongst the most remarkable exploits of geographical exploration", and the island of Thule, there has been much debate. Pytheas' writings, which must have contained an exact description of his trip, have been lost. This loss is all the more

regrettable in that Pytheas was certainly the sole Greek to have visited the ancient principal centre of amber extraction in the German gulf (estuary of the Elbe and the Eider) — and to have attempted an unbelievable experience for his time in boldly engaging, from the northern tip of Scotland, the unknown seas of the North Atlantic. If the voyage of Pytheas is particularly remarkable, it is due to “the temerity of which he showed proof, adventuring in the North Seas without a compass, where clouds and fog often render useless orientation methods requiring the sun and stars”. Finally, in sailing towards the North, he reached an island he named Thule and which ever since has held a mysterious celebrity as the extreme limit of inhabited lands, the *Ultima Thule*, Extreme Thule.

Although the accounts of Pytheas’ voyage have failed to reach us directly, we can have some idea of their contents thanks to Strabon’s commentaries concerning them, made from the originals, in his *Géographie*: “Thule is situated six days voyage to the north of the Brittany coasts, □ near the motionless sea; there, the summer solstice is identical to the

□ Not Judeo-Christian.

□ Now, Great Britain.

winter solstice; those who live near the glacial zone lack consistent fruits or comestible animals and they nourish themselves with millet and other meagre vegetables, fruits or roots.

There, where they find cereals and where honey is collected, they make a drink from it; as they do not benefit from the sun’s hot rays, they must pound the wheat in great houses

[barns] where they gather the ears, as the region’s ground is unsuitable on account of the absence of sun and rain”. — The *Natural History* of the Roman Pliny the Ancient, tells us that the most distant land that was known was Thule, where, during the summer solstice, when the sun passed into the sign of Cancer, there was no night, just as there were very few days at the time of the winter solstice. — Geminos of Rhodes (the author of *Astronomical elements*), wrote that, “Pytheas of Massilia also seems to have reached these regions, at least that is what it written in his *Study of the Ocean*: ‘the Barbarians showed us the place where the sun goes to set. It was discovered that the night was very short in these regions, two hours here, three hours

there, in such a way that the sun would already reappear in the sky, just a short while after one had begun to sleep …'" — To this evidence, one can add the eminent passage of the Roman Pomponius Mela, who also leant on the writings of Pytheas, "During the time of the Summer solstice, there is [on the island of Thule] absolutely no night, as the sun which makes its long and unique appearance, shows not only the burst of its light, but also the largest part of itself". This report is the most ancient mention of the midnight sun and must have been written by a man who had witnessed this marvel of nature for himself.

Pomponius Mela never went to the North. If, as we can surmise, this text is based on Pytheas' writings, there can be no doubt, that the Massilian almost reached, at the beginning of the astrological summer, the heights of the Polar circle. 2,200 years ago, this was located 66º15 min 22 sec. of northern latitude. If Pytheas, as we know from Geminos of Rhodes, reached a point where the sun only set for two or three hours, we can calculate the latitude of this place in the year 350 BC, either 64º39 min, or 63º39 min. The southern part of Iceland and the centre of Norway are situated at this latitude. One of these must have been Thule …

It is likely that Pytheas undertook his voyage to the North in the year 334 before the birth of Jesus the Nazarene. On his return to the port of Marseille, the ship, which had carried him to the land of the Hyperboreans, passed in front of the Heracles' column.

I believe that Pytheas went to the North, because his thirst for knowledge took him there. He already knew that the earth was a sphere; that the planets turned around the sun; that in the North, there was a Pole; that this Pole, like the sun, which maintains the planets in its orbit, possessed an inherent force of attraction.

Pytheas navigated towards Midnight, because his quest for the divine had also pointed him in this direction. He believed that the Pole was wise and Apollonian, as it found balance in itself; that the Pole and the sun, who was Apollo, both possessed in themselves this same force of attraction that men could never detach from God; that Apollo's true country was the Polar region, in the extreme North of the blessed people of the Hyperboreans.

This is what I believe to be true: the god to whom Pytheas addressed his prayers before the beginning of his voyage towards the North was, it follows, Hyperborean Apollo himself! He offered his prayers to this god of Light, who, once a year left Delphi, his favourite residence on

Hellenic soil, to return to the land of the Hyperboreans in a wherry or a chariot drawn by swans. When Apollo sojourned in the North, the inhabitants of Delphi would compose paeans for their regularly absent god: choirs of prepubescent boys would gather around the sacred tripod, on which Pythia would give her oracles, imploring the god to return. Each time, he would return. But each year, he would also head off again to the North, the place of his origin.

52

PUIGCERDA IN CATALONIA

came up here by car with some acquaintances who had business to conclude here. I am alone and I wait under the arcades of the small town's picturesque market square.

IWomen daubed with colour, austere looking customs officers, burly women market gardeners, humbly attired, work-worn Andorran peasants and heavily-laden mules create an animated scene which, even without all this, would already be colourful and full of life. At a neighbouring table, some bourgeois people are playing a game of *belote* with a self-satisfied air. They quarrel, accusing each other of lying.

In

the

Parzival of Wolfram von Eschenbach, someone cries out, "Lord, I am not one of those who knows how to lie!" He was a 'pure', as were the Cathars. They taught that there were only two 'capital sins': the hardness of heart, which is the opposite of compassion —

no mercy! —, and lying …

A rapid shoots across the high-plateau of Cerdaña. It comes from Toulouse and goes to Barcelona. Having crossed Catalonia, it passes close by to the mountain where the Abbey of Montserrat is to be found. Catalonia was once the land of the Goths and Alani. At that time, this country bore an altogether different name.

Countess P. was right: the Grail was never conserved at Montserrat and the Jesuits were never among the Grail's knights. Rather, they were the masters of the lie! As it is, Saint Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit order, advised his disciples to win the confidence of the nobility and those in high places with whom they would

associate by adapting their character to suit each one, and to resort constantly to flattery in order to achieve this. Later, a certain Father Gracian, faithful disciple of Ignatius and rector at the Jesuit college of Tarragona, would explain, in minute detail, in his 'Manual', how each member of the Society of Jesus should comport himself *Ad majorem Dei Gloriam* — For the greatest Glory of God:

"He who wins favour, do likewise, he who brings discredit, leave to others. Draw attention to that which does not concern you, so you may distract them from that which does. Employ human methods, as if there were no divine ones, and divine ones as if there were no human ones. Soften your 'no' with politeness; rely more on the crutches of time, than on the iron bludgeon of Heracles. Keep only the final conclusion in sight, as the winner never has any justification to make. Do not refuse anything categorically, so that you may keep in your dependence for as long as possible someone who asks something of you.

Never give anyone the chance to entirely discover your motivations; this is not about lying, but about not telling the whole truth …"

The Grail was never kept at Montserrat! Never!

While the Spanish *petit-bourgeois* are playing cards and drinking absinthe next to me, I begin to wonder about that madman and laughing stock of the world, Don Quixote, who covered Spain on his nag, Rozinante. He wished to restore honour to chivalry, which had crumbled in his country. That madman! He had already read so many books on knights, that it had "deranged his mind". But I believe that he would not have exhumed his rusty armour from amongst the old things in his attic, patched it up with bits of cardboard and set off on an adventure in this garb of another age, if he had read or heard a celebrated poem by the troubadour and knight, Peire Cardinal — almost forgotten even at that time: *Chivalry, lead thyself to burial afore*

That no speech ere proclaims thee more!

53

Thou art shunned of honour and detested,

Thou art feebler than one whom death has bested,

Thou art muzzled and in clerical sway

The king thy heritage steals away

Thy kingdom is but loan and illusion,

Thus, have thee been brought to ruin.

We will be staying here a day longer than we had initially intended. This does not bother me at all.

The land of Spain saw the birth of another 'knight', Basque by birth, to whom I must now turn my interest. He did not belong to the Court of Lucifer. As a young man, he rode a charger. Later on, he sat astride a mule, because Jesus of Nazareth, the 'king' of the Jews, had also made his entry into the city of David on the back of an ass. This knight's name was Ignatius of Loyola. He founded — to wage war on the Court of Lucifer, which could not be destroyed — the 'Society of Jesus', which still exists today…

At the time when Don Quixote was supposed to have covered the Spanish countryside astride Rozinante, the page Ignatius of Loyola had the honour, kneeling by the table, to offer the cup to the Queen of Spain, Germana, wife of Ferdinand the Catholic, to carry her coat when she would go off on walks and to light the way with a torch. Germana, French princess of Foix (the Counts of Foix had no more direct descendants, and the king of France had given their title to a family of lords from the North), was the second wife of Ferdinand. The first had been buried, according to her wishes, enveloped in a crude Franciscan robe, without any ceremony. Scarcely one year later, Germana arrived at Valence with a flotilla of thirty vessels laden with robes, shoes, wigs, lingerie, perfume and beauty products. — Fish, poultry, fruit, spices and rare wines had to be brought, specially for her, from Seville. At court and in the palaces of the powerful of the kingdom, banquet followed banquet and the quantity of fare absorbed was incredible; it occurred more than once that a guest would die of overeating and drinking.

At the court of the new queen, one sole person remained above this frenetic whirlwind and even voiced his opposition as the last representative of the powerful spirit of the past. He was Francisco Ximinez de Cisneros, the gaunt-faced monk, primate of Spain, Grand Inquisitor and chancellor to the king…

The page Ignatius of Loyola was fourteen then. Growing up in an atmosphere of frenzied ambition, his first, adolescent, amorous thoughts were directed towards the queen.

In this way, love was confused with courtly servitude and the idea that he had fashioned of women provoked in him a vain desire to distinguish himself in front of his sovereign and to win her favour. When, a few years later, he was made a sacred knight and he had to elect his

'Lady of the heart', as was the custom of the time, he chose the queen. At the fêtes and tournaments, he would wear her colours and the highest recompense to which he could aspire was a lace handkerchief, which she would throw to the winner on the tiltyard. When he met her, he took particular care not to remove his headdress to greet her, as according to the rules of courtly Love in use at the Court, this serious ceremonial error would have been perceived as a sign of an excessively maladroit adoration. In this way, his love continued less in the manner of a true sensual passion and more as a great and vain desire to be noticed by the first lady of the Court. He knew how to reconcile this romantic adoration for an inaccessible 'Lady of the heart' with a total contempt for the honour of the women whom he made the victims of his debauches. Because, like all young knights of his time, Ignatius was implicated in the most eminently doubtful adventures and was greedy for the most vulgar, carnal pleasures. From his own confessions, it clearly emerges to what point, in his youth, he

failed to distinguish himself by the purity of his character. Many years later, when he was already General of the Jesuits, he repented to one of his brothers in the order, that, as a young knight, he had shamelessly committed theft, then let someone else take the blame for it in his place. During this period, while Ignatius was sojourning in the Court of Spain, the knights, leading an idle life around their sovereigns, had lost the sense of courage and the proud dignity of their ancestors. The young petty nobleman from Loyola had also allowed the warrior fervour of his valiant ancestors to evaporate so he might indulge in the unpleasant pleasures of staging all kinds of farces

to the detriment of the bourgeois and their defenceless women. All these young knights comported themselves rudely and arrogantly towards all those considered their inferiors. But they demonstrated an excessive humility towards the king and his favourites and a ridiculously ceremonious politeness towards each other. This futile life lead by Ignatius and the moral paucity of his ideas corresponded to this partial and superficial culture. There is no question that he had learnt to read, but his reading was limited to tales of chivalry and fairy tales, which, at that time, were arousing the enthusiasm of all and sundry. The discovery of printing was still recent, and this formidable conquest was almost exclusively employed in the printing of tales of chivalry, regardless of environment or social stratum. It was during this period that Cervantes felt himself compelled to unleash his *Don Quichotte*, his magnificent parody.

Ignatius was not the last to immerse himself for nights on end in *Tirant lo Blanch* by Juan Martorell and *Le Chevalier miséricordieux* by Montalban; but it was the adventures of the

"Knight with the green epée", *Amardis de Gaule*, which would leave the strongest impression.

At this time, the marvellous exploits of this hero held all Spain in awe and had also captured Ignatius' interest.

The young knight spent his days practising weapon skills, hunting, devoting himself to some gallant distraction, drinking heavily and violently seeking quarrels. An official document of this time, the claim brought by the Corrigidor of Guipozcoa in 1515, at the Episcopal tribunal of Pamplona, offers a representation of Ignatius of Loyola. Hardy and provoking, sporting a leather doublet and a breastplate, armed with an epée and a pistol, with long curly hair falling from the small, felt knight's bonnet: such is the portrait that this document advances. As for his character, he is described by the magistrate as "treacherous, violent and vindictive …".

I have used the passages of the book by René Fülöp-Miller, *Puissance et Mystère des Jésuites* (Power and Mystery of the Jesuits) to relate the evolution of Loyola. I do not think it would be useful to report how Ignatius fell rapidly into disgrace as a result of the gossip that obliged him to leave the royal court. — The years passed. "One night, Ignatius rose brusquely from his bed, ran to kneel in a corner of his room before an image of the mother of God and swore from thenceforth to serve as a faithful soldier under the regal banner of Christ [it would be preferable to say "Jesus"]. In deciding to renounce the pomp of this

world, he was certainly placing his 'conversion' — like the choice of a new lifestyle he might adopt — in the realm of chivalrous conceptions. Like a crusade in former times, he was accompanied as far as the first alighting point by his family, servants and his entire domestic contents. Then he climbed onto his mule and took up the mountain route to Montserrart alone.

On the way, he met a "Moor", a baptised Arab, and began a discussion on the Virgin Mary with him. The Moor believed in the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God; but in the strictest sense, that is to say that he contested that this virginity had survived intact after the birth of Christ. Ignatius took this interpretation as an insult to his new "Lady of the heart". So, in violent terms, he demanded justice, in the manner of knights. The Moor, who

was on his guard, immediately took off, while Ignatius asked himself whether it was his duty or not to pursue the slanderer and kill him. In his soul and conscience, he could not resolve his dilemma. Following an old superstitious tradition of chivalry, he decided to rely on a

'sign', on this occasion, the judgement of his mule. He freed the bridle. But the converted pagan owed his salvation solely to the refusal of the animal to pursue him. In this way, the career of Ignatius as "defender of the celestial kingdom" had its debut with an action in keeping with the traditions of terrestrial chivalry, from which he wished to take inspiration for his "spiritual chivalry". It is also for this reason that he chose the mountain of Montserrat, legendary site of the Grail. After having exchanged his clothes with a beggar, he reached Montserrat and spent the night in a "prayer vigil" before an altar to the Virgin-Mother of God, imitating a similar ceremony he had found in *Amadis de Gaule* (the celebrated story of Spanish chivalry). Then, the next day, he went down the mountain to set off on his conquest of the kingdom of the Sky, clothed in his new 'uniform' of God's knight, that is to say the poor robe of a beggar, a gourd and a pilgrim's staff. He brought himself to Manrese (Manresa) where he chose to sojourn in a humid grotto at the foot of a cliff. There, he would inflict the most severe exercises of penitence on himself. Every day, he would spend seven hours kneeling to pray; he granted himself just a few hours sleep, on the humid ground, using a stone or a log as a pillow. Frequently, he would fast for three or four days; as for his everyday intake, it was limited to a few roots that he would render almost inedible by covering them in ash. However, he was never accepted by the beggars as one of them; they would mock him as he arrived amongst them in

his poor coat of arms, his little sack over his shoulder and a great rosary around his neck. Street children pointed him out with their finger, laughing and mocking him by calling him the “Father Sack”.

Daily, he would flagellate himself heavily; it was not uncommon that he would wound his chest with a stone. And one day, he went so far that he fell seriously ill and he was carried unconscious into the house of one of his benefactors. The doctors summoned around him gave him up for lost. Already some pious women began to beg to their mistress of the house to cede pieces of Ignatius’ clothing as relics. To satisfy their desires, this woman opened up Ignatius’ cupboard, to take the clothes of the presumed dead man. But, they recoiled just as quickly in shock, as, in the cupboard were suspended, carefully arranged next to each other, the worst instruments of mortification: penitence belts in plaited steel threads, heavy chains, nails disposed in the form of a cross and an undergarment bristling with iron tips. Ignatius inflicted all this on his body!”

As the Fülöp-Miller’s book, from which I have extracted these details on the life and work of Loyola, “bears out from start to finish — as is the opinion of the celebrated Jesuit father Friederich Muckermann — the most sincere admiration [for Ignatius of Loyola]” and that the Jesuit order “should be particularly satisfied by this presentation”, I can therefore continue to cite it in reference: “One day, on the steps of the church of Manrese, Ignatius thought he saw a “celestial light”, which is said to have shown him “how God created the earth”. Then, he lived “Catholic dogma, and in such a dazzling manner, that he would have died for the Knowledge that shone in this way”. But he also had stranger visions. So that, one day, “something white resembling three keys of a clavichord or an organ” appeared to him, and he immediately thought that it was a manifestation of the Holy Trinity. He believed he recognised in the apparition of a white body, “neither too large, nor too small”, the humanity of Christ; in another similar apparition, it is the Virgin Mary, whom he sees. Very

 25th March 1522.

often, he had the vision of a great dazzling sphere, “a little larger than the sun”, which for him, was none other than Jesus Christ …

“One day, he had a luminous vision which resembled a serpent and which, in spite of its radiant beauty, frightened him. Remarking that, the nearer the vision was to the Cross, the less its beauty shone, he

concluded it was not God that was concealed within this serpent image, but the Devil. No sooner, he seized his pilgrim's staff to chase away the demons". —

But: " He ended up attributing a carefully determined time to each of his emotions and his acts: mass, for example, should not exceed half an hour, and an hourglass allowed that this duration was not exceeded. He permitted himself 'illuminations' only during mass, and even tears betraying emotion or a great trouble represented nothing more to him than the "*gratia lacrymarum*" (the Grace of Tears) that he let flow at the beginning of his spiritual metamorphosis; he no longer cried, unless he deemed it appropriate, and this for the reason of interior discipline. In his personal journal, he was careful to note the moment of these

"floods of tears" and to measure, in a certain way, their strength and duration, so he might distinguish the prospective tears isolated from the "torrents of tears accompanied by sobs"…".

These are the "Spiritual exercises" of the foundation of the Jesuit order, which would not exist were it not for Ignatius of Loyola: — "He who practices them must, with the help of all his senses, undergo the experiences of Heaven and Hell, from sweet beatitude to devouring woe, so that the difference between Good and Evil imprint themselves indissolubly and for ever in his soul. After such a condition is set, the postulant is placed in front of the great 'choice', namely, if he opts for Satan or Christ. So that Evil is made tangible and memorable, the "spiritual exercises" serve as a terrifying enactment of Hell. It must be represented in all its horror, full of the legions of the groaning damned. At the beginning of this exercise, the student should, before everything, size up, "with the eyes of imagination", the "length, width and depth of Hell"; but then, the other senses should bring their contribution to the exercise, as we will see in the strange enactment directives dissected into very precise "points":

"The first point consists of looking, with the imagination of the eyes, at the immense fires of Hell and souls imprisoned in sorts of flaming bodies.

The second point consists of listening, adding the power of imagination to one's ears, to the lamentations, cries, vociferation, blasphemies, which slander our Lord Jesus Christ and his saints.

The third point consists of breathing, adding the power of imagination to one's smell, the smoke, the sulphur, the mire and the rot of Hell.

The fourth point consists of tasting, adding the power of imagination to one's taste, all things bitter, tears, sourness and the maggot of conscience.

The fifth point consists of experimenting, with imaginary touch, to what point these flames reach and burn the soul."

If this result is achieved, the aspirant is shown the Ideal that he should from henceforth aim for. Ignatius advised him to immerse himself completely in the life and passion of Jesus Christ. As in the previous visualisation of Hell, it was now necessary to call upon all one's senses to exalt the materialisation of clear images, and also, as Ignatius continually demands, to gain an exact "representation of the place":

 Fifth exercise of the first week : contemplation of Hell.

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"I must force myself to visualise, with the eyes of imagination, the synagogues, the cities and the villages, that Christ, our Lord, crossed and in which he preached …

Concerning the Holy Virgin, it will be necessary to proceed in the same way, to look firstly at a small part of the imaginary house, the particularly the house and the rooms in which lived Our Lady well loved of Nazareth, in the province of Galilee". For the contemplation which centres on the birth of the Lord, Ignatius required one to "follow, in one's imagination, the path which led from Nazareth to Bethlehem"; its length and width "are as important to bear in mind as the fact that it was flat, or that it passed through the bottom of valleys or the heights". One must also represent the "grotto of Nativity"; is it small, spacious, low or high ceilinged? How is it organised? …

With the concurrence of all these senses, it is necessary to visualise Jesus again "in a vast space near Jerusalem" in the role of supreme chief of his legions, while opposite him,

"on the side of Babylon", Satan has gathered his demons about him for the final decisive affront:

I imagine how Lucifer spreads throughout the earth the innumerable demons he convoked to harm, without the exception of a single country, locality, group of people, a solitary man …Opposite him, in an inverse sense, the supreme and veritable chief of his armies, our Lord, Jesus Christ, must be considered …watch how he sends throughout the entire earth his Apostles and disciples whom he has

chosen, so that they can spread his sacred teaching amongst men" …
"

During the time when Don Quixote rode on horseback across his country, hoping to bring errant chivalry back to life there, at a time when a deformed courtly love had achieved a triumph in the courts of Spain, foundering as it was in the grotesque since the Albigensian crusade, and when the knight of Loyola, overcome by religious folly, organised, under the ensign of Jesus, a spiritual war against Lucifer, Montségur — which had for a long time been no more than ruins — saw itself replaced by Montserrat in the role of the 'Mountain of the Grail'. It missed neither the Grail grotto, *Fontane la Salvache*, nor the steed and coat of Parzival. Only, instead of a coat, there was a beggar's cloak, and in lieu of a horse, there was a mule. But Jesus the Nazarene had set the example in choosing a donkey instead of an Apollonian Pegasus on which to make his entry into Jerusalem. — The spirit of Esclarmonde truly no longer rules.

At this time, the New World was discovered a second time. The discoverer's name was Christopher Columbus. His first name meant "Bearer of Christ". This was indeed the case: Columbus carried with him, from across the oceans, Christ's doctrine, this Jesus from the house of David! — On the footsteps of Columbus, Hernando Cortez launched himself across the seas and conquered the Aztec kingdom of Mexico in the name of Spain. He wrote an account for the emperor. In it, he recounted that Montezuma, the Aztec king, had submitted to the emperor because he took him to be the Lord of "these enlightened and luminous beings", from which his own ancestors came. — Montezuma went as far as letting Cortez destroy all the "images of divinities". After he had become a prisoner of these gold-hungry invaders and had been seriously wounded, the king refused all treatment for his wounds; he rejected any idea of becoming Christian; he would rather die — and he died. He

 Introduction to the second week of exercises.

 First day of the second week of exercises. First meditation.

 First day of the second week of exercises. Second meditation.

 Fourth day of the second week of exercises. First meditation.

paid the price of an appalling error! Cortez was an envoy of the Pope and the Catholic emperor, but not that of the "white god", whom he

and his people had so long awaited. This god should have come from the North, from the original land of Tulla or Tullan, which was supposed to have been a “Land of Sun”, but where “the ice was left to rule when the sun had disappeared”: it was Thule! In place of the Court of Lucifer, those who had arrived were

— I cite The White Saviour / *Weissem Heiland*, of Gerhart Hauptmann — “ the scum, which bizarrely dishonours the face of our Mother the Earth with the rottenness of their turpitude

…”.

am impressed by this pilgrimage spot. It is the most important one of its kind in France.

As I write these lines, I am sucking on a sweet that, according to the boastful claim in the Istore window, is made with “the blessed water of Lourdes”. It is tasteless. Wherever I go, the air, on the other hand, is saturated with oppressive odours that seem to follow me.

Mixed with these persistent scents are odours of phenol and chloroform, characteristic of hospitals. I am aware that in Lourdes one rarely breaths the pure air of the forests and high mountains which surround it.

I do not wish to recount here how Lourdes has become, little by little, one of the Roman Church’s most lucrative sources of profit — that is to say, since February 1858, the date when Bernadette Soubirous, a young, 14 year old girl, saw the Virgin Mary, who gave her the mission of building a sanctuary here, where people would come in pilgrimage. To know more, it is only necessary to read the novel by Emile Zola, *Lourdes*, which nobody, up until now, has been able to refute. Those who wish to see with their own eyes Lourdes’

miraculous magic can come here at the time of the great pilgrimages. They risk, without a doubt, finding the quays and stations of Orsay in Paris and Montabiau in Toulouse, cluttered with stretchers, lain upon by very sick people. They will be “enlightened by the sight of all human misery”. The murmuring of prayers are confused with the rolling of the train. It might even come to pass that a passenger passes over into the other world during the journey.

Stood on the summit of the Pyrenees, [] a bright advertisement in the form of a cross lights up the pilgrim and above Lourdes Castle, whose mass dominates the pilgrimage town, a headlight shines. Before the dark night, the pilgrim goes to the celebrated grotto. The mother of God stands there — white, frozen, but always smiling — against the wall where the blessed water runs. Hundreds of candles sparkle. Crutches and walking sticks hang from the rock. The miraculously cured left them there as witnesses of the helpful mother of God.

In front of the grotto, pilgrims kneel to pray. Sometimes there are only ten of them, sometimes a hundred, at others thousands. Whether they are Catholic or heretic, no pilgrim ever forgets to visit the swimming pools supplied with water from the source, because there he can witness Lourdes' greatest 'miracle': no cotton-wool swab or pus-impregnated bandage, no soiled bandage, contaminates those who, their eyes turned to the sky and not the water of the pool, enter into the glacial water in the hope of curing themselves. Of course, the visitor must, to be allowed to see the working of this 'miracle', have what is known as a "good recommendation".

Kevelaer[] in Rhénanie, Echternach[] in Luxembourg, Rome itself, cannot offer a spectacle comparable to Lourdes. Imagine a grotto, with a majestic basilica above it, in front of which was later built a second church[] that must have cost a few small fortunes. It is night. Mountains appear dark, but in the valley, on the slopes, and even on the highs,

[] Otto Rahn mistakenly gives her age at 17.

[] The Jer peak.

[] Pilgrimage town where a miraculous image of the Virgin is said to have been seen in 1643.

[] Site of a famous dancing pilgrimage.

[] The basilica dates from 1876. Two turtledoves were erected in 1908. The church of the rosary dates from 1889.

innumerable lights shine. They are hundreds of thousands who approach. Many are those who lead or carry the sick. Prayers are said in all languages. The rosary or the Lord's Prayer can be heard. Each one hopes to be delivered from the psychic suffering or physical pain that the Lord Sabaoth sent him. Mary should come to their aid…

Now, each pilgrim, having lit a candle or a paper lantern covered in pious images or printed holy words, comes to join the procession. Bells begin to ring out. The images of multicoloured saints and heavy banners clash; ostensories shine; priests and lay pray; the very sick groan and are comforted by the healthy — so what …

So, everybody, absolutely everybody, hauls himself or herself up to the sanctuary's superior church, where gold and precious stones reflect by multiplying the myriad of lights.

Music resounds, many sing, the loudspeakers scream… a ditty: "*Le chant de Bernadette*". There must be many among them who take this for some kind of religious song but it is, well and truly, a simple ditty!

I stand back. I watch. I reflect: in times now remote, there stood a temple of Venus here! In the Middle Ages, in the thirteenth century, during the Albigensian Crusade, Cathars were killed here! All because they refused to pray to and worship Mary, the saints and the Lord Sabaoth as well as refusing to submit to Rome and France.

I wonder equally about the grotto of Betharam, which neighbours Lourdes. I visited it yesterday. It is the most frequently visited grotto in the Pyrenees. The splendid stalactites, which the crowds come to admire, were transported here long before. They originate from the grotto of Lombrives, near Sabart. There in the eternal night, we find similar stalactites; during the millions of years, the water of the mountains formed them on the legendary tombs of Heracles, Pyrenean Venus and King Bebryx; they continue to grow and have long since been too heavy to transport elsewhere. In the grotto of Lombrives, there are also Albigensian ossuaries serenely awaiting Judgement Day.

I stand aside for the procession. Above me, at the mountain's summit, a cross shines.

To the North, Arktos greets me: the Great and Little Bears. It is towards them that I must head if I wish to regain my Germany again…

A few days ago, I went on a trip around the Sierra Maladetta with a doctor from Pau.

My friend is also a *rymayre* — a rhymer. This was how the Gascons called their poets. While we were scaling the heights, he told me that the peasants of his country — at least those who had had their roots here since the distant past — considered themselves the descendants of Heracles and Pyrène, and that still now in Gascony, songs relate

how Apollo, Venus, the Graces and the Nymphs haunt the forests and the sources. They still believe the sacred mountains of Greece, Olympia, Ossa and Pelio to be less majestic and sacred than those of their Pyrenean counterparts.

After a long walk below the forests and a laborious ascent, we reached some poor cabins made simply of stones placed one on top of the other whose only solid support is the mountain against which they lean. They cling to the sharp mountain face like swallows' nests.

Our provisions are nearly exhausted. As we have a long way yet to go, we decide to buy some bread and cheese. As we draw nearer, we see the poor wretches disappear into their miserable lodgings. We knocked as hard as we could on the doors but no one opened their door. We called out. No one answered. Dead silence. Only a cat began to meow. The doors remained shut. We were forced therefore to press on not having been able to get hold of anything.

My companion is persuaded that we have come across a small colony of Cagots.

There are a few of them here on the highs, far from other men. He too expounds the theory

— the most popular — that sees in their name the expression, *Canis gotus*, 'Goth dog' and

considers that the Cagots are the descendants of the Visigoths. They were generally tall, with very expressive traits, blue eyes and fine blond hair.

I interrupt him to ask if the slander of which they were — and still are — made the object has not at its origins the problem of belief. — Without a doubt, otherwise, in 1517, they would not have sent a petition to Pope Leo X in which they implored him to give them his grace as the errors of their fathers had long since been expiated. My comrade said that he had forgotten the outcome the Pope had decided upon, but that it would no doubt interest me to learn that in this country the Cagots were also called *Salbatgés*. Which could mean

'savages' as well as 'saved ones'.

I think of Montsalvatge, Wolfram von Eschenbach's Grail castle.

We continue on our route. We have left the forest far away behind us. On each side of the rocky footpath stand tall rosemary bushes. An eagle describes great circles above our heads. Suddenly, the Sierra Maladetta appears higher up above us. A light so intense and blinding

emanates from the colossal ice-covered mountain that our eyes begin to suffer.

Through negligence, we have forgotten to bring sunglasses. My companion asks me if I am aware that according to a Pyrenean legend, the great troubadour, Bertran de Born, despairing at the sight of his country's decline and the loss of his liberty, is said to have ascended the Sierra Maladetta, and there, on the glacier, let himself turn into a block of ice. I reply that I was unaware of this: "But I knew that Dante had placed this troubadour in Hell, where, decapitated, he would carry his head in front of him to light his way in the shadows…"

The troubadour Bertran de Born and the Goth Dogs, the Cagots, belonged to the Court of Lucifer, I said to the rhymer, on the return journey, when he became as pensive as I was. When he asked me what I meant by 'Court of Lucifer', I explained to him, perhaps with an excessive profusion of details, the following points: In the Old Testament, Isaiah, in the name of the Lord Sabaoth, who is the god of the Jews, inflicted the worst torments on those who asked questions or were heroes. They suffered the same punishment as Lucifer, who was hurled down from heaven into the unfathomable depths, because he had wished to sit on the mountain of Assembly in the distant Midnight. This mountain is located in the extreme North, as the North is the land of Midnight. The ice and the snow reign there as they do on the Sierra Maladetta. Who, first of all, could have named this mountain, the highest and most beautiful of the Pyrenees, the cursed mountain (*Sierra maledeire*)? It could be those who have the tragedy of the Cagots on their conscience. I understand completely now why the Pope wanted, through the Albigensian Crusade, "to prepare a new race" for Provence and Languedoc: he wished to definitively eradicate Germanic blood from the south of France, as, for those in whose veins this blood ran, it was the North, and not Jerusalem or Rome, which was sacred. Germans were made into Barbarians; Vandals, the 'vandal' destroyers; Burgundians, *bougres* — a vile French term of insult — —; and the Cathars (pures), *Ketzers* (heretics). You cannot image to what point Rome hated Germanity! It had always chosen the means and paths, least noble and the most contrary to divine principles, against it. This is the way in which the religious history of the Occident presents itself: he who wished to extract himself from the depths of ignorance, Rome humbled with violence; he who wished to pierce the secrets of the world and life, it sent to Hell, or, when unable to destroy him, covered him in approbation and maledictions. Is it therefore a crime for a man to aspire to attain the highest goal: the Most

 Bougre comes from the Latin term *bulgarus*, name given to the

Cathars after the 12th century. It quickly came to mean ‘sodomite’, as the Cathars were supposed to have practised a sexuality that was “against nature”.

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High? Rome put these men to death, because they would not pray to this god of the Jews, who regretted creating the world and human beings. The Popes of Rome burnt — or let perish in a different yet equally cruel fashion — those who did not recognise them as the representatives of God on earth, on the pretext that Popes — as History sufficiently points out — often show themselves worthy only of the dregs of humanity.

By ‘Court of Lucifer’, I mean those who are of Nordic blood and who, by fidelity to this blood, have chosen as the goal of their quest of the divine a “mountain of Assembly in the most distant Midnight”, and not Mounts Sinai or Zion in the Near East. By ‘Court of Lucifer’, I mean those who have no need of mediators to join or dialogue with their god, but rather who have by their own efforts, and for this sole reason — as I believe — had this granted by him… By ‘Court of Lucifer’, I mean those who have no need for vulgar instruments, like the flagellants of the Middle Ages, the Arab dervishes, and many others, in order to attain ecstasy and picture seeing the divinity, that is to say, those who see life, with its disorders, its contradictions and burdens, as a duty imposed by God, in order to patiently sort out the disorders and harmonise the contradictions. By ‘Court of Lucifer’, I mean those who do not entreaty heaven, but boldly demand entry thereof, because they have done everything humanly possible to merit being divinised.

My companion indicates to me that he cannot totally approve of my ideas. But he is forced to admit, as I have spoken of troubadours, that Peire Cardinal, with Force, asked God to enter Paradise, showing all the while his contempt for heaven’s guardian, Saint Peter. And, in redescending the Sierra Maladetta, whose glacier, rival of Dante’s burning hell, received and froze the troubadour Bertran de Born in his chagrin — which is perhaps at the origin of its ‘cursed’ name, he recites in Provençal a heretic poem by Peire Cardinal to me: *I wish now to compose a new sirvente*

That he should hear on Judgement Day

He, it is said, pulled us from the Void.

He should never close His door to us

And that he confided the guard to Saint Peter

It is for him the greatest shame. Non:

It is by our power,

Joyous and laughing,

That we will enter there one day!

A court cannot appear perfect,

If courtesans laugh, while others are crying.

And if we also venerate him as a great Lord,

We refuse to believe in Him, if He forbids us entry.

A sole pact with him seems pious to us:

That he puts us back, in the place where He got us.

 Satirical poem. Comes from Fr. word *servir* (to serve).

PART TWO

All my thoughts speak of Love

And appear in that so different.

Dante

OVERNIGHT JOURNEY

wo French naval officers have just descended from the train which links the Spanish and Italian frontiers. We are in Sète. They had boarded, like me, at Narbonne. Before Tleaving the compartment, they offered me the books which they had brought along to read during the journey and had since finished. They are cheap novels, dreadfully illustrated. Nonetheless, they will be welcome for the remainder of the night. The train is packed with a noisy crowd; a stifling atmosphere reigns. To dream of sleep is pointless.

There must be a storm on the Mediterranean, for rain is lashing against the windows, as if pitched from full buckets.

A Jesuit father is discretely reciting his rosary. His mouth without lips — a simple trait — moves from time to time. Sometimes, his hard little eyes inspect his travelling companions. One of them is fat. Drops of sweat pearl on his forehead. Every now and then, he wipes it with his crumpled handkerchief. His fingers are covered in rings; he also wears a wedding ring. Even though a Christian medallion hangs from the solid gold chain of his watch, this large man is Jewish.

Opposite the Jesuit, in the other corner of the window, sits a modest woman, her hair separated in a parting, wearing spectacles. Her hands, manifestly worn by housework, crochet a child's pullover, which will soon be finished. She does not raise her eyes. However, it seems to me that she is smiling gently. Perhaps she is going to meet her little boy…?

Amongst the travellers, there is then a Jew. Even if he is baptised, he is Jewish. He belongs to this "elected people", to whom Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit Order, so wished to belong. Loyola declared one day that he would have deemed it an altogether special grace of his God should he be accorded a Jewish descent, and in this way made a

"parent by the blood of our Lord Jesus and of Our good Lady, the Blessed Virgin Mary".

I notice how this simple woman carries out her work with cheerfulness and application. Perhaps she is thinking about her little boy who she will see again soon and who is unaware of the Jesuit

moral: “Children have the right to steal from their parents, when the latter does not grant their prayers and repeated demands, as much as is customary and is permitted by social status”. — I think of my father and mother. We, brothers and sisters, we have given them much to worry about. But, as far as I know, we have never stolen from them. — If I wished to become a Jesuit, I should have to “renounce all filial inclinations, that I feel by blood to my parents”. And should no longer say, “I have parents or brothers and sisters”, but “I had”. The gods be praised, I still have them.

I am German. — “For the Jesuit, there can be no distinction between men according to the criteria of nationality and race. For him, there are only human beings who fight under the banner of Lucifer and those who fight under that of Christ”. As far as my beliefs are concerned, I align myself under the banner of Lucifer! — I am a heretic, but also a child of this world, as I enjoy going to the theatre or to a concert. — “The pupils of the Society of Jesus cannot go to public spectacles, comedies or other distractions, or capital executions, unless these are executions of heretics”. In former times, I would have been burnt.

GENOA

66

find myself now on Italian soil. The heat is torrid. Yesterday, I spent the day in Monaco, a town that derives its name from Heracles Monoikos. Tonight, I will continue my Ivoyage to Milan. A sentimental song reaches my ears. A tenor laments his *nostalgia di baci* and his *nostalgia d’amore* — his nostalgia for kisses and love. A remarkable play on words comes to mind: the anagram of *Amor* is *Roma*…

In the past, the Genoans were very proud of their *Sacro Cantino*, their sacred chalice.

It was supposedly the Grail, the very same that Joseph of Arimathea used at the Passion of Jesus Christ. A chronicler of the Middle Ages, William of Tyre, tells that originally, the Genoan Grail was kept in the temple of Heracles at Tyre, but that afterwards, it fell into the hands of the Muslims. More recent reports, claim that the Genoans recovered it in their part of the spoils at the time of the Crusades in Palestine, and that they brought it back with them. It was believed to have been carved from an emerald up until 1806, the date when Napoleon had it

examined and found that it was just a sort of glassy material of an olive-green hue. That must have upset the citizens of Genoa no end.

I should also point out that they can only speak of America's true discoverer in disparaging terms. Only grudgingly can they admit that an Icelandic Viking pagan and barbarian reached the New World five hundred years before the Genoan Christian Christopher Columbus.

The New World does not interest me, but I would like to visit Iceland one day. Many believe it to be the Thule that the valiant Pytheas spoke of. I find myself craving thick clouds, storms, snow and ice…

Rome, Milan and Verona are the only Italian cities that I will be able to visit. I would have liked to have seen Naples: in its whereabouts, on the *Mons Lactarius* (Milky Mountain), the last Ostrogoths of King Teja were exterminated in 555; — by the same token Florence, which had formerly given itself totally to Catharism and where Dante sang of his Love for Beatrice, a "married woman"; — and Ravenna too, where the Ostrogothic King Theodoric resided in times of peace and where "he cultivated his garden himself". When war threatened, the king moved his court to Verona, which was celebrated by all our old poets under the name of Bern. — So, as I have said, Rome, Milan and Verona are the cities I will be visiting. I would very much have liked to go to Lorette, on the Adriatic, site of a Catholic pilgrimage spot by the name of Nazareth. The natal house of Mary, mother of God, which one night was brought from Palestine by angels, is exposed there.

Theodoric, our Dietrich of Bern, is said to have brought back from Carcassonne, where the Visigothic king, Alaric, had gathered it, to Ravenna, the celebrated treasure of the Goths, formerly in the possession of the Romans. It has been suggested that the Grail was a

Teja's reign, ex-governor of Verona, lasted only three months.

In truth, at the Battle of Mons Lactarius, in 552 where the last Ostrogothic king, Teja, died. 555 saw the definitive capitulation of the last Ostrogoths at Camposa and their departure from history.

455-526. He was the son of the Ostrogoth King Theodomir and a Catholic concubine. He gained the throne in 475. The Ostrogoths were then living in lower Mesia (modern Bulgaria) under the influence of the emperor of Constantinople Zenon. The emperor made a treaty with them, after their pillaging, and sent them west to confront the conqueror of the last Occidental emperor, the sage Odoacre (433-493,

king in 476), last king of the Erules. It took Theodoric four years to conquer Odoacre. After tricking him into believing they were allies, he killed him with his own hands at a banquet at Ravenna. Theodoric united all Italy, ruling over it with the benediction of the emperor. During his thirty-six year reign, thirty-three enjoyed peace.

part of this. Accordingly, I ask myself if Dietrich of Bern had not been the Grail king at Ravenna, a town often celebrated under the name of Raben? And the song of the *War of the Wartburg Singers* gives rise to a second question. There was in Rome, it attests, a rich line of descent, which "had foundered in poverty due to its inclination towards generosity and indulgence" (*was in armuot komen durch ir edelen milten muot*). Is not this rich line that which, formerly, possessed the treasure of the Goths?

Exactly a century before the fateful battle of *Mons Lactarius* near Naples, the future Ostrogothic king, Theodoric, came into the world. He was the fourteenth direct descendant of the Amal royal family, "whose destiny in some way was to continually conquer and whom the Goths revered as demigods or Ansises (Ases)". The ancestor of the Amals is said to have been Gaut, whom certain believe to have been a god. Another god whom the Goths adored was called Taunasis or Thanauses. They also venerated Ermanarich, who passed for the 'king of Scythia' and reigned over the major part of Germany. He was classed as "the noblest of the Amals" by the historian Jordanes, in the sixth century, who left us a mediocre abridged version of the twelve lost books of *History* by Cassiodorus, chancellor and confidant to Theodoric. Jordanes reports that the Goths "had once set off from the island of Skandia", that certain of their chants evoked the Gothic origins of the name of their people and that "old half-historical, half-legendary poems" bore out the memory of Gothic migrations. The songs, like the poems, have been lost.

Theodoric saw the light of day in the area around Vienna. Two years after the death of Attila, the king of the Huns. Entered into heroic, epic tales under the name of Etzel, the latter was buried by Ostrogothic nobles: at the time of this burial of great pomp out in the open air, the noble knights mounted their chargers and sang odes to the glory of the deceased.

Theodoric ended up ruling over the whole region of Italy between the Alps and the southern extremity of Calabria — even over Sicily, which the Vandals had ceded pacifically to him. Ambassadors from the most

distant Germanic countries came to Ravenna to pay homage to him. One day, the king of the Erules, an originally north-Germanic people, also came and sought Theodoric's friendship who "adopted him according to the rite of the

 The oldest Germanic name for the fourth rune of the ancient Futhark is *Ansuz* and depicts an ancestral god. The more recent Old Norse *ass* depicts an Ase.

 The first member of this family was Amal.

 Gaut is another name for Odhinn.

 Or Donaws, Dounasis. Principally venerated by the Goths of the Danube, as the name of their great river bears testament.

 Or Hermanaric. Hypostasis of the god Irmin. Generally equated to the Scandinavian Tyr and the Roman Mars. Associated with colony of Irminsul, which dominated the pagan sanctuary of the Externsteine (in Horn, near Detmold in Germany) and was destroyed by Charlemagne in 772.

 Flavius Magnus Aurelius Cassiodorus (Scylacium around 480-Brutium around 575),Roman noble, statesman and historian. Founded a monastery at Vivarium in Sicily where he spent his last thirty years.

 Or Skandza, which Jordanes notes in his *Getica* was a "workshop of peoples" or the "vagina of nations".

This island was generally thought to be the Scandinavian peninsula or the modern day Swedish island of Gotland in the Baltic. However this theory has its sceptics.

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Goths and considered him as his son". Even the Estes, from the banks of the Baltic, sent emissaries to lay down amber at the feet of the great king. The Gothic king kept particularly friendly relations with the Scandinavians. Sojourning permanently at his court — I refer here to an English work — "was a Swedish prince who had ruled over one of the thirteen most important clans established at that time on part of the Scandinavian peninsula. This land of the North, with which the vague name of Thule has often been associated, had already been explored and populated as far as the 68th degree of northern latitude, that is to say the region where the inhabitants of the Polar circle respectively admire or lose the sun for forty days during the

summer and winter solstices. The long night when the sun disappears or is said to be ‘dead’ was the sad time of misery and anguish; it would only end when the messengers, dispatched to the summits of the mountains, caught a glimpse of the first rays of the reborn sun and when the plains resounded with the feast of springtide”.

It is generally held, understandably so, that the island of Skandia, from where the Goths emigrated, and the Scandinavian peninsula, are one and the same. Pytheas the Massaliot perhaps sojourned in Skandia, which would allow us to assimilate Scandinavia with his Thule.

When, in 526, Theodoric died, the Ostrogothic kingdom appeared established for eternity. However, thirty years later, his kingdom was destroyed, his people annihilated, and there remained no other monument to his reign other than the magnificent mausoleum that his daughter Amalasuntha had erected near Ravenna. And the heroic sagas about him; those about Dietrich of Bern and the *Thiddrekssaga*.

As far as the Catholic poets of the Middle Ages were concerned, Theodoric was carried away by the Devil to burn forever in the fires of Hell…

MILAN

 “Son of arms”, to be precise. Theodoric himself had been adopted in the same manner by the Roman emperor of Zenon Orient. A purely political act.

 He himself declared that his family was originally from Scandinavia.

69

he patron of Milan is Saint Ambrose. He was the archbishop of Milan from 374 to 397, while Theodore I reigned over the Roman Empire of the Occident and TVanlentinian II over the Roman Empire of the Orient. His bones rest here, in the church *Sant’Ambrogio*, where, from the ninth to the fifteenth century, Lombard kings and German emperors were crowned. In this church, in 387, he administered Roman Christian baptism to the future Saint Augustine, to whom Manicheism was to cause so many problems and upsets.

Augustine no more belongs to the Court of Lucifer than Ambrose. However, I am obliged to say something of him. He was born in Numidia of a Christian and Afro-Punic mother. His father was a pagan Semite. Augustine went to school in a town near the steppes

frequented by nomads. At sixteen, as he would recount, “ a handsome man, who, while he was at the Baths, filled his father with admiration, who, as a good Punic Syrian, was already thinking of his future grandchildren”. Two years later, this father would come to regret his wish, as an illegitimate grandson was born. He received the name of Adeodat (that is to say, “given by God”). For thirteen years, Augustine cohabited with the mother of his son.

Then, for a while Augustine was interested in Manecheism. He wrote down the debates he held with one of the most famous and most intelligent Manicheans of his time, a certain Faustus, in his *Contra Faustum*, where he shows little proof of nobility. He hated Manicheism to excess.

One day, Augustine decided to immigrate to Rome. But he did not stay long in that city, which is deemed eternal, as he accepted a post as a professor of rhetoric in Milan. He therefore disowned the wife with whom he had hitherto been living and who had borne him a son. He esteemed that he should have a “marriage in conformity with his standing”.

Greatly vexed, the mother of his son returned to North Africa, where she “retired into a Christian community until the end of her days, without ever marrying”. For his part, he quickly found a “woman suited to his standing, capable of satisfying his carnal desires and his ambitious goals”. But for various reasons, the marriage was not set to take place until two years later. Meanwhile, Augustine moved a woman of easy virtue into his house. As the day of his nuptials approached, he chased out his mistress… But, he did not wed his fiancée. As, during the interval, he had converted to Catholic Christianity and had made a vow of chastity to his God and to his Church. Actually, although he would declare a few years later that prostitutes were as integral and indispensable a part of human society as executioners, it must be recognised that the teaching of the apostle Paul — which led to his conversion —

became the rule of his life: “Absolutely no feasts nor orgies, no lechery nor debauchery, no quarrels nor jealousy. Instead clothe yourself in the Lord Jesus Christ and do not occupy yourself with the flesh in order to satisfy your desires”. — “I will go no further”, recounts Augustine, “there was no need, as the instant that I had read the last word, the light of peace flooded my heart and the night of doubts evaporated!” — He was baptised by Ambrose, in the company of his son Adeodat, who he had — as he was wont to say — “conceived in sin”. A year later this son died.

He himself left this earth in 430, at the time when the great Vandal king, Geiserich, was laying siege to the town of Hipponne in North Africa, of which Augustine was then the

 In 354, in Tagaste (now Souk-Ahras, near Constantine in Algeria).

 The future Saint Monica.

 Epistle to the Romans, 13, 13-14.

bishop. Inside the walls, a Semite bishop, future saint and Father of the Church, was dying.

A Germanic king was mounting an assault on the ramparts. The Semite was the victor in the end, in as far as, eventually, all the Popes, nearly all the priests and a few Roman emperors of Germanic nationality, and in first place, Charlemagne, made use, in the manner of an efficient hammer, of Augustine's most important work, *Civitas Dei*, the "City of God", as well as the Bible, to forge the Occident in a Semitic spirit. They nearly succeeded. In spite of everything, we must hope to see the day once again when Europe is delivered from all this Jewish mythology…

When Augustine went to Rome, he found it in the hands of the Goths. The Romans deplored this: according to them it was the adoption by Rome of "the new Oriental religion", Christianity, which had made the Goth occupation possible. Augustine replied to the Romans, "Do the Goths go into Christian churches? No, they avoid them! Because the Goths are not the same men as you or I!"

And this Semite taught the Romans his conception of the "City of God": "Among men, there exist the Cains and Abels. Rome belongs to the race of Cain. With the assassination of Remus by Romulus, the Cains began to rule there. The angels cast out by God built Assyria, Persia and Athens. The seed of Abel is only perpetuated in Shem; in truth, he too is fallible since the fall of Adam. In the history of the people of Israel, sin always reappears in a new light. However, it is at the heart of this people that Jesus Christ had to see the light of day for the salvation of those who were promised Redemption. It is in this way that from Israel, the Church was born. She frees those who must be saved from the weakness of the flesh. Without the Church, a veritable society could not exist; there would only be violence and war, mastered with difficulty by laws! But now the great unity is there: the *Civitas romana*, the Roman Empire was vanquished and has

metamorphosed since the emperors have become Christian. They themselves and all the structures of the Empire belong henceforth to the Church. The terrestrial City must be at its service. The Church and the State are the two organs of great Christian unity; both of them build the City of God in the heart of humanity. Such is the goal and the end of History. At the end of time, Jesus Christ himself will assume the throne and will separate the Chosen from the Damned for all eternity". There you have the teaching of Augustine, the Father of the Church, in his *Civitas Dei*…

…and now we can take the bull by the horns!

I open the Book of Genesis, the first Book of Moses, at the fourth and fifth chapters. I read:

"Adam knew Eve, his wife, and she conceived and bore Cain… She also gave birth to Abel, his brother… And when they were in open country, Cain threw himself on his brother and slew him.

Adam once again knew his wife, and she bore a son, who received the name of Seth,

'for', she said, 'God has granted me another descendant in place of Abel, as Cain killed him'.

A son was also born to Seth too and he gave him the name of Enosh… Enosh begot Kenan… who begot Mahalalel… who begot Jared… who begot Enoch… who begot Methuselah… who begot Lamech… who begot Noah. When Noah was five hundred years old, he begot Shem, Ham and Japheth".

Augustine is mistaken when he says that the seed of Abel is perpetuated in Shem.

Shem was born from the seed of Seth, who Yahweh had given in place of the strangled Abel!

The Bible has Shem as a grandson of Lamech, himself grandson of Enoch, who was grandson of Mahalalel, a great-grandson of Seth.

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Leaving the Book of Genesis open at the same chapters, I continue to read:

"Adam knew his wife Eve, and she conceived and gave birth to Cain…

and Cain knew his wife, who conceived and gave birth to Enoch…" But, "Enoch begot Irad… who begot Mehujael… who begot Methushael… who begot Lamech… Lamech begot a son and called him Noah. When Noah was five hundred years old, he begot Shem, Ham and Japheth."

The Bible contradicts itself. Granted, in both cases, Shem is the grandson of Lamech. But after that the confusion begins: Lamech becomes at the same time grandson and great-grandson of Enoch. As for Enoch, he is simultaneously great-great-great-great-grandson and grandson of Adam!

And Shem? According to the Bible, he is issued from the seed of Seth or that of Cain. In any case, absolutely not, despite Augustine's assurances, from that of Abel, whom Cain strangled and whom Yahweh replaced with Seth!

Augustine, Father of the Church and saint, must have known the Bible in general and the Book of Genesis in particular. Why then did he stray so deliberately from the "word of God"? I have the answer:

For the Christian Augustine, it was the racial affiliation of Jesus the Nazarene that was at stake! He wished to prove that Jesus was not issued from the seed of Cain, that is to say, a murderer. Father of the Church, Augustine also wished to prove that the people of Israel, who perpetuated the seed of Shem, as well as the Church, which was issued from Israel, both came, originally, from the seed of Abel. For the Semite Augustine, it was above all a matter of rallying to his cause the Roman metropolis, so defiant in the face of the "new Oriental religion", which would allow the people of Israel and the imperialist Church which was at issue, to conquer the world. The world should become a "City of the Jewish god".

It is for that reason that Augustine fabricated that Rome belonged to the line of Cain, as Abel-Remus had been assassinated by Cain-Romulus, that, as a result, Rome had fallen into sin and weakness… and that only the Semite Jesus was able to free them from the Goths, the conquerors of the eternal city. The Goths were not of the seed of Shem, neither were they of those of Cain or Seth. It is scarcely possible that they could have come from that of Biblical Abel: the Bible says nothing of an eventual descendant of Abel. So where do the Goths come from genetically? I can answer that question: The Goths descend from those "angels cast out by God" of whom Augustine speaks! These angels were cast out with Lucifer by the Biblical god into Hell, the unfathomable Tenebrae. These "fallen angels" of

Augustine's and their descendants — to whom the Goths therefore belong —, altogether make up…the 'Court of Lucifer'! Now, those who have chosen to follow me up until here can draw their own conclusions as to Augustine's racial conceptions. With regard to this, one should not forget to contemplate these too little-known words of the English statesman and Jew Disraeli, who was well aware, and indeed often repeated, that one cannot understand History, unless one takes into account questions of race. One should also consider Hercules and the Argonauts. One of them, Perseus, was the 'creator' of Persia. Hercules and the Argonauts all belong to the

"fallen angels". And paradoxically, they are still enthroned in the sky as constellations. In spite of Yahweh! — How can one not reflect on the resemblance between the words 'Abel'

and 'Abellio' (the name that the ancient Cretans gave to the sun) on which there is so much to say? I myself have a fair few ideas on the subject. Perhaps I will expand on them in my next book.

There was in Rome, as bemoans the old song of the *War of Wartburg*, a rich family, who "had foundered in poverty due to its generosity and indulgence". This line of descent

could perfectly well have come from the seed of Aeneas and his father Anchises, who had both arrived on these banks, fleeing Troy. Aeneas had carried his father on his back as if the very hills of the high-seat, which, in the North, are called Alcis, Ansis or Ases, were at stake. In front of these pillars, the men of the North drank to Love (*Minne*) and contemplated the Father-of-All and their ancestors.

Finally, the disintegrating Roman Empire was conquered and profoundly modified by a near-Eastern religion. For a long time, it would be one of the mechanisms along with all the institutions of the Catholic Church issued from Israel. 'Catholic' means 'that which encompasses the whole world'.

There were indeed Ostrogoths who appeared for a relatively short time. Should we consider that they are this "rich family" that is being referred to? The Gothic kings were the Amals, whose origins hark back to 'demigods' known as Ansis or Ases. They were said to possess the treasure of the Goths, in which figured the Grail. When the Goths approached the gates of Rome, the citizens of the eternal city trembled. They had heard of the power of these warriors and of the

efficacy of their short swords. Rome trembled. However she would soon triumph: near the *Mons Lactarius*, the 'Nordics' were to be crushed by a Byzantine general, the eunuch Narses; they would not pick themselves up again. This mountain was situated near Puteoli in the region of Naples.

I would have liked to visit Puteoli (modern Puzzuoli), as there are other things there I would have liked to see and meditate on: near this city, extend the Phlegrean fields, which were held to be the theatre of the *Gigantomachia*, this combat of the Gods and the Titans with Olympia itself at stake. It is most likely this combat that is mentioned in the *Edda* texts where the Ases oppose the Vanes. — I am drawn to Puteoli also on account of the ruins of the ancient Hellenic colony of Cumae. It is from here that the cult of Apollo was propagated throughout Italy and where Sibyl of Cumae, the Italian Pythia, vaticinated in a grotto.

Wolfram von Eschenbach names her as a Grail prophetess. She lived in a hollow mountain…

It still remains for me to accomplish the following: return and seek out, in the first instance, a hollow mountain and to this end, to stay in Puzzuoli, near Naples. The town is situated near the Averne lake (*lacus Avernus*, now Averno), where the Ancients sited the entry to Hell. On this mountain, according to Dietrich von Nieheim, Bishop of Verden on the Aller, at the end of the fourteenth century, there lived numerous men who, until the last Judgement, gave themselves up to diabolic pleasures. It was called… Gral!

Those who have followed me up until now should not forget the Cathars in following through on the reasoning so far having taken place. In Lombardy too, they were

"as numerous as grains of sand in the sea" where "the flames of heresy had set it ablaze".

Some followed Manicheism, others Arianism. In common with the heretics of Germany, their greeting of recognition was:

 Öndvegissulur. See previous note p.43.

 The name of the gods of the North, the Ases, are widely held to have derived their name from the word *ass* which means 'column, post, central'. In almost all Geman works on mythology they are referred to as

“pillars of the world”.

 Odhinn in Norse or Woden in Old German.

 It is at Verden, known as Sachsenhain, in 782, that the Christian Emperor Charlemagne defeated the Saxon pagans of Witukind. In 1935, 4,500 stones were erected here, marking a circle, honouring the Saxons of that number who in refusng baptism were sacrificed.

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“Lucifer, who has suffered such a great injustice, salutes you!”

ROME

A

ccording to the errant poets of the Middle Ages, the German Tannhäuser threw himself one day at the foot of the Pope. The weight of a grave sin hung heavy on his conscience, as having ventured into a forest in quest of wonders, he had found himself in front of the Mountain of Venus. Lady *Minne*, also known as Lady Saelde or Lady Holda, held her court in this mountain. Many heroes and minstrels sojourned here. For seven years Tannhäuser stayed by the goddess’ side. Then he began to worry as to the salvation of his soul. He prayed to Lady *Minne* that she might give him leave to go on a pilgrimage to Rome. Holda implored him, in vain, to stay at her side, for it was there that his

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salvation lay. Tannhäuser set off and did not hear the goddess’ plea not to forget “to take his leave of the old men”.

His feet bloodied, the unfortunate pilgrim marched towards Rome. On his arrival, the bells are pealing at full force, choral songs rise up, candles are flickering, monks are chanting and the Pope is celebrating Mass in the grandiose Basilica of St. Peter. As a sign of contrition, the pilgrim, repentant and overcome by fatigue, posts himself behind a column near the entrance. Tears run down his blemished cheeks and his heavy chest aches. A thousand joyful songs resound in his ears, as it is Christmas: Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth and Goodwill to all men! Taking inspiration from the Bible, the Pope celebrating Mass murmurs in Latin: “Come to me, you who are miserable and oppressed, for I shall comfort you…”

As a result, Tannhäuser goes and kneels before the Pope. Between sobs, he stammers, “I come to you, as my soul is damned and I am condemned. Comfort me!” —

Instead of which, the Pope, holding a dry branch in his hand, pronounces this terrible curse

— this time in Italian — against the pilgrim kneeling before him in the dust, “You have been staying in the Mountain of Venus, otherwise known as Hell. For this, be eternally damned!

As long as this dry branch shall not produce roses, so shall I refuse to pardon and give you grace. Stand up and be gone!”

So Tannhäuser straightens himself up. Briskly. He regrets having implored this man who is only a mortal as he is. Yes, it is in this way that I represent Tannhäuser! Now, he stands tall and strong. He is silent. As, in his mind, he visualises the German forest. Snow covers the fields; crows fly crossing between the flakes which fall gently; the red glows of twilight hidden behind the clouds; needles of ice suspended from melancholy firs, almost buried under the snow. And he sees himself crossing this forest of snow-covered firs.

Peacefully, serenely, because he is at home. He speaks no further to the Pope. He measures the other up calmly, then leaves. Direction: the North. All this time, the Pope has been trembling and some time would pass before the Roman sun would grant him back all his serenity.

An old song tells how before definitively returning to the mountain of Lady Holda, Tannhäuser blesses once more the sun, the moon and his dear friends — the last certainly being the stars. Then he sits next to the old men, of whom he had foolishly forgotten to take his leave before his departure. They held no bitterness towards him, as they were wise and had made many mistakes in their own youth. Error purifies those who have a good and robust will.

And the firs of the German forests, rejoicing at the return of Tannhäuser, covered themselves deeper in Lady Holda’s blanket of snow and hummed a lullaby. So he slept and dreamt of spring, but also of the god of springtime, who was already on his way.

Pope Gregory the Great, [] who saw himself as a saint and then became one, had a vision one day. Even though Ignatius of Loyola had not yet established his *Spiritual Exercises*, as he would not live for another thousand years, he tasted the delights of the Christian

kingdom of heaven as if he had been applying the Jesuit ‘points’; he described them in Latin,

“The Just may constantly see the damned suffering, and so their joy increases. The spectacle of punishment of the damned does not trouble at all the great happiness in the soul of the Just, as there where there is no more pity for unhappiness, the happiness of the Blessed

 Gregory I. 540-604.

cannot be lessened. There is nothing surprising in that the spectacle of the suffering of the damned contributes to the pleasure of the Just. As, as we have said, the joy of the Blessed increases as much as the unhappiness of the damned, unhappiness they themselves have escaped!”…

After having exterminated the Albigensians, Pope Innocent III — according to the German poet Lenau — knelt, on a calm night at the Vatican, before a representation of Christ and began to pray loudly. Was it perhaps that the silence made him anxious, since it was to silence, precisely, that he had reduced the world?

He looks to the representation of God,

The love and the kindness frighten him,

When he thinks of what he has done,

In precipitating the world to blood.

He stares fixedly at the image of God,

When a butterfly puts out the flame,

And the darkness and silence

Begin to surround him,

He no longer questions the icon…

Suddenly the flames surround him: flames for which he had given the order in that Provence that he had wanted to prepare for a new race. The glow allowed him to see the cross on the chest of his

executioners, whom he had fetched from all horizons for the Albigensian Crusade, and whom he had promised eternal salvation, for they were the

‘Soldiers of Christ’.

The ruins collapse, arms clash

And in the savage crackling of the flames

He hears his name cursed:

As this vision of terror invaded him,

He became aware of his actions

And he could only say: Amen! Amen!

The name of this pope is Innocent III… The innocent… No pope has ever belonged to the Court of Lucifer.

Our poet Christian Dietrich Grabbe portrayed the German Faust, sitting one evening in his study on Mount Aventin. He is seeking light. And for this he looks to Golgotha. But disappointed, he turns away, as no ray emanated from there. Around him, people are sleeping the sleep of the Just, confident in the Salvation conferred upon them by their faith.

“Very well,” says Faust, “let them be blessed, these souls drunk with sleep: they are so dim that they let themselves be dazzled by a glow, which they take to be light itself and believe blindly because they hope blindly. Myself, I prefer to bleed with suffering! I approached you, Rome, to assimilate within me all humanity, as you are the broken mirror of the vastest past.

And from the heroic images, sparkling in the burst of the blood of nations and your citizens, surging forth from the pieces of this mirror, which goes ever deeper the further one’s gaze plunges. You are the city, where the millenniums merge in full view: the Pope on the Capitol and on the Pantheon, yesterday’s ivy! All the kingdoms crumbled to dust before you. Why?

No one knows, for you are no better than them. — And when your glaive had conquered all before you, you too fell into barbarism and the night.

How right you are, Faust, you who are not perhaps by chance alone homonymous with the Manichean Faustus whom Saint Augustine affronted without nobility. You prefer to bleed with suffering? Well then do so, for such is the way for all those of German flesh, who wish to arrive at Salvation.

What would you have said, Faust, if you had sojourned in Rome in 1536? I will tell you what happened then, but could just as well happen today. That year, a comet began to light up Rome's night sky. So the Romans shut themselves away anguishing under their roofs. The Holy Father fretted for his lambs, so full of belief; he excommunicated the star in which he saw a creature of the devil. But it did not seem that worried, as millions of leagues separated it from the city that thought itself eternal. It even neglected to shake off its luminous tail for amusement and continued calmly on its cosmic route. It probably did not notice the men or altar candles, did not hear the bells or canticles, or, above all, the condemnation that the Pope had heaped upon it. If it should one day return, the Pope's astronomers clothed in Jesuit habits will welcome it a thousand times greater *Ad majorem Dei Gloriam* — For the greatest Glory of God — from the Vatican observatory, as they have finally recognised that the earth does indeed turn around the sun and that it is even a proof of the existence of God. Even Rome cannot stop the course of the world!

Faust, you, the most German of all Germans, let us follow Tannhäuser and visit some of these old men, from whom we can learn more than from Rome, the broken mirror of the vastest past. It was more than two thousand years ago that the 'Ancients' like Heraclitus and Pytheas — this Pytheas of Marseilles who sought the North —, knew that the earth turned around the sun. They taught, "we turn around the sun in order to serve it…!"A thousand years later, another astronomer, the celebrated Ptolemy affirmed, "No, everything turns around us!" — Ptolemy's thesis pleased Rome, papist Rome, a great deal and she insisted that every Christian adhered to it on pain of damnation: "We are the Centre and everything turns around us!" — But, once again, wise and courageous men stood up: Galileo and Copernicus. They proclaimed, "And yet, we turn!" As a result of this heretical theory, Galileo was brought before an Inquisition tribunal. This took place in 1613, while in Germany Christians were getting ready to carry out, in the name of Christ, the abominable Thirty Years War, and while a cobbler named Jakob Böhme confided to his contemporaries the secret of the crown, which was to be found at Midnight. The secret of the crown of Lucifer…!

Give me your hand, Faust! Let us leave Rome and seek out together the “Mountain of Assembly in the most distant Midnight”! One must be proud there, and not vain like in Rome. It would be preferable to stay near a bearer of light than a dissimulator of light or a broken mirror, stained with blood. We are crossing Hell to reach the Light. — Faust says: *It is so!*

I was looking for divinity

And I find myself at the gate of Hell. But still

I may continue to walk, to fall

Even in the flames. A goal, I need

An ultimate goal! — If there exists a way towards Heaven Then it crosses Hell, at least it does

For me!

So be it, I dare!

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VERONA

fter spending the night in a packed train, I am lying stretched out in the sun on the old ramparts of Verona and I will sleep until the beginning of the afternoon. Then, I A am going to take a regenerating bath, which will clean me of Rome’s dust, in the waters of the Etsch that run down from the Tyrolean mountains and bring with them a perfume of the North. At last, I visit the beautiful city with its impressive amphitheatre and marvellous churches. I see yet more things besides.

In this way, I find myself in ‘Bern’ where the great Gothic king, Dietrich, reigned and were he attempted, in vain, to unite all the Germanic peoples. He died at ‘Raben’, that is to say Ravenna. He was buried there by the Goths amidst a concert of lamentation. A short while after his death, Catholics profaned his tomb, extracted the ashes of this “one thousand times cursed heretic” from the stone mass and scattered them to the four winds. But where indeed could Dietrich of Bern’s soul have gone?

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When, during the time of the Crusades, the knights, having set off in the distance, returned to their country, they had all kinds of things to recount. Of course, all of them had not gone as far as Palestine, but they had seen countries and seas and — which must have had the most profound effect upon them — mountains that spat fire. Etna seems to have fascinated them even more than the Neapolitan volcanic region, where there is a ‘Gral’

mount. The Arelatic chancellor Gervais of Tilbury wrote that King Arthur lived at the heart of Etna and suffered from a grievous wound there, which reopened each year. For the Carthusian monk and Occidental pilgrim Ludolf de Suchen, who is also the author of *Life of Jesus*, Etna was called the Mount Bel and was the entrance to Hell. According to Cäsarius von Heisterbach, when one passed by in the proximity of Sicily and Etna, one could distinctly make out “the voices from Hereafter which heralded the arrival of the damned and commanded that the inferno that was destined for them be lit”. A terrifying place, thought the monk Cäsarius von Heisterbach.

Arthur was not alone there. He was surrounded by an illustrious court. Notably, as numerous chroniclers affirm, there was the king of the Goths, Theodoric, who is none other than our superb Dietrich of Bern. Whilst alive, he was an Arian heretic, and it is indeed for this reason that the pilgrims of Palestine and the brave little pious monks expedited him, scornfully, to this kingdom of volcanic fire. But this made the courageous heroes, to which group Dietrich belonged, laugh heartily. They held out not the least fear of Hell! Rather than being thrown into this kingdom of fire, brave and curious as they all were, they themselves travelled there of their own free will. On arrival there, they laughed all the more heartily.

They discovered that Hell is neither a furnace nor a glacial place, that neither sulphurous vapour nor torment may be found there, that there is no more a Beelzebub there than there are little devils and equally, that there are no instruments of torture or eternal damnation!

Such heroes were men who left the ordinary behind, and, in these Early Middle Ages, that are deemed so tenebrous, the memory of their high-deeds remains unforgotten. As was often said at the time: “I prefer to be inside Mount Bel near kings and princes than in Heaven where there are only evil men, bigoted women, the blind and the lame!” This medieval proverb enchants me.

In the Bible, one finds in the prophet Isaiah, he who curses Lucifer and his children in the name of his vindictive god, this triumphant phrase:

“Bel is vanquished!”

I am sure of one thing: one day, I will clear up completely the secret of the connection between the vetero-testamental Bel, the Bel of the medieval mountain, and Lucibel — which was the name given to Lucifer by the Cathars. But I have no idea how long this will take me.

The War of the Wartburg Singers also talks to us of King Arthur and Dietrich of Bern.

This curious poem, anonymously written at the end of the thirteenth century, sings of the legendary tournament that opposed the poets against Wartburg Castle, the seat of the landgrave Hermann I of Thuringia. Seven *Minnesänger* — among whom Heinrich von Ofterdingen, Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach —, faced up to each other with volleys of enigmatic poetry, with life or death at stake. This took place in 1207, the birth year of Saint Elizabeth. In the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries, it did not require much to be paraded before the Grand Inquisitor on accusations of heresy and from there to the place of execution. While the minstrels played at Wartburg an “executioner of

 From the ancient Roman name for the town of Arles, Arelate. Gervais of Tilbury (13th c.), native of Essex, was effectively named the marshal of the kingdom of Arles by Emperor Otto IV. Wrote *Imperial leisure* (*Otia imperiala*) where he evokes dormant kings, notably Arthur at the heart of Etna.

Eisenach” waited to slice off the heads of the defeated. This must refer to a grand inquisitor.

Each time one of the engaged minstrels — Wolfram von Eschenbach above all — began to speak on delicate religious questions, he would suddenly interrupt himself, as if he had frightened himself with his own audacity. No one had any desire to abandon their lives at the hands of the ‘executioner’. But let us interest ourselves with the course of events at this celebrated tournament of poets. When Heinrich von Ofterdingen was struggling at the hands of Wolfram von Eschenbach, he was forced to call upon Meister Klingsor who was in Hungary, the country of Saint Elizabeth. This person had signed a pact with the Devil (called *Nazarus* in one of the *War of the Wartburg* manuscripts, that is to say the Nazarene!). Wolfram also defeated Klingsor. For this he made use of a dialogue said to have been held long ago between

Dietrich of Bern and the king of the dwarves, Laurin, and that he sang with a passion. Wolfram imagines that Laurin says to the Bernean:

“You still have fifty years to live, Dietrich. And although you too are a great hero, death will carry you off one day. But know that my brother, who lives in German country, can give you a thousand years of life. For this, all that is required of you is that you chose a mountain whose interior is on fire. It will be thought that you have gone into a great inferno, while in fact you will have become as like the terrestrial gods!” — Dietrich replied to King Laurin, “I will do just so and rejoice in advance. Never shall I breathe a word of this to other men”. — Wolfram von Eschenbach added, in his name, these words: “And I do not wish to reveal how the Romans arrived before this mountain with malevolent intentions!”

Then the man from Eschenbach took up against Klingsor an astounding chant:

“Meister, there exists a king, whose name is Artus. Are you capable of naming another king who is similar to him? Listen to me again: Artus lives in a mountain. His court is constituted of noble knights who delight in numerous dishes and drinks of a great purity.

They want not for armour, clothes or chargers. Troubadours live there. Since the time that Artus has been living there, he regularly sends his champion to the land of the Christians bearing good news. However a bell announces the same news. And when this bell begins to peal, Artus’ troubadours suddenly fall silent, in spite of the perfect mastery of their art. Then all joy ceases in the Court. Do you understand me at last, Meister Klingsor? No? Well you cannot know either then the name of the champion sent by Artus to the Christian lands, nor who is the spoilsport who rings the bell. All you have to do is guess the name of the bell-ringer. As for the champion, I will give him to you. His name is… Lohengrin!”

Lohengrin is issued from the line of the Grail kings: Parzival was his father and Anfortas — who carried before him the Grail crown — his great-uncle. In his *Parzival*, Wolfram tells us that Anfortas suffers from an incurable wound, because he had coveted a

“forbidden Love (*Minne*)” and that as a result had committed a fault against the supreme law of Grail chivalry. He wishes passionately for death, but cannot die. There exists but one possibility of healing the sick king: a noble knight, ignorant of all Grail nature and its mystery, must find, on his own, the route to Montsalvage Castle and there to

pose the liberating question. Parzival, Lohengrin's father, was this liberator.

The two wounded kings, Artus and Anfortas, are but one and the same person! As by the same token, the mountain at whose heart Arthur reigns surrounded by his illustrious court is none other than the Grail mountain: Lohengrin set off from there, climbed aboard his swan-drawn wherry, to take himself amongst men! From which direction of the heavens can he have come? From the West, where Montségur lies? From the Mount Bel in Sicily or

Arthur.

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'Gral' near Naples? From the East? Or from the "Mountain of Assembly in the most distant Midnight"?

In 1183, an ecclesiastical council was held in Verona. On that occasion, it was discussed and conferred upon as to what methods should be used against neo-Arian and neo-Manichean heresies. Five hundred years after the Arian Dietrich of Bern's death and in his own town, the extermination of the last Cathars was also decided upon. Before the arrival of the Goths, the Lombards had already chosen the southern slope of the Alps and the plain of Pô as their homeland. They too were Arians, that is to say: heretics.

MERAN (MERANO)

have only been in Merano — as this town is now known — for a few hours. I will leave earlier than I had planned, as I find nothing to hold me here. Hormis, Tyrol's castle, is Iinvaded by tourists and holiday makers of all nations, along the Tappeiner way and under the leafy canopies — neither more attractive, nor more charming than those one might see in numerous other South-Tyrolean towns —, I saw Jews reading Hebrew journals and a member of the German Centrist party, of whom much was said at one time and for whom the German sun had become too hot. This ruined my stay.

I have the feeling that the spirits of the 'Merano dukes', so celebrated in song by the minstrels of the Middle Ages, no longer reign here: a certain Berchtung, who was supposed to kill the hero Wolfdietrich, but who abandoned him in a forest of firs, and a certain Berchther, whose seven imprisoned sons were saved by means of a harp and a

song by King Rother who passed for Dietrich of Bern. I will return to them later. It is not in Merano that I

 Zentrumspartei.

will uncover the Claugestian stone. The old duke, Berchther, King Rother's white-haired companion, wore it as an ornament in his helmet. And "even in the heart of night-time, the stone shone as the day". Alexander the Great had one day discovered it in a land where, according to legend, "no Christian had ever set foot". I too will have to look elsewhere for the Claugestian stone.

It is said that Gertrudis, wife of the Hungarian king, Andreas II, and mother of Saint Elizabeth , was descended from the legendary dukes of Merano. A it says in a recent article in a South-Tyrolean newspaper, "Gertrudis left a bad memory in the history of Hungary: due to her pride and preference for foreigners — who profiting from this high protection progressively abused the Hungarians —, she was assassinated in her twenty-eighth year. At the time when her mother fell victim to this attempt, the little Elizabeth, aged only six, was no longer in Hungary". In 1207, that is to say the year Elizabeth was born, the ' *War of the Wartburg Singers*' took place. Meister Klingsor, one of the minstrels being judged there and whom Wolfram von Eschenbach affronted so courageously on that occasion, had, as diverse legends bear witness and as I myself see written in my Tyrolean Catholic gazette, drawn the attention "of the indebted, but luxury-loving, Thuringian landgrave to Elizabeth, the Hungarian king's daughter, born just a little while previously. A delegation from Thuringia was therefore sent to the Hungarian Court while Elizabeth was in her fourth year, to ask for the hand of the little princess for the landgrave's eldest son. Elizabeth was effectively engaged, that year, to the heir of the Thuringian throne and, requisite with the custom of the epoch, immediately led off to the court of her future father-in-law. The treasure she brought as her dowry — whose contents notably included a crib and a bath, both in silver —

weighed no less than a hundred quintals of fine silver. A short while after, her fiancé, the landgrave heir Hermann, died. The members of his family, hostile towards the little princess, would have liked to send her back to Hungary. But in that case, they would have had to restore the dowry, which had already been frittered away. It was for this reason that, without having been consulted, Elizabeth found herself engaged to the landgrave's penultimate son, Louis. This probably

provided the motivation for Klingsor, who was still in attendance at that time, to compile his *Legendary history of the Hun and Hungarian races* —, in the attested aim, of exalting the noble origins of the Hungarian king's daughter, then eleven years old and who, otherwise, was treated no better than a Cinderella at the Thuringian court. When she was fourteen, she was married to her fiancé, seven years her junior. The landgrave Louis led with his wife — his "little sister", as he called her — a pious and attentive existence, and whilst not canonised, he was, after his death, deemed a saint and venerated as such by his people. Divine grace accorded four children to this couple. At the time when, in her nineteenth year, she demonstrated strong leanings towards asceticism, a singular character surged forth into her life: the Grand Inquisitor, Konrad von Marbourg, a Dominican monk, who, due to his inaccessible piety and austerity, was nicknamed 'the scourge of Germany' by his contemporaries. He demanded from his penitent, Elizabeth, an absolute obedience, which extended even to matters of money. This resulted in the imposition a discipline so severe on the princess that her family soon believed her to be mad. Moreover, developing a passion for charity bordering on the fanatic, she minted the sum of her paternal inheritance,

 Quintals of the period weighed about a hundred pounds. However this varied from province to province.

We can estimate that the treasure weighed approximately five tons.

the silver bath included, as well as her wardrobe, in order to distribute the assets to the poor".

I am amazed that Elizabeth was able to "mint her paternal inheritance, the silver bath included", when everything had supposedly been "frittered away" by her Thuringian parents-in-law. Whatever the case, let us cite this article, which as we have pointed out is in no way heretical, through to its conclusion before challenging its veracity. As it is compiled in very bad German, I have merely rearranged the style:

"After six years of marriage, Elizabeth's husband died suddenly whilst *en route* for the Crusades. From that moment on, the life of the princess at Wartburg Court became that of a pure martyr. Her in-law mother and brothers chased her and her children out. The proud daughter of the Arpadians (King Andreas, Elizabeth's father, was a direct descendant of the first royal house of Hungary, the Arpadian

family) found refuge in the stable of a peasant who took pity on her. Her spiritual father meanwhile inflicted an even severer discipline, to such an extent that word eventually carried to the Hungarian Court, prompting King Andreas to seek the return of his daughter. But as she wished to safeguard her son's rights to the landgraviate throne, she would not renounce the country. As time passed, however, the distressing destiny of this unfortunate princess became harder and harder to hide from her family. So it was decided that a hospital would be built in Marbourg on the Lahn, of which Elizabeth would be the prioress and where she could devote all her time to the treatment of lepers. At the same time, she was admitted as a tertiary into the Franciscan Order, which had just been founded, and she lived out a few more years performing social work and caring for homeless lepers. She was scarcely twenty-four years old before she left this terrestrial valley of tears to make her way to the Kingdom of Heaven. Already whilst alive, on several occasions, rumours circulated claiming that she had accomplished miracles. It is essentially the 'three rose miracles' attributed to her that arouse popular imagination the most. As a small child, whilst still at her father's court, she was already keenly given to charity. She would gather the leftovers from a meal in her apron and then distribute them to beggars.

Her father sought to forbid this practise, doubtless fearing the risk of contagion from the lepers. But in spite of the ban, she could not suppress her passion for bearing bread to the unfortunates. One day, her father noticed that she was trying to conceal something in her apron. He asked her what it was. The young girl felt compelled to lie: she was carrying roses in her apron. And miracle! When her sceptical father asked her to open her apron, in effect, it was full of roses, by the very particular grace of God. — The second rose miracle took place shortly after the death of her first fiancé. At which time she had decided to devote the rest of her life to the divine fiancé, and, in keeping with her vow, she would always wear a garland of roses [*Rosengirlande*. The author of the article no doubt dared not write *Rosenrkanz*, a crown of roses, or a rosary] in her hair. It then befalls at this time that her father's envoys arrive at Wartburg, bearing tidings of his paternal desire to see her engaged to the young landgrave Louis. In her inner turmoil, she tears off the garland of roses and flings it into the river. New miracle! Instantaneously, the roses proliferate and the entire surface of the water glories in the rosy reflections of a sea of flowers. — The third rose miracle transpired during her marriage. Consumed with self-denial, she spent much time caring for lepers. One evening, she could not find a single spare bed in which to lay down a sick man; so she laid him down on her own bed. When her husband

returned, he asked her what stranger she was

 Arpád (?-907) was a great Magyar prince who federated the seven Hungarian tribes to wage war against their Bulgarian enemies, the Valaques and the Moravians. He gave rise to the Arpadian dynasty which reigned over Hungary until 1301.

sheltering in her bedroom. The sacrosanct feelings of a faithful wife wounded, she found herself unable to utter a word. At this, her husband roughly pulled off the bedcover. And, third miracle! In the midst of roses in full bloom, the Saviour himself was lain out on the cushions. At this, Louis knelt before her and begged her forgiveness".

To my knowledge, no testimony under oath of the landgravine's four servants (amongst whom there figured a certain Jutta or Judith who was given to Elizabeth when the latter was five years old) alludes to the slightest miracle during the saint's life; they simply inform us that the deceased had visions. But it seems proper to me all the same to evoke these celebrated miracles, in the same manner as Rome's faithful viewed them… and take them for hard currency. But let us hear the rest:

"Scarcely had Elizabeth been buried than miraculous cures began to transpire around her tomb, which led her spiritual director — who would be assassinated by nobles a short while after — to press the Pope for the canonisation of his penitent. The canonisation came into effect in 1235, while her father was still of this world, which brought him aid of some consequence in the conflict that had set him against the Roman Curia [I will only say one thing: Well! Well!]; one could not in all decency use the standard powers against the father of a saint of the Roman Church [I repeat: Well! Well!]. The very same year of the canonisation saw the beginning of the construction of a church in her honour, which became the first Gothic cathedral in Germany. In Budapest, the thermal source of Budsabad (the Baths of Buda) was transformed, equally in her honour, into a hospital to which her name was given.

— She was scarcely in the grave before the history of her life began to be consigned to writing by Konrad von Marbourg, Cäsarius von Heisterbach and Dietrich of Thuringia.

— From the terrestrial heritage of the holy Arpadian princess, the only genuine remnant is a cane: carved from the wood of the saint's simple

bed and subsequently set in gold, it is now conserved in the treasure of the archiepiscopal basilica of Esztergom”.

As soon as I have returned to my country, I will evoke two other canes equally originating from Elizabeth’s bed and talk of her relics. It is claimed that Saint Elizabeth had been the “comfort and treasure of the extremely poor lands of Hesse” and also — but this is false — Tannhäuser’s ‘Lady of the heart’.

 Became a hermit and died on the 5th of May 1260. Canonised, she became the patron of Prussia.

 Ancient capital of Hungary in the Middle Ages and high-seat of Hungarian Catholicism. Still today the Hungarian Primate of Hungary bears the title archbishop of Esztergom.

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THE ROSE GARDEN OF BOZEN

(BOLZANO)

or the last few weeks, I have been living on a pasture, situated high on the mountain, where from the beginning of autumn, the first snowflakes are expected to fall. Then a F white mantle will coat the fragrant gentian, the arnica whose sap cures numerous maladies, and the delicate Alpine rose. This mountain pasture is harmoniously situated between the heights and depths of the valley. Clearly circumscribed by sheer rockfaces, it is quite content with its own company and constitutes, as I have noticed, an enchanted world.

Protected by the splendid Dolomites, it is certainly out of this world, yet in no way foreign to this world. It is not, for, without being directly linked to what is communally known as the ‘world’, there is a link between the world and my mountain pasture: and that is me. A steep path suspended in the flanks vertiginously protruding from the mountain leads to its summit. Often, it is severed by foamy torrents that seemingly wish to prevent the unfathomable depths from connecting with the brilliant heights. Nonetheless, it imperturbably follows its route leading us upwards to the summits, whilst the sheerer the faces, the more the torrents froth. It knows that soon the great moss-covered firs will be all that prevents it from beholding the pasture to which it must lead us and which constitutes its

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raison d'être. The first time I set off on it, I could only imagine the heights to which it would lead me, for it was swathed in a dense, cold fog. At last I arrived on high. And I stayed there.

Up until now, I have been to Bolzano three times. It is a journey of four hours on foot. I bought shoes and resistant clothing there. I made several descents into the fault that overhangs the pasture. An improbably irregular hunters' footpath grants a descent, between uprooted tree trunks and blocks of rock covered in moss and parasitic mushrooms. Trees shoot up vigorously in the fault's depths, as no storm can uproot them there. The sun itself only just manages to reach in. There are days, are there not, when one would wish to forego light? On such days, I bury myself in the depths.

Very often, however, I follow the path that connects the pasture to the summit. It traverses a vast carpet of heather, in which cranberries are camouflaged, then a fir forest of a beautiful and intensely dark green, between whose ragged branches the great snowfields of the Adamello mountains continuously dazzle. Then, it meanders, prudently circumventing a watering point for the flocks and thirsty birds of the forest. At last, it comes to an end. One finds oneself alone to gaze upon the needles of the rose garden that rise up to the sky, alone with that which always manifests itself at the summit of giant mountains and to which one has the impression, at this altitude, of belonging.

Never will I forget that evening. I am standing before my chalet and I am watching as the day dies. In the forest on another slope, a little chapel bell is tolling. An undreamt-of life, however, animates the magnificent 'rose garden'. These rocks blaze with a hue as red as the most exquisite roses. At times, they catch fire as if an interior flame is burning within them and it seems as if the tongues of mist that hang over them are columns of smoke. I admire this vision and think of the old songs that really knew how to celebrate the marvellous nature of this mountain. In former times, when men were better, the king of the dwarves, Laurin, kept a splendid rose garden here. An exquisite fragrance exuded from the calyces of the myriad of flowers and the music of innumerable birds would sing, night and day, the praises of the Creator. But vile men succeeded in carrying off the king of the dwarves and led him, bound from head to foot, to their town where they forced him to perform tricks and play the buffoon. However, after a short while, Laurin managed discretely to rid himself of his bonds and, free, returned to his paradisiacal gardens. So that no unworthy person might find the entrance, he surrounded it — as he had already done once before — with a silk thread. A man's arms would never be strong enough to break this thread, as fine as that of a

spider's web. All the money in the world would not be enough to buy the right to contemplate the rose garden. And even were a man to read everything, he would never find a book in which Laurin's enchanted land was described.

Such are my reflections before my alpine chalet. Night has now completely fallen, and the moon has made her apparition. Her silver rays play on the extinguished stone. The day has well and truly disappeared; the cold night — which Brahms in a beautiful song associates with death — reigns. In front of me, the mountain is still just as alive.

I will always have the impression that Laurin's greatest marvel is his understanding of day and night, which is also that of life and death. Oh, how we would like to possess that knowledge! It is in these terms that men lament, but they need not. As one can always ascend to Laurin's marvellous kingdom. In spite of the silk threads which protect it. Still, one must be a knight… or a child… or a poet!

One day, a knight in the mould of Dietrich of Bern was riding on the very old *Troj de rèses*, the footpath of Tyrolean roses, which crosses the Tierser valley, part of the Karer Pass leading North. He is trying in vain to find an access to Laurin's kingdom. Each time he thinks that he has attained his goal, insurmountable faces rise up before him. Then he

discovers a gorge; this he tackles. Near a stream, he hears the marvellous song of a multitude of birds. He stops to listen. At this time, he spots a woman who is watching over her sheep in a sun-drenched meadow. He asks her if the birds always sing in this way. She replies that she has not heard them sing for a very long time, but that one may now, she thinks, find the windmill and put it back to work for men's salvation. What sort of windmill is that, inquires the knight. It is, in fact, an enchanted windmill, which has not functioned for many years.

Formerly, it was the dwarves who worked it and it belonged to Laurin who ground flour with it to give to the poor. But these individuals became greedy, and one day, one of them threw a dwarf into the water, as he had not given him enough flour. Since that time, the windmill had stopped and could not be found. It would remain so until the birds began to sing again. The windmill should be situated at the deepest part of the gorge, where it is securely locked, so that even

its wheel no longer turns. It is known as the windmill of roses, because it is surrounded by wild roses. The knight takes off into the forest to look for the windmill. He finds it. Its roof is thick with moss, its wooden sides are blackened by age and its wheel is stationary. Roses grow forming a thicket so dense, that those unaware of the windmill's existence, would pass by without noticing it. The knight tries to force the door, but the lock will not give way. On the wall, he notices a window. The knight climbs onto his horse's back and peers through the opening. Inside, seven dwarves lie sleeping. The knight calls out and taps on the window. In vain. So he returns to the meadow and lies down to rest. The next morning, he climbs up a rise that overlooks the gorge. Three bushes of wild roses are in bloom there. The knight gathers a rose from the first bush. An elf cries out from the foliage:

"Bring me a rose of the good old days!"

"Willingly", replies the knight, "but how will I find it?"

The elf disappears lamenting.

The knight approaches the second bush. He gathers a flower. Once again, the elf appears and, in exactly the same way, questions him, then disappears lamenting in turn.

Then, when the knight picks a rose from the third bush, a third elf asks, "Why do you knock on our door?"

"I wish to enter King Laurin's rose garden, as I seek the fiancé of the month of May!"

"Into the rose garden come only the child and the poet. If you can sing a beautiful ballad, then the way will be open to you."

"I

can."

"Then come with me", says the elf, who begins to gather some wild roses and then goes down into the gorge. The knight follows him. They reach the windmill. The door opens by itself. The dwarves are still sleeping. The elf brushes them with the roses crying out,

"Wake up, sleepers, the young roses are in flower!"

The dwarves rouse themselves, open their eyes and begin to mill…

The elf then shows the windmill's cave to the knight. Beginning from there, is a gallery, which buries itself into the mountain and ends in a dazzling light. Whereupon, the knight's eyes overflowing with happiness discover King Laurin's paradisiacal garden, with its multicoloured flowerbeds, its smiling copses and resplendent roses. He also notices the silk thread that encloses everything.

"Now, begin your song", says the elf.

So the knight sings Love and the month of May. And the paradise of roses opens up before him. For always. The knight entered into eternity.

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There is another Tyrolean legend, which is no less, marvellous. The fiancée of a prince brings the "rose of memory" to the land of her betrothed. When questioned as to the nature of this rose, the young fiancée replies that it symbolises the memory of the days when there was neither hate nor murder, when all was beautiful and good. Centuries passed. With time, this unique rose gave rise to an immense garden, covering the mountain and flooding the whole country with crimson. Laurin is the king of this rose garden. He was this fiancé whose betrothed of the month of May had brought the rose of memory. Finally, he was forced to forbid men access to his rose kingdom. One day, children whilst playing found a mysterious key and thus entered into the garden. This key, was a *Dietrich*, a master key, was it not?

Memory is Love.

The rose garden is flamboyant. The night rises in the vents of Schlern and the other equally beautiful mountains. Snow covers the rocky veins. A golden sunray — the last of the day — lights up the slope of the Vogelweide farm. It is there that the *Minnesanger* Walther von der Vogelweide, who would sing with such willingness in a joyous and stirring manner, saw the light of day. A son of Tyrol, he would surely have known of the rose garden, the windmill of roses and the singing birds. He also knew that one must seek out Love, which lifts up the soul and renders us equal to gods. As he sang: *Minne is neither man nor woman*

It has neither soul nor body

Its nature cannot be uncovered

It is incomparable.

And in this way you may not obtain it

Without the grace of God.

It never came to a false heart

It belongs only to those with noble hearts.

To Walther von der Vogelweide, Love was spirit and the key to the kingdom of God.

The alpinists of Bolzano, who had welcomed me as one of their own, have just climbed up as far as my pasture, to agree on an excursion with me. They stayed late into the night. I read them passages from my journal and taught them new songs from my country.

But finally, it was I who drew the greatest gain: I learnt a very popular Tyrolean song, which leads me to count the alpinists, who are dear to me, amongst Lucifer's courtiers.

And one day

Should God will

That I undertake a deadly fall:

I would take it up as usual

Calmly and serenely

This last excursion.

Whether ice or stone

Has made more than one fall

That causes us not the slightest worry:

We are the princes of this world

 Master key is *Dietrich* in German. Otto Rahn is making a play on words between *Dietrich* master key and Dietrich of Bern, who having entered into the garden, can provide a 'key' giving access to the Luciferian kingdom.

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And wish to remain as such in the beyond!

The Lord protect you, mountain men, for the vindictive god of Isaiah has thrown a curse on you too: you are indolent rebels! Ascend no further the rocky slopes to look upon the ever more magnificent world of splendour that stretches out at your feet, before you and above you. Rather stay in your obscure resting places and in dark churches! For otherwise the Lord Sabaoth will not only allow blocks of ice and stone to fall upon you and not merely have you fall from high on the mountains. No, he will hurl you down from the sky, when you ask for admittance, as he did to Lucifer, the prince of this world, who also wished, with just cause, to become him on high. Do you believe that Jehovah — in whose service the bells of your Tyrolean cathedrals, churches and chapels summon you from morning to night

— or his porter, Saint Peter — who lived near the lake of Genazareth in Palestine, not Tyrol

— will allow you to enter Heaven so that you may relax in the bosom of Abraham? They will send you to Hell! That day, whether or not you have found death on the mountain, go boldly there where your kind have always happily gone: to the 'rose garden'! There you will also find the Court of Lucifer, to which you belong. In order to penetrate the Luciferian kingdom, which is not Heaven, it is useless to hold this key to Paradise held by Jehovah's representatives down here, this

vicar Jesus Christ sitting on Peter's throne in Rome. For the kingdom of Lucifer to open before you, all you need is a… *Dietrich*!

To rejoice in this enchantment of roses, it is necessary to enter secretly, in other words unbeknownst to the priests, into this marvellous land. Otherwise, the 'master key'

could be stolen from you. In Lower Germany, the master key, this 'Dietrich' is known as…

Peterken (Little Peter)! Nothing is ever safe around Saint Peter or his ilk…!

ON THE FREIENBÜHL NEAR

BRIXEN (BRESSANONE)

walk of a few days led me as far as here, from the pasture at Seiser, along the neck of Peitler, Gablet and Plose. Next, I followed the mountain footpath which begins A at the refuge at Brixen and progresses towards Palmschoss, from where one perceives, opposite, the wild summits of Geisler — Satz Rigais, Furchetta, etc. — then, I began on the narrow forest path which edges along the sheer slope of Plose and heads in the direction of the Afer valley. Now, I am resting up in the sun, sitting on a bench, near a sylvan chapel, whose cold, humid interior, decorated in bad taste, had rapidly caused me to flee. In former times, in its place stood a sanctuary consecrated to the goddess Freya. Freya, a name that means the 'sovereign', the 'mistress'.

The journey is calm. Not a single breath of wind stirs the branches of the firs. A few small, milky clouds hang in the sky. The alpine pastures of Zillertal, Stubai, Ötztal and Orteler stand in a dazzling whiteness. The Sarntal Alps, not very high — you believe you can almost touch them with your hand — seem as if dusted in fresh snow. The descendants of the Goths might still be living in the valleys and pastures.

Below me, in the Eisack valley, wherever I look, a sea of clouds, immobile and impenetrable stretches out. From time to time, a little cloud breaks off, floats, and then disappears. The silence and light have a strong impression on me… Here, at this altitude,

 Freya is the feminine derivation of her brother Freyr, which means 'Lord'.

one can but gather oneself and contemplate the world, so sublime and beautiful! And here, one is alone with that with which one can only have direct dialogue in high mountains…

BRIXEN (BRESSANONE)

t is only today, three days after my arrival in this beautiful town, that I at last visit the tomb of Minnesänger Oswald von Wolkenstein and the cathedral with its old painted Icloister and archways. I also come across many young men dressed in long black robes who will never know the joy of being a father. By choosing to become priests, they are betraying life and its laws. Soon, they will be the exact copy of these old religious men whom I see hurrying through the streets of Brixen, in order to go to the Augustine convent of Neustift, limping, their bodies withered and their eyes lost in the sky. One fine day, they will all die, and they will be buried. No one on earth will think of them, as a son thinks of his father and grandson of his grandfather. Their blood will disappear, and the rose of memory will never again be able to flower for them.

I have just made the acquaintance of one Count Consolati. He informed me that his ancestors, lords and peasants of Tyrol, once bore the name Tanhausen and that their family abode was the fortified farm of Tanhausen in the Cembra valley. The Consolati counts were of Gothic blood and they had always been aware of this: one of the first names that appears the most frequently in the family chronicle is Gaut (This name was also that of the first

‘Amal’, an Ase). [1] This first name endured even after the fourteenth century, at which time they changed, for some deep reason of which I am unaware, their name from Tanhausen to that of Consolati of Heiligenbrunn, the name of the place where they settled. In Roman, Heiligenbrunn translates as *Fontana Santa* — the place is known as just such today.

[1] This was also one of Odin’s names.

That makes me think of the *Fount Santo* of the Sabarthès, this holy fountain, near which there was a grotto which the Provençal heretics made use of to celebrate their *Consolamentum*! All those who participated in this ceremony of ‘consolation’ were the

‘consoled’: the *Consolati*!

The

Man rune figures in the Consolati armouries.

Count Consolati tells me that, up until around 1790, his ancestors and the counts of Kunigel, Thun, Toggenburg and Wolkenstein (it is to this family that Minnesänger Oswald von Wolkenstein, born in the Tyrolean Trost Castle, belonged) would meet twice a year, at the time of the solstices, in the ‘rose garden’ of Bozen. It was also called ‘Laurin’s garden’.

Each time, they would reaffirm their pact, which cemented their brotherhood of blood.

This meant simply, that as descendants of the Goths, they would drink to *Minne*. To safeguard the living character of the Gothic blood they had in common, they swore oaths to their Gothic ancestors of thought and remembrance — that is to say *Minne*. Furthermore, they chose the paradisiacal mountain in which the Goth Dietrich of Bern one day had entered: Laurin’s rose garden!

Toasting

Minne upset the papists as much as being Arian, Manichean or Cathar. In a decree of 852, they proscribed this ancestral practice as diabolical.

Finally, I further learnt that in the Consolati family, a piece of amber was particularly venerated. Originally, it had been spherical, but was then carved in the form of a cross.

All this gives me much to reflect upon…

Tomorrow morning, I will leave Brixen. I will complete a part of the journey on foot. I will pass by Sterzing, now Vipiteno, as far as the Gothic site of Gossensaß, now Colle Isarco, where one can see Wolfenburg Castle, an ancient forge. It is said that Wieland once worked there. Then I will take on the Brenner Pass.

The route, which I shall follow, is one of the most ancient amber trails. From Venice, it leads into the Etsch valley, as far as Brenner, passes by Rosenjoch (the Pass of Roses) into the Inn valley, then via Rosenheim in the direction of Passau and even further still as far as the Friesian hills and the banks of the Eridanos — Elbe or Eider —

which must once have been a river but now is but a small stream of water, separating Holstein from Schleswig. Herodotus wrote around 450 BC that the Eridanos was “a river which throws itself into the North Sea” and from where amber may be obtained. Hesiod knew this already, eight centuries before the Christian Era.

A second amber trail left from Marseilles and climbed the Rhone valley. At the level of Chalon, the route split in two. The western section passed by Metz, then Trêves (Trier), crossed, hugging the Hohe Acht, [1] the Eifel mountains, and reached the very ancient city of Asciburgium on the Rhine (now Asberg near Mörs?). Before the emergence of Cologne, this city must have been the most important in the region, perhaps even of all the Rhine. After having crossed Westphalia, the moor of Lünebourg and the country of Stedingen, the route finally ends on the Eridanos. The eastern branch of the route sets off from Marseilles to reach Chalon, forks off towards Bâle, and from there towards Frankfurt and Göttingen. The Eridanos was also its final destination. Whoever followed this route, would cross the Black Forest, Odenwald — where Siegfried was assassinated —, Feldberg in Taunus — where one

[1] The rune of the Futhark man recent to sixteen runes and of armanist Futhark to eighteen runes. It represents a man standing upright, his arms lifted in the form of a V.

[2] The Eifel’s highest summit (746m).

can see the stone bed of Valkyrie Brünnehilde —, Wetterau and Vogelsberg in High Hesse, Westerwald, Siegerland and Rothaargebirge (the Rothaar mounts).

All these routes cross the Hercynian Forest (Black Forest) and fuse with the roads of Hel (*Helwegen*) in northern Germany. Then they reach the Friesian sea, the North Sea. They end opposite the island of Heligoland, which was once called *Abalus* and *Balcia*. [3] Old songs recount that Balder rests here.

A third major route was frequented by those who carried amber, from the Baltic coast of Samland, passing through Thorn as far as Aquileia, [4] a commercial town near Isonzo, which existed before Venice and was completely razed by Attila, king of the Huns. [5]

This route is the most recent of all, as, in ancient times, the true land of amber, was the coasts of modern East Friesland and West Jutland,

and not the coast of Samland on the Baltic. It is this third and most recent amber trail that the Estes followed when they went to Raben (Ravenna) to offer the “Gold of the North” to Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths.

The amber trail I will take tomorrow passes through Brenner and crosses Germany as far as the North Sea, whose waves bathe Heligoland, the holy land (*heliges Land*). The Greek historian Diodorus knew that Heligoland was to be found “in the ocean, a continent-crossing journey away”, and he noted on this subject: “The waves of the sea hurl abundant quantities of *elektron* (the name given to amber by the ancient Greeks) onto this island, which one finds nowhere else on this earth. The *elektron* is gathered on this island and brought to the inhabitants of the continent opposite. From there, it is transported to our regions”. In the first century of this era, the Roman Pliny claimed in his *Natural History*, that the inhabitants of the island of Abalus used *elektron* in the place of wood to make fire and that they sold it to the Teutons, their closest neighbours; amber was thought to be a “product of the coagulated sea” (it must almost certainly have evoked marshy lagoons) and Pytheas of Marseilles is thought to have visited the island of Abalus! Abalus is our Heligoland.

In following the ancient amber routes, this product of the North Sea travelled towards the South: as far as Egypt, where it had already been known in the third millennium before the Christian Era, and as far as Greece. Then it arrived — with other products originating in the North, such as bearskins and honey —, in the heart of the sacred oaks of the Dodone, the most important sanctuary in Greece. Then it was dispatched to other Hellenic sanctuaries.

It was with full knowledge of the facts that the Argonauts, these Greek Vikings, had placed a beam cut from the wood of the Dodone oak at the prow of their ship Argo, so as not to be deprived of their god. During the course of their expedition, they passed near by to Heligoland: Apollonois of Rhodes, [] a Greek poet of the third century before the Christian Era, recounted in his *Argonauticals* that Jason and his companions, on their return from the land of the Golden Fleece, reached the Eridanos, the Nordic river of amber!

Amber is a stone of a very particular nature!

[] And Farria, and more remarkably, Fositeland (the land of Foseti), name of the Nordic god, son of Balder and Nanna.

[] On the Adriatic. This route also passed through Carnuntum (now

Petronell, near Vienna), one of the oldest sites of German occupation, which has particularly interested the Aryosophist runologue Guido von List.

 In 452 AD.

 Greek poet and grammarian, who, after his sojourn in Rhodes, ran the celebrated library of Alexandria.

GOSSENSAß (COLLE ISARCO)

ven though winter is knocking at the door, the weather is still sunny and so mild that I have decided to stay on a few days. I need to plunge myself into the past and the Efuture. It for this reason that I have chosen to stay in the Alps, as it separates the North from the South. Near by, the Brenner Pass, the main door between Germany and Rome, swings on its immemorial hinges. There have been occasions when it would have been better should this door have remained closed.

My route has led me from Germany towards the south of France, Italy, then Tyrol.

In the coming days, I will take on the Brenner Pass. Once this door has been closed behind me, and after having spent a few months in Geneva, I will continue on my journey towards the North. I will take one of the amber trails. This very same route was followed by the last Goths, after the dramatic battle near Naples, and the Provençal troubadours, after the Catholic Church had destroyed their national identity and their laws of Love! They all headed for Midnight, as it is not in the East, but rather in the North, that the sun truly shines.

Tannhäuser also followed this route.

During the era when Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach and numerous other minstrels, were exalting Love, the month of May, the Grail and the Rose Garden, or even the Mountain of Venus in their poems — and the people preferred these songs far over those in Latin of the Church or of the legends of the saints —, Wartburg was the theatre of the most celebrated tournament of master-minstrels. This took place in 1207, the year of Saint Elizabeth's birth. The old poem of *The War of the Wartburg Singers* does not say whether or not Tannhäuser took part in the jousting; it also remains

silent on the fact that Tannhäuser could have loved Saint Elizabeth, but tells us simply that he took himself to the kingdom of Lady Venus' underground pleasures.

93

A

Minnesänger named Tannhäuser (or Tanhuser) lived and composed in Vienna, between 1240 and 1270, at the court of Duke Freidrich II of Babenburg. After the death of his protector, he squandered all the latter had given him and embarked upon an adventurous existence, which led him to join the Crusades and set off for Palestine. His poems belong to the decadent period of *Minnesäng*: it is in his songs for dancing that Tannhäuser shows himself to be most at ease, as he leads the round dance and plays the violin until the strings break or the bow snaps.

The second Tannhäuser, the unfortunate one, tortured by doubt as to his soul's salvation, who entreated the goddess Venus to allow him to leave. With a heavy heart, she granted him permission. So the repentant set off on pilgrimage to Rome where he arrived with bloodied feet. He threw himself at the Pope's feet — Urban IV, it is said — and pleaded for forgiveness of his sins. But the Pope, holding a dead branch in his hand, said,

"When this dead branch bears roses, you shall obtain your pardon. Thus, be damned!" — As soon as was possible Tannhäuser returned to the side of the more indulgent Lady Venus.

Before forever burying himself in the marvellous mountain, he would bless once more the sun, the moon and his cherished friends, who could only have been the stars. Then he enters the mountain. However, on the third day, splendid roses bloomed on the dead branch, that the Pope was holding in his hand. Messengers were immediately sent into every country, to make known the news of this Grace from Heaven to the unfortunate. Wasted effort!

Tannhäuser had long been living by the side of Lady Saelde. He had become blessed without Rome.

It has often been doubted that a link exists between the Tannhäuser of legend and the *Minnesänger*. The most common hypothesis is the following: "A poet of the thirteenth century might have had the idea to circulate his compositions under the allegorical name of Tannhäuser". This is most likely, as names are even more alluring

when they conceal a divinity. A third Tannhäuser must have been a god…!

The Bavarian chronicler Johannes Turmayr von Abenberg, better known as Aventinus, has bequeathed us a curious account. It is half a millennium old. Here is what he recounts: “I discover that Germans and their cousins invaded Asia under the command of a king, whom the Goths and Germans called Danheuser, □ and the Greeks Thananses, and whom they worshipped as a god.[…] Wolfram von Eschenbach… and a few like him…

have transformed the ancient Germanic lords and princes, changed their adventures and histories into love stories and they would have believe in their poems that so much blood flowed, so many trials endured, and that is was not on account of war, as women do not much like to hear of this, as of love… So this is equally was happens to Danheuser, he who was a great hero and warrior… As I have shown above, he was worshipped by the Greeks, our ancestors, as a god, to whom had been conferred the keys of Heaven and who helped men in difficulty when called upon”. To this account, a second, third and fourth may be added. The second, dating from 1580, claims that Tannhäuser was less in the service of Venus than that of Mars, and that to the Pope, “he confessed his childish warlike follies”, and not his sojourn in the mountain of Venus. — The third, a little older than the previous one — sees in Tannhäuser a “direct successor of the twelve masters who established *Minnesäng*”. — The fourth is a fifteenth century song, entitled *The twelve masters of the rose garden*, but whose number the author felt beholden to correct as he figures among the masters, and adds Tannhäuser as the fourteenth.

□ Certainly a German-Nordic Donar-Thor.

These accounts are accused of being no more than “pleasant ravings” and for this are rejected. But they do not appear to me to be devoid of significance.

Nothing is known of a Greek or Germanic god called Thananses. On the other hand, as I have already mentioned elsewhere, a Gothic king, an Amal, existed who bore the name Taunasis or Thanauses, and was worshipped by the Goths — this is what is reported by Jordanes in his *History of the Goths* — as a god of their people. After his death, he certainly rejoined these heroes who “had conquered by the force of destiny so to speak and whom the Goths called Ases”. It is known that

the Ases were twelve in number. They alone could have been the twelve masters of the ‘rose garden’. And the ‘rose garden’ — if we follow our idea to its end — is none other than Asgard itself, the Ases’ paradisiacal garden! — Tannhäuser , who is added as the fourteenth to the twelve masters, also echoes the Amal Theodoric, king of the Goths, who was the fourteenth direct Amal descendant. Finally, the ancestors of the Tyrolean Count Consolati perhaps bore the name Tanhausen in memory of the king and god Thanauses. Perhaps…

The Tannhäuser of Aventinus, who reaches the ‘rose garden’ is a king, who later becomes a god. His divination is confirmed by the fact that he enters forever into the ‘rose garden’ and that the keys of Heaven are conferred to his charge. — The god of the garden cannot be that of the Bible and the keys of Heaven — read: of the ‘rose garden’ — can only be understood in the sense of this ‘master key’ which today in Lower Saxony is not known as the ‘Thieves’ key’ or ‘ *Dietrich*’, but as Peterken, ‘little Peter’!

Aventinus’ account does not seem incoherent to me, rather on the contrary full of sense, when he criticises the *Minnesänger* because they, “transformed the ancient Germanic lords and princes, changed their adventures and histories into love stories”. We totally approve it: *Minne* (Love) has nothing to do originally with love, small or great. *Minne*, that means Remembrance. And the true *Minnelieder* (Songs of *Minne*) should, above all, resemble the poems which the German nobles sang rendering the last honours to a king, prince or simple free man who had just died. They considered the tumulus by singing. I have recounted how the Gothic knights interred Attila, king of the Huns, praising his glory…

At the occasion of the War of the Wartburg, Meister Klingsor of Hungary — which was, we know, the country of Saint Elizabeth —, affronted Wolfram von Eschenbach (it is of no interest here to know whether Aventinus’ blame is justified). The Wolfram of the *Wartburg* is a “lay sage” who called upon Lohengrin, the knight of the swan, not of Montsalvage, the Grail mountain, but of this other mountain in which King Artus lives surrounded by his court. There is a stone there: the Aget stone, which had at some time in the past fallen from the Lucifer’s crown. This Aget stone (in Middle-Early German, this word referred to amber or magnetite) and the Grail stone can only be one and the same, in the same way that Artus and Anfortas are one and the same person; a suffering king, guardian of a holy stone. I have already spoken of this.

In the fifteenth century, Halberstadt’s Saxon chronicle tells of how

Lohengrin came from the mountain where Lady Venus was to the Grail. In other words, according to a chronicle of the same epoch, to say that a king capable of making men blessed until the end of time had existed was a lie. The Grail was this Paradise, but it became a place of sin. Yes!

The holy mountain of the Grail had been debased and had been made the infernal mountain of Venus.

I affirm straightforwardly and without bias: that what the Germans of the pagan epoch worshipped, under the name of Asgard, as the domain of the gods, and under the name of Hel, as being the divine kingdom of death, was sung about, by the heretics and troubadours of the Middle Ages, under the names of 'Grail Mountain', 'Rose Garden',

'Arthur's Round Table', 'Mountain of Venus' or this 'Mount Bel' in flames, into which Dietrich of Bern penetrated. And being deemed "the highest recompense of terrestrial aspirations", they were in Wolfram von Eschenbach's parlance, always the goals of quests.

But that is not all: what the Greeks of pagan times perceived as the island of Æa, towards which the Argonauts and Heracles sailed, was none other than the Hellenic reflection of Nordic Asgard, and, as a result, a representation of mediaeval Grail Paradise, the Arthurian round table, the rose garden and the Mountain of Venus. And their common original basis was this "Mountain of Assembly in the most distant Midnight" as Isaiah calls it. To reach the summit of this mountain, Lucifer — who is also the New Testament's Apollo— sought to lift himself above the highest clouds. Only, Jehovah threw him down into the most unfathomable depths, because on the order of the Jews' jealous god, paradisiacal Asgard should become a place of damnation: Hell.

At the end of the Middle Ages, when hanging someone, in Germany, it was always seen to that his face was turned towards the North. Towards Hell…

In the following days, I will cross the Brenner and head back up towards the North along one of the amber trails. When Laurin, the king of the rose garden, confided to Dietrich of Bern the secret of the fire mountain, which divinised, he also pointed out to him the route that he should take: a "well-traced route". It must have been one of the ancient amber trails…

“In this way all men think that we have gone,

Into infernal furnaces.

But I wish to warn you:

We shall rejoice there of all the terrestrial blessings.”

— The Bernean spoke: “If it is as you say, That should happen.

I rejoice of it.

No one will learn of this from my mouth…”

 Dietrich of Bern.

96

GENEVA

t was from here that Calvinism spread. “To conquer the world in the name of Christ”

was its goal. It has not attained it nor will it ever. Neither did it recoil faced with murder Iin its tentative towards the “Christianisation of the world”. Jean Calvin, the fanatic and sombre founder of Calvinism, burnt alive Michel Servet, the man who discovered blood circulation, because he refused to believe in the Christian dogma of the Trinity.

Today, flocking to Geneva, from the four corners of the world, the delegates of all nations that have a seat in the League of Nations, in the Société des Nations. The Genevans have found another name: the Société des Passions. Numerous nations and almost all races are represented here… in order to still further increase the disorder in Europe and the world. An immense palace has been constructed for the assemblies, in which the Jewish representative of Soviet Russia, depending on the case, raises his voice or smiles mildly. A few unemployed Germans were able to participate in its construction and thereby earn a meagre salary. This allowed them only just enough to eat. When they did not have the fifty *rappen* needed daily for a place in the Salvation Army dormitories, they were only left with the refuges for beggars. Today, all these Germans have as much bread as they like and a good bed. At home.

The palace of the League of Nations, with its blinding whiteness and gigantic dimensions, creates a brutal rupture in the Genevan countryside between the Jura, Salève and the Voirons, once such a charming world unto itself. It stands in the middle of a great park, of which the Genevans were once — and with just cause — so proud and whose calm

 1509, Villaneuva - 1553, Geneva. Spanish doctor, wrote a number of treatises against the Trinity, notably his *Christianismi Restitutio*, which drew the hatred of Catholics and Protestants upon him. Calvin brought him to Geneva to answer the charges of “blasphemy and heresy”. He was burnt with his books.

 In English in the text..

 In French in the text.

 In French in the text.

they miss: Ariana Park. With the name Ariana (Ariadne), this power — who weaves the destiny and history of the world — allowed herself a trace of wit : Aryana is the ancient name for Iran. This name had been given to the land of the Parsees in memory of Aryana, “the primitive Aryan country which had been founded by the god of Light”. The most ancient sacred texts of the Aryan Iranians tell that one day the

“Serpent of winter arrived: from the luminous paradise, where men were blessed and where they could contemplate the divinity in perpetuity, he made a glacial country, “cold for water, cold for soil, cold for plants”. From that moment on there were only “ten months of winter and two months of summer” (that is to say the arctic climate reigned). The Aryans therefore left Aryana. But they always kept a place in their spirit for this land, as it is this memory that gave birth to the “Aryan Force”. — The Aryans of India also knew of this original luminous country, which they called the land of the Uttarakuru — Men from the North —, the “island of clarity” on the white sea or milky sea, the “divine country of Aryans”. They taught: “Be your own light, act, become wise, pure, and you will enter into the divine country of Aryans!”

Oh Aryana park of Geneva! Oh palace of Nations!

It is Palm Sunday. The entire morning has been invaded by the sound

of Calvinist and Papist bells. I think of this treasure, guarded by serpents near Montségur, in the forest of Pyrenean Tabor. One can only find it on Palm Sunday precisely, at the hour when everybody is at mass…

My landlady, a Viennese originally, really wishes too much good upon me. Not only does she preoccupy herself with my physical health without pause, but she fears equally for the salvation of my soul. She looked at me with dread, when, from the first day, I begged her to remove all the plaster saints and the repulsive oil painting depicting a Christ whose heart is dripping with blood. Since then, she tells me that every morning, after having prepared me and kept hot an excellent coffee, she sets off for church to pray for the salvation of my soul.

So, I am not surprised when she brings me a branch blessed by her priest into my room. It is supposed to protect me from unhappiness and suffering throughout the course of the year.

It is impossible for me to refuse her present. Now, the magic branch is placed on my desk.

Next to my two paperweights: a piece of the frieze of the Delphi temple and a stone from Montségur Castle. This place was condemned to death on the eve of Palm Sunday. The next day, the flames rose up and two hundred and fifty heretics began to climb onto the pyre. In place of bells, one heard the song of the executioners dressed in monks' habits: "Holy Spirit descend on us…!"

Midday will ring. Beneath my window, men in their Sunday best stroll by, elegant cars drive past, and laughter and joking can be heard. The orchestra of the neighbouring café interprets Handel's *Girl of Zion, rejoice*! On the lake, steam is on route for the Savoie coast, the sailing boats let themselves be buffeted around by the will of the wind in the Grand Lac (Great Lake). I look to Mont Blanc. It stands proudly, as if it knows it is the roof of Europe.

The music from the café continues to evoke Jerusalem's cheerful chorus as its king approaches. I close the window and put on a record that I have loved since the first listen. I

 Ariadne is the Greek heroine who to help her lover Theseus find his way out of the labyrinth — where he affronted the minotaur — uncoiled a thread.

 In German, 'Aryan' is *Arier*. So no distinction can be made by the 'y'

or the ‘i’ from Arian, disciple of Arius. Due to this, Aryana, the ancient name for Iran, in German is ‘Ariana’ and Otto Rahn can play on the confusion with the name of the Greek heroine.

believe that this song is not widely known, but I never tire of hearing it, as I find it truly beautiful:

Land where I was born,

Land poor and naked,

Your soil is stony

And your fields ungrateful.

When I take there

My old cart,

I feel your sweet heart

Beating in my arms.

Down there, it is my country !

Land where I was born,

Land poor and naked,

Your sombre forests

Cry out in the wind…

In this way, isolated in a foreign country and thanks to a French song, I feel all of a sudden closer to my country than I have felt in a long

time. I can hear my sombre forests crying in the wind. Those who have not seen the mature forest in November, when the fog invades this venerable grandfather and whose cool humidity embraces it, when the leaves, his grandchildren, wilt or a light breeze snatches them — to him and his children, the trees

—, they are unaware that the forest can cry. Neither do they know that alongside this atmosphere — too often sung of in a suspect manner —, there exists another tragically moving dimension. Nor do they know that it is when he groans in sorrow that our ancestor the forest is at his most admirable and that he has the most to impart to us.

This it was I feel at the moment, we call it feeling homesick! I think of Germany, but also, as I look at Mont Blanc, of Faust, whom the poet Christian Dietrich Grabbe evokes, constructing a magical castle on this mountain with Mephistopheles' help; of him, the most German of Germans, who, each time on finding himself in Rome had "tears in his eyes, when he thought of Germany". Faust and, with him, Germany come to me. Here is the most beautiful thing a country has to offer whilst one is abroad: it gives itself, as soon as one thinks of it with fervour. One day, while I was far away from my country, I heard a radio piece written by an old German soldier for the youth of his country. On being reunited with the party after a furlough, a soldier says to his captain, "The further we distance ourselves from Germany, the nearer she is". This apparent contradiction expounds a profound wisdom, and perhaps very simply comprehension of Germany and the German spirit.

On this Palm Sunday, the German autumn comes into my little Genevan room. The sombre forests cry. The November wind hums in the cables and posts that border the roads crossing the fields. I also see and hear a late apple falling on the verge. Perhaps it wished to cry out that a worm was eating it. It does not. It falls in silence and has thus accomplished its destiny: it is only left for it to rot in order to be reborn, if its seeds are healthy, and if they are not, it will contribute to the cycle of life, by nourishing the healthy seeds that the earth shelters close to it and wishes to see grow.

 This song is in French in the text.

99

My little Empire clock, which I have brought with me, chimes twelve times. Now is the veritable hour when the ghosts arrive, — as it was

believed right up until the end of the Middle Ages — it is only at Midday that the ghosts speak to our ancestors and that Tiubel, the Devil, shows himself to men. A certain knight, Heinrich von Falkenstein was able one day to catch sight of him. A sorcerer had for this advised him to pick the hour of Midday.

Tiubel came out of the forest “amidst the howling of wind and the crackling of branches”, reports the chronicler Cäsarius von Heisterbach. Tiubel, he is Lucifer: our Lucifer, who has suffered a great injustice.

Enchantment of Midday…

Lucifer came out of the German forest to visit me in my room. I cannot see him, but I can feel his presence. He alone is capable of lifting up from my desk the piece of the temple of Apollo’s frieze, erecting under it columns and, with other ruin fragments, of rebuilding frieze and roof. Briskly, Apollo’s residence at Delphi is there before me in its purest beauty, emerging from the shadow of the sacred olive and laurel trees, a phrase illuminates me: “Know you, yourself!” — Lucifer alone is capable of replacing the anodyne stone, which I collected in Montségur’s ruins, in its place in the armrest of a stone bench. I can see it very clearly. A laurel bush shades it. A blonde and noble man is seated there. He is dressed in a black robe. He has a hat on his head resembling a mitre. The man, a Cathar, looks at me and says, “Lucibel, who has suffered a great injustice, greets you!” — Lucifer alone is capable of replacing the branch on the tree from which it originally came from a city in the Orient. It is to be found in Jerusalem. Near him, I can make out some Talmudists.

They debate whether King David’s adultery and murders evoked in the Holy Scriptures, should or should not be taken at face value. A din erupts and a crowd gathers. It cries out,

“Hosanna to the son of David!”. Now, I can see a man sitting astride a donkey. It is him the crowd is acclaiming. His face cannot be seen, as he has his head lowered, as if he is overcome by weakness. He does not give the impression that he is going to the city of David for his coronation. He seems more like the man who is setting off towards his violent death on the sacrificial altar. Does he not hope, deep down, that the bitter chalice awaiting him is spared him? He is not a hero and nor does he wish to be, simply so that the Scriptures may be fulfilled. Passionate Orientals hurry towards him, accompanying this spectacle of force with cries and gestures, so that it might truly be a spectacle. Someone in the crowd gathers my branch and throws it to

the king of the Jews, who is sitting astride his donkey and who looks at the ground. A man — the one who leads the donkey by its halter — picks up the branch and offers it to the sad king. He takes it… but does not lift his eyes.

Enchantment of Midday…

A path of a dazzling whiteness opens out before me. I recognise it. In the Languedoc, it links the towns of Toulouse and Castelnaudary. Is there not a man speaking to me? I recognise him now, because I saw him, one day, on a miniature. It is the troubadour Peire Vidal. He speaks with elation and a sacred fire is burning in his clear eyes: "Believe me: I have just met God on this route! He came to me on horseback, like a knight, handsome and powerful. His blonde hair fell over his tanned face and his luminous eyes were shining.

One of his shoes was adorned with sapphires and emeralds, the other was bare. His coat was covered in roses and violets, and on his head, was placed a crown of marigolds. He rode a splendid charger, the like of which I have never before seen, as it was half black as night and half white as ivory. On its bridal, a carbuncle shone like the sun. I still did not know that the knight was God. I was also completely unaware of the identity of the lady, the maiden and the paladin who accompanied him. But I was able to hear enraptured a new song that the knight and the lady intoned together, and which the birds took up. When the song was

finished, the lady said to the knight that she would like to stop, but near a source in a field, as she did not like castles! So the knight pointed out a tranquil spot under a laurel tree, near which a source sprung up above the stones. — Then the knight spoke to me: "Friend Vidal, know this: I am Love, the Lady is called Grace, the Maiden Modesty and the Paladin Loyalty". It is thus: I have seen God, and the god Love, it is *Minne*".

I respond to him in a strong voice, "Peire Vidal, you have met Lucifer, the very same one whom you call Lucibel!"

I leap up and find myself alone with myself. In spite of the closed window, one of these new songs of today rings out stridently: a Negro rhythm, made to be sung under African palm trees. In front of me, between the Parnassus stone and that of Montségur, is a palm tree branch. If only it could have been an oak or laurel branch. I cast it

away.

The spell is broken..

Today I receive some news from Carcassonne that causes me much sorrow, my most dear friend Countess P., who was like a mother to me, has just died suddenly. In her sleep, she has fallen asleep forever. Does one not feel the same for those whom we really love as for one's country? The more one is distanced by space, the more one draws nearer in spirit.

And when these beings leave for the Hereafter, they are closer than ever before to us: suddenly one carries them within oneself. One can no longer feel the real presence of our dear departed other than by Memory.

I think with emotion of the deceased old lady. She had just written to me that she had organised in a wing of her house, where, invited, I had often sojourned, a desk which was destined for me; she had carried her most precious books there and had set up a piano, so that I might play for her, as in the Sabarthès. Yes, they were truly unforgettable evenings that we spent together in Ornolac, already a very long time ago. Every day, I would search the grottoes. I would return in the evening; she would be waiting in front of her inn. Already old and sick, she was unable to accompany me. In my dark room, which I had transformed into a development laboratory, she helped me print my shots of the day. Then I would give her an account of all I had seen and discovered, and finally, I had to interpret each day a musical tune. One day, I was improvising on Handel's suite *The gods go begging*. Outside, it was night. The wild waters of the Ariège threw their inalterable chant and a nightingale was chirping. I played. When I closed the piano, the valley awoke. To a life, which only the Sabarthès and its nights can engender. Thousands of owls came out from hundreds of grottoes and caverns. The small space including the rockfaces and the gorges was filled with their phantom flights and howls yet more supernatural still. And this friend for whom I expressed a filial tenderness told me :

"Do you hear, *mon ami*, how the souls of my ancestors complain? They accuse Rome and its paradise! The first who massacred them, that was Cesar, a Roman. Then came the Franks who invaded and tried to exterminate them. On order of Rome, who hated the Goths, whose Nordic blood was mixed with the blood of our Greek and Celtic ancestors who also came from the North. One day, the 'pilgrims' of the Albigensian Crusade arrived and cut the throats of all who found

themselves on their route. They were acting in the name of Rome. Next came the inquisitors. They tortured and burnt, all those who had another faith to their own. Because they were in Rome's service. Finally, the Huguenots were persecuted and martyred, because Rome could not tolerate them. Now we are Roman Catholics and we make up a part of France, which boasts of being the "eldest daughter of the Church". My ancestors are complaining and they accuse. Can you not hear them?… I am an old lady and my days are numbered. I have done all I could, to justify and rehabilitate my

ancestors and their luminous divinity. Would you promise me to continue this work when I am no longer? You, a German, you can do this, as we are of the same blood?

I promised her and indeed intend to keep my promise.

Another memory also has Montségur for its setting. We had abandoned the car at the spot where the road goes down again to the village and reached the *Champ des Cremats*, the Field of the Burnt. Some mangel-wurzels grow there. We are silent and look to the castle that the engineer and treasure hunter from Bordeaux had left. The financial means of this

'secret society', which he spoken to me about, had dissolved a sort while ago. Suddenly, I feel an imperial need to speak of my German country to the countess. I did so with passion.

I also evoked our poet Hölderlin who, poor and hunted, sojourned a while in the south of France. It is here that suddenly as he was writing to his beloved Diotima, he was struck by Apollo. And, as I evoke Hölderlin, the Manes of the Cathars that the priests and monks burnt on this field, waiting confidently for Judgement Day, must have felt a serenity greater still. To this effect, I began to recite some verses of Hölderlin: those which his Empedocles hurls in the face of a priest before climbing Etna — which was known as the Mount Bel in the Middle Ages — to die. Empedocles, as a forerunner, followed Dietrich of Bern's route to the Hereafter. He despised priests:

… It was for a long time an enigma to me

That nature in its orbit tolerates you.

And when I was just a child,

Already, my pious heart flees you, you, the corrupters of everything,

It gave itself to only one deep and incorruptible love,

To the Sun and to the Ether and all the messengers

Of Great Nature sensed from afar;

As in my fear I have really felt

That you have tried to divert towards a vulgar cult

The free love of this heart for the gods,

And that it is necessary that I should practice as you.

Flee ! I cannot see in front of me a man,

Who practices the Holy as a profession,

His face is false, cold and dead,

In the image of his gods. Why do you stay there

Forbidden?

Leave

now!

I remember the deceased with emotion. And the little Empire clock that she gave me shells out its sweet tick-tock.

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BY A ROADSIDE, IN THE SOUTH

OF GERMANY

t is Summer, and I am once again on German soil. I take German roads. I sleep under German roofs. In my joyful soul Walther von der Vogelweide's 'joyous round dance'

Iresonates.

I will stay the night at Tübingen, where Hölderlin lived, where he suffered and composed his poems. People took him for a fool. Even so Apollo touched him with his arrows…!

Sitting in the shade of an apple tree, I blink so that I might contemplate the clear sky through branches and leaves. Bees, wasps and midges buzz. Crickets sing. A lark takes flight, light-heartedly, towards the light. I take a pen and paper from my knapsack. Who would reproach me for writing at this instant? I have to, as it is the only way for me to express what I feel. Who would be annoyed with me for composing my poems, in my way? I must, as poetry speaks loudly in me.

On the road, I can see men of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in my mind's eye.

They pass before me one by one…

I ask one of them, "What is your name?". He is no longer a young man. His hair is grey and his cheeks are pale. He is wearing a long black robe, covered in dust and whose edges are frayed with wear. He approaches with a light step.

“My name is Bertran and I am from the land of Foix.”

“Where are you going?”

“Towards the Rhine and further still”, he replies simply.

“Are you a heretic?”

“I am”, he says fixing me with a stare.

“Are you running from something?”

“I am an outlaw and I am fleeing the Romans.”

“I know your country.”

“I know that, but you do not know it sufficiently well.” The man continues to speak to me in my language, “I was a knight! You have driven past the ruins of my castle, without paying attention, as you were deeply buried in a book. You should read less and observe and listen more. My castle stood on a hill near Foix. From there, Montségur could be seen. The inquisitors burnt my brother, his wife and children, while I was away. I celebrated the winter

solstice on the Ornolac heights, not far from the subterranean church, that you saw in the Pyrenees, on Mount Lujat, on the Route of the Cathars. We call this celebration, *Nadal* —

Noël.

I interrupt him and ask, “Have you celebrated in reverence and solemnity the birth of Jesus of Nazareth?”

“No! The birth of deified Sun! A number of us called him Christ, as did the Greeks before the Christian Era. Christ is not Jesus. Jesus was Jewish, a Jewish adept. After his death, his believers proclaimed him the Saviour by assimilating him with the sun.”

“Bishop Melito, living in the early days of Christianity in the town of Sardes in Asia minor, was not he right in saying that the Christ doctrine was not a revealed religion, but rather a philosophy, empowered at first to deal solely with barbarians; that it begun to spread under the Roman Emperor Augustus in an altered form and could follow its progression as Rome grew — so, in other words, Jerusalem and Rome adapt the doctrine of Christ and remodelled it to

serve their own needs?”

“Yes. However, the doctrine which states that Jesus Christ had a terrestrial life and died on the cross is Jewish and… contrary to the divine.”

“Why contrary to the divine?”

“Because it is contrary to the divine to imagine the divinity as a physical person.”

“What is God?”

“God is Spirit, Light and Force!”

“Is there an anti-God?”

“Yes. It is weakness, which in men takes the form of lies and doubt. It is also the spirit of anarchy and destruction.”

“So for you, Lucifer, whom you call Lucibel, is not the Devil? Who is he?”

“Lucifer is Nature such as you see it in you, about you and above you. It is two-fold; it is the earth without light and the sky of light dispenser of life.”

“Is Lucifer your god?”

“Why do you not talk of divinity? Your idea of god — ‘ *der Gott* (God)’ — implies a personification. My German contemporaries, you should know, only know the divinity as

‘ *das Gott*’. Biblical representations, whether you like it or not, have distorted your mind!”

“So Lucifer is your divinity?”

“No. It is a mediator.”

“The strong man therefore needs a mediator?”

“Yes! Not a mediator that delivers him, but a mediator that offers him an example and model. Lucifer is also the sun. You need it to live. You need it just as much to accept death.”

“How so?” I ask him this question, already knowing the answer.

“In winter, the sun dies and in the spring, it is reborn. It brings the light of life, of immortality.”

“Man is immortal?”

“You must find the answer yourself. Look around you!”

I look at the apple tree under which I am sitting. Its trunk is old and worm-eaten.

One day, it will subside, rotten. In the meantime, it still provides flowers. These will be fertilised, will bear fruit, which will fall, will bury themselves in the ground, giving birth to

 Das Gott is a neutral term whereas *der Gott* is masculine and therefore personified.

new trees. — And I see the man before me. He is no longer young. His hair is grey. I ask him, “Are you a father?”

“I was. My four children were burnt, at Toulouse, on a pyre. While they were burning, I remained hidden in disguise in the middle of these people who claim to hold the true faith and who justify and excuse all their horrors with references to the Old Testament…”

“How do you manage to live after your death?”

“By the example. By the fact that, right up until my last breath, in spite of all the trials, I remained strong and proud, and that I accomplished the law. And…”

“Which law are you talking about?”

“You must find the answer yourself. Look above you!”

I see the sun. It blinds me. Yet I know that each evening it will disappear. And each morning, it must rise up once again on the horizon. Each year, its destiny is to see its daily course decrease, then to regenerate itself. It brings the earth alive and gives its light to other stars, which, due to this fact, end up resembling little suns. Generous and chivalrous, it allows other more luminous and larger suns the right to shine as they please. It is powerful, as it conquers sombre clouds, the black night and winter, the season of death. It is proud, as it does not allow itself to be ravished by its reason for being, that is to

say the right to regulate the day and year….

“Look inside yourself!” the man told me. I obeyed. And I heard two voices in me affronting each other. “Be silent!” one says to the other, “You are Optimism and you have confidence, without discernment, in the mirage of life, in the world and things! What is life?

Pain and work, sickness and death. What is the world? The purveyor of misery, the valley of tears, the battlefield of passions. What are things? An imperfect matter, perishable and changing, destined for decline from the beginning. Even the stars that you celebrate so much

— you, the joy of life incarnate — will disappear one day. The ultimate end awaits them too.

Nothing you may learn through your senses is durable or divine, as God alone is eternal.

There exists but one certainty; death. It is on this ‘stone’ that you should build your temple!”

Then the second voice intervenes, “I am the ‘Yes’! I wish to stay the powerful, proud and courageous ‘Yes’! The divinity has not created the world, all visible things and myself by chance. I am convinced of it. And this certitude regards everything as sacred; the stars, the earth, the elements and above all the space in which the divinity of the world gave me light: my country and my clan. The divinity gave me life and on this life, I have built. I am me. But I would not exist without my clan, my clan would not exist without my country and my country would not exist without the divinity.” — “The divinity had no more to do with your country than that of any other man, as before the divinity all men and peoples are identical!”

That is what the first voice replied. At that the second voice was silent.

This is why the grey-haired man then says to me, “My country is no more. It has been transformed into a field of ruins and, on the Pope’s order, it was prepared to welcome a new race. We were exterminated, as we neither recognised Yahweh, the god of the Jews, nor Moses and the Prophets. We did not pray to the god of the Jews, as the divinity has no more relations with the Jewish people than with any other people. This claim of being the elected people of God, only the Jews have manifested. What is Yahweh, if it is not the soul of the Jewish people, arrogant, intolerant, jealous, greedy for power and without nobility?

The soul of my people was wholly other. Our God was light, shining and noble. In its perfection, it was that which we incarnate only imperfectly."

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"Why did you, the heretics, give yourselves the name of *Parfaits* (Perfects), when you had received the consecration of your faith? Why did you call yourselves *Purs* (Pure Ones)?

Was not it reckless to attribute such names to yourselves?"

"We chose these names to mark our opposition to Rome who considered that all men, whatever their blood, are vile, corrupted and impure. As descendants of our ancestors, the Hellenics and Goths, we felt noble and not vile, perishable or for the moment distant from God, but not corrupt and cut off from God! We had no need of Rome's god, as we knew that we had a true God. We had no need of Moses' commandments, as we carried in our hearts the laws bequeathed to us by our ancestors! Moses was imperfect and corrupt, otherwise he would not have taken a Mauresque as a wife and he would not have let God's anger — in the form of leprosy — rain down on his brothers who blamed him. Moses was that which the Jews were who wished to impose their faith, their writings and their Law on us: imperfect impure men, with the soul of a slave and of mixed-race! We, the Occidentals of Nordic blood, we were called Cathars, as the Orientals of Nordic blood were called Parsees, that is to say Pure Ones. You must understand me, otherwise your blood must be impure too!"

"Parsees… ?"

"— Yes! The Parsees, the Aryans and us, the Cathars, have not betrayed our blood.

There you have the secret of the 'link that unites us' that you tirelessly seek! Note this well: if you have a liking for Parzival, you should know henceforth that this is an Iranian name. It means: pure flower! And if you put yourself in quest of the Grail, it is the sacred stone of the Parsees, the *Ghral*, that you seek. Only he who is already known in heaven, will have access to the Grail. You have read all that in Wolfram von Eschenbach. Our Heaven is neither that of Jerusalem, nor that of Rome. Our Heaven only speaks to Pure Ones, in other words those who are neither inferior creatures or of mixed race, nor slaves: Aryans. This name means 'nobles and lords'!"

I lift up my eyes. I am alone…

A song comes nearer. It is the hearty voices of boys. A troop of German youth passes before me on the route. We exchange cheerful banter. Then we all sit down together under the tree in bloom and strike up a new German song: *If one of us is tired,*

The other keeps watch for him,

If one of us tends to doubt,

The other, convinced, laughs.

If one of us must fall

The other stand up for two,

As to each fighter

God gives a comrade.

 Consolamentum.

 Descendants of the Zoroastrians of Persia who, persecuted by Muslims, emigrated to India in the 8th c.

They conserved the *Avesta* — the holy Mazadean texts — and brought them to the world.

 Wenn einer von uns müde wird,

Der andre für ihn wacht,

Wenn einer von uns zweifelm will,

Der andre gläubig lacht.

106

WORMS

am on the bridge of the Rhine. The cathedral towers emerge through the fog of the old town with its winding streets. Far off to the west,

the Donnersberg, this mountain once Iconsecrated to the Nordic god Donar-Thorr, appears in bluish tints. To the east, crowned by little light clouds, the splendid chain of Odenwald, which would simply have been 'Odin's Forest', undulates. I can even clearly make out the Bregstrasse vineyards and the fortified castles above Auerbach, Heppenheim and Weinheim. The village where Hagen killed Siegfried is situated there:

If you seek the spring near which Siegfried was assassinated

Let me give you precise instructions:

At the foot of Odenwald is a village called Odenhain.

Even today the spring flows there — You may be assured of this.

Between Odenwald and the Rhine, I catch sight of a bell-tower rising above the tops of a great forest: it belongs to the church of Lorsch, a small district famous for the ruins of its monastery. Today, a monument stands there in honour of the dead of the World War.

There exist in Germany perhaps more grandiose and impressive cemeteries for our heroes.

But I find it difficult to think of one.

Lady Kriemhilde — Such was her will —

Buried the noble Siegfried a second time

At Lörse, near the monastery, with much magnificence and

honours:

It is there that lies the hero so hardy and majestic in a great coffin.

It might be that this Rose Garden, of which the popular thirteenth century epic, *The Great Rose Garden*, speaks was located at Lorsch — which used to bear the name Laurisham

—, a King Gibich of Worms owned a superb and enchanting terrestrial

paradise, known as the Rose Garden, a mile long and a half-mile wide. Like Laurin's Tyrolean garden, it was fenced in by a silk thread. And it was guarded by twelve Rhineland heroes, one of whom was called Siegfried. Kriemhilde, Gibich's daughter and Siegfried's fiancée, had heard so many *Wenn einer von uns fallen sollt',*

Der andre steht für zwei,

Denn jedem Kämpfer gibt ein Gott

Den Kameraden bei.

 End of the 16th adventure from the C manuscript of the *Song of the Nibelungen*.

 End of the 19th adventure of the C manuscript of the *Song of the Nibelungen*.

marvellous tales of Dietrich of Bern that she invited him to visit her Rhineland country with eleven companions, to confront her heroes. The victor would be recompensed with a crown of roses and a kiss. Dietrich accepted the challenge. Eleven Berneans were victorious. So Dietrich then confronted Siegfried. But Dietrich's sword blows slid off his adversary's skin, which was as hard as horn. At this point, the Bernean began to fulminate with rage, flames left his mouth as if he were the Devil. Siegfried prostrated himself beaten in Kriemhilde's arms. She hastily covered him with a protecting veil. Dietrich and his heroes received the crown of roses and the kiss that was their due.

This crown of roses (*Rosenkranz*, in German) could not have been the ecclesiastical rosary (equally *Rosenkranz*, in German), this chain of small beads, which one uses to pray.

Originally, the crown of roses did not have this purpose: one gleefully suspended it in the May tree or in front of the house "as an invitation to sing". This is what a priest from the village of Elysacia (now Elz) did in his diocese of Trêves, in the thirteenth century, during the epoch when Cäsarius von Heisterbach was writing his *Chronicles*: during a ball, this priest had won a crown of roses and had hung it in front of his house, "so that people could come and enjoy themselves and dance". One day, he was sitting in an inn, with a bottle of wine.

Suddenly a terrible storm broke. He hurried to the church with his sacristan, who had also drunk his pitcher, to ring the bells. As they

arrived, they were thrown to the ground by lightning, the priest on top of the sacristan. The sacristan stood up unharmed, but the priest was dead. According to the chronicler, Heaven had punished him with death, as he had taken part in the dance at the ball and had hung up his rose crown.

Often, in the place of a rose crown, one offered a ram or a billy goat. One day, at Hertene (now Kirchherten, in Lower Rhineland), Cäsarius again recounts, a ram adorned with silk ribbons had been solemnly exposed and a town crier had invited the town dwellers to dance. The best dancer would win the ram. At the first musical notes, the dance began.

But, there again, a violent storm broke above Hertene. The celebration was broken up. —

Another chronicler of the thirteenth century, Bishop Oliver von Paderborn, reported that similar dancers had bowed down before the ram. This must have been deemed a heretic act.

It was said elsewhere that one of the Cathars' capital sins was "the worship of a billy goat".

It is known today that the billy goat and the rose were, in ancient times, consecrated to the god Thorr-Donar. I ask myself if Thorr is not the brother of Laurin, this king of dwarves who fenced in his Tyrolean rose garden with a silk thread so that no unworthy person might gain entry. Is Thorr Laurin's brother, he who "living in German country", bestowed a thousand years of life to those who came to find him having followed a clearly traced route and who were ready to seal themselves in a mountain of fire? According to Wolfram von Eschenbach, Laurin said to the king, Dietrich of Bern, "You still have fifty years to live. And you may wish to become an even more powerful hero, death will end by seizing you. All you have to do is chose a mountain, whose interior is made of flames.

People will think that you have left to be consumed in a great inferno, while in truth you will be as the terrestrial divinities!"

The old name for Lorsch is Laurisham. Laurin was perhaps also the guardian of a rose garden here. The Lorsch monastery is to be found on a dune. To read Wolfram von Eschenbach, it would have been very likely that the Romans — read: Papists — had had it in

"for this mountain" and that they had therefore erected the monastery on the site of the Rose Garden.

 Rhineland-Westphalie, between Aix-la-Chapelle and Cologne.

So many questions, so many enigmas…

MICHELSTADT IN ODENWALD

t is in this little village that my mother brought me into the world. Her ancestors are buried here. Already as a child, I felt a deep love for this beautiful corner of the earth. We Iwere then living in Bingen on the Rhine. And while my parents were getting the preparations ready for spending the summer holidays at Michelstadt, I would question them: The spring where Hagen of Tronje hit Siegfried, was it really the fountain surrounded by lime trees, which I had been shown the previous year? Should I believe that Odhinn's last priest in Odenwald had really lived near the "house of wood" (*Hainhaus*), where one could still see the stone terraces of his Thing; while a children's book much read in Hesse could not inform me for certain on this point? The very old basilica at the gates of Michelstadt, was it really built by Emma, Charlemagne's daughter and his historiographer, Eginhard, in spite of this Odhinnist priest's opposition? During the holidays, I would always discover new things, many mysteries: Mespelbrunn Castle reflected in the waters of a sleeping lake in the middle of the forest, Roman camps hidden in the high forests, the hunting inn of Eulbach with its magnificent reserve full of roe deer and wild boar and the armour of the king of Sweden, Gustav-Adolf, in Erbach Castle.

One day, we had crossed the mountains that separate Hesse from Bavaria in order to visit the monastery Engelberg on the Main. It was exactly on the day of pilgrimage: pilgrims mounted the hundreds of steps leading to the church at the summit of the hill on their knees and prayed with their rosary. Already, at that time, I could not understand the profound reason which could force such mortification. We returned to Michelstadt passing through Amorbach. And me, I was seated in front with the coach driver. The day after tomorrow I will retrace the same journey., as near Amorbach — which I did not know as a child — is Wildenberg Castle, also known as the 'Grail castle of Odenwald'. It is there that Wolfram von Eschenbach, the guest of a certain knight of Durne, composed a part of his *Parzival*.

Some even claim that this castle was the model for his Montsalvage, his Grail castle. And that Montsalvage is the translation of Wildenberg.

So I came into the world in the Grail's orbit. Parzival, Siegfried and Odhinn-Wotan were my godfathers.

It is already well into the night. I can hear the whispering of trees and the murmuring of a fountain. Somewhere, a dog barks. The Bible is open in front of me. In the fifth book

 Gathering place, notably for justice.

 Savage Mount.

of Moses — whom the Cathars considered as a traitor and a liar —, I have just read this terrible phrase, which made me shiver: "You will devour therefore all the peoples which Yahweh your god has delivered unto you, and your eye shall be without pity!"

Today Sunday, I return to the church where I was baptised. The priest made a long sermon, with much recourse to Biblical quotations. At the heart of this discourse, full of emphasis, he placed this citation from the apostle Paul: "I do not understand what I do: as I do not do what I like, but that which I hate… I therefore find a law imposed upon me when I wish to do the right thing, which is that only evil is presented before me. For the Lord frees those he chooses, but leaves in sin those whom he pleases. Wretched man that I am!

Who will deliver me from this mortal body?"

After the office, which had the effect of a terrible nightmare upon me, I set off alone to walk outside the town. And I composed my first sermon: I began with a citation from Schiller: "Be what you like, Hereafter without name —

from the moment when my friend remains loyal. Be what you like, from the moment when my integral being can go to you. Exterior things are only an appearance of men. I am my Heaven and my Hell! The noblest privilege of human nature is to be able to chose for itself whether to do Good for Good. Noble men pay with what they are!"

I follow my preaching with the words of Meister Eckhart: "The righteous man serves neither God nor creatures. He is so rooted in Justice, that in that regard he considers neither the pains of Hell nor the joys of Heaven. Justice is a thing of such seriousness to him that if God was not righteous, he would not give him the slightest attention. Man should not fear God! God is a god of Presence. One should not

seek to find or imagine him outside of oneself, but to perceive him as he is, true to me and in me.— The truth is so noble that if God should turn away from it, I should attach myself to it and abandon God!”

By the same token, I let the beneficial words of the sages of our epoch express themselves in me: “Here is the wisdom of the courageous: he who wishes to flee sin, flees life. But he who atones by crossing it and finding eternity there, renews it in himself. It does not concern deliverance from this world, certainly not, but to save oneself for the world!

Thus, and only thus, life conquers death. It is only by a reinforcement of God, from what is noble in us, through our own action and by imitating that which cheers us, that our ‘Me’ may be helped: this means freeing oneself and taking one’s flight. All deliverance, all justification existing in advance, due to the fact that it is our will that makes us become. Punishment is only a consequence. There is only one real punishment of sin, and this punishment is that which suffers he who acts contrary to himself at the moment when he takes his decision to act: he will become worse. Redemption is also a consequence. There is only one true Redemption, which is also a recompense, it is that which involuntarily, but irrevocably, the author of the action undergoes himself: he will become nobler! The man himself is in the end the result of his acts and realisations — which he directs upwards or downwards, towards the best or the worst. We have only one reality: action! We have only one real fact: the finished act!”

 Deuteronomy (in Greek the ‘second law’).

 Deut. 7, 16.

 Epistle to the Romans, 7, 15-24.

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I finish my discourse by these words taken from Nietzsche’s *Zarathoustra*: “That which is great in man, is that he is a bridge and not an end. That which may be loved in man, is that he is a passage and not a fall…”

The ‘Earth’ is a country of the starry Heavens.

t is near the little village of Amorbach, whose Baroque church's bell towers, castle and abbey buildings seem to crush the small group of poor and simple houses, that IAmorsbrunn and its little chapel stand, a haven of grace surrounded by trees. Already during the pagan epoch, which is wrongly accused of having been bereft of light and grace, there was a sacred space here. "When the first Christian missionaries reached the valley, they also deliberately chose — as it is said that others did in similar circumstances — to preach in the places sacred to the pagan population. So the tradition must be correct, as it is here, that the baptism of the first Christians took place by lustral waters". — It is told that two saints came from Ireland, Pirmin and his disciple, a certain Amor (or *Amour*, Love), who brought "the Gospel's light" to men "who still wandered in the shadow of death". This Saint Amor stayed on as the abbot for thirty-three years, "after Boniface had, in 734, consecrated the first church in Amorbach" — and is said to have "prayed to God to grant the power of treating and healing" to the Amor spring. — However, an archivist of the bishopric of Würzbourg showed, twenty years ago, that the history of the Amorbach Abbey before the tenth century was an invention from start to finish. Pirmin had never played the slightest role in the construction of Amorbach, Saint Amor (there is also a Roman god of Love who bears this name) is thought to be a total figment of a much later imagination, and the Amorbach Abbey is thought only to have been founded towards the end of the tenth century by monks from the Burgundian Abbey of Cluny.

The Amorsbrunn sanctuary owes its name equally to Saint Amor, this "total figment of a later imagination". Inside the little chapel, a wooden statue representing the saint can be seen, which was offered, three hundred years ago, by a municipal councillor of Würzbourg, who wished to thank Heaven for preserving his couple. In 1899, a local poet, now forgotten, told in his account entitled *Saint Amour*, that the wife of the municipal councillor had not been cured by the intervention of the saint, but "by the fortifying, regenerating and life-giving pure air of her stay in Odenwald's beautiful mountains". And, as that could happen again today, loud voices are raised against this heretic.

I learn from small book on the Amorbach region, that concerning the Amorsbrunn chapel, "the human prosthetics in wax, the children's dolls and images which covered, thirty

 Zarathoustra's prologue, 4. Otto Rahn has changed the text here a little — he is a passage *and* a fall.

 The river of Amor.

 Amorsbrunn.

years ago, the altars and walls have all disappeared with the exception of but a small few".

The retable sculpted in a flamboyant Gothic style should be considered as the "fruit of the pious spirit which has manifested itself here for centuries", which represents the family tree of the Virgin Mary: it shows the ancestor of the line, Jesse, who, lain out, appears to be sleeping and from him the tree develops, which at the centre of its branches shows a Virgin Mary holding a baby Jesus in her arms. The two Baroque altars, the statue of Saint Amor, the Rococo prayer stools, the column supporting a statue of the Virgin and Jesus on the Cross, all this, according to the book, forms a harmonious impression of the whole, which has not been destroyed by a recent imitation of the Lourdes grotto. Even a Saint Christopher can be seen who "bears no relation to the original cult whose object was its source". In fact, I believe that apart from the trees, the source itself and the sky, nothing one may see at Amorsbrunn today "has any relation to the original cult whose object was its source". And even less so, this Saint Amor or — as my guide also concurs — the Lourdes grotto's imitation in bad taste.

The Provençal heretics said *Amor* for *Minne* (Love); the *Minne* is Thoughts and Remembrance; "But Remembrance", as our own dear poet Jean-Paul Richter noted, "is the sole Paradise from which we cannot be chased". And so, I remember: all the Germanic tribes worshipped fountains and sources. Near a fountain, some would think of Freya-Holda

— who was also called Venus — the divine protector of the vital waters, while others peopled the sacred waters with invisible Undines or Nixes. Our ancestors did not express their veneration and their religious sentiments with the help of plaster figures, wax dolls, prayer stools or artificial grottoes. By the same token, their divinities had no need of family trees: their father was himself the Father-of-All, he who simultaneously carries a number of names and has no name, who is one and multiple, who manifests himself openly and remains

inconceivable. His line does not hail from Jesse, but from Heaven, of which the Earth is a part…

 Water nymphs from Nordic mythology.

 Odhinn Alfaddir which means Odhinn Father-of-All.

am going to visit with two historians of literature at Wildenberg Castle, situated near the village of Preunschen in the heart of a magnificent thick forest, which is known as the IGrail castle of Odenwald. My companions are certainly in agreement that Wildenberg is one of Germany's most beautiful ruined castles. But as to whether the magnificent edifice, destroyed during the 'Peasants' War', had played host to Wolfram von Eschenbach, they were unable to agree. At last, I intervene to suggest if we might first of all establish if Wolfram's *Parzival*, influenced by the heretical movements of his time, could have been written in Wildenberg Castle with the consent of the Durne knight or at his request. In my opinion, research should be carried out in this direction: in 1233, relations of the Lord of Durne, the Counts of Looz (the poet attached to their house was Heinrich Veldeke), had been accused, by the Grand Inquisitor Konrad von Marbourg, before the Deity of Mainz, of adhering to Luciferian heresy…— Scarcely have I spoken these words than my two erudite companions, ferocious adversaries an instant earlier, fall in complete agreement… against me.

Amorbach, small city full of charm, might well have taken its name from an imaginary person such as Saint Amor or, as I would like to say but lack the proof thereof, the word *Amor* (which, in heretical Provence, was the translation of *Minne*, Love); the venerable walls of the ruined castle of Wildenberg might or might not have seen, seven hundred years ago, the *Minnesänger* Wolfram von Eschenbach working on his great poetical work… That is of little interest to me. I maintain vigorously what I have already noticed in the south of France: as Wolfram himself wrote, the true Grail legend and that of Parzival came from Provence to Germany; Wolfram used a heretical Provençal poem as a model of his epoch; after his guarantor Kyot of Provence — the troubadour Guiot de Provins —, he sung of noble knights and noble heretic ladies; the Grail castle Montsalvage had Montségur Castle, in the Pyrenees, for its model; the *Land of Salvatsche*, the Land of the Grail is the Pyrenean Tabor region. Finally, the treasure of the

Cathar Church, which four ‘pure’ knights bore away from Montségur to hide in the Sabarthès, this region of grottoes, was perhaps…

the Grail. Not this Grail appropriated by the Roman Church, that is to say the cup used to collect Christ’s blood at the Passion, but rather a stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer, which dispenses food, drink and eternity, to those worthy of its contemplation.

I go back alone to Wildenberg Castle. I examine at length the exceptional and splendid work of the stonemasons and the numerous marks of their profession, which they have left. Then, I turn my gaze towards the sun-drenched countryside. My thoughts are carried far away. Towards the East. They follow this route, which was taken, according to a Pyrenean legend, by the Countess Esclarmonde de Foix, suzerain of the Grail castle,

Montségur, when she left it in the form of a dove to fly off to the mountains of Asia…

Esclarmonde is not dead, a shepherd told me. Today still, she is alive there in terrestrial paradise…

To the Iranian Parsees and the Aryan Indians, memory was also the only Paradise, from which they could not be chased. We know that their sacred tradition taught that the Far North was the original land of the Aryans; this blessed land of Aryana was the country of sun and men lived there in happiness. One lived a long time there and one could discourse most intimately with the gods, who seemed to live in the midst of men. A drink running from marvellous trees, bestowed immortality upon gods and divine transcendence upon men: the drink was called Haoma, or as the Aryan Indians said, Soma. He who took this, received the Aryan force in him.

One day the winter serpent rose up. The men, animals and plants were mirrored in the cold; the sea froze, the sun went away; the arctic climate reigned. From one year to the next, winter lasted eight months. Men were forced to leave. For the South. But the Far North would stay in their memories as the ultimate goal to which they should return. To invoke it in their prayers, the Aryans would climb a mountain in their new country, a Paradise — *Paradêsha* (this word means ‘elevated region’). This holy mountain was, at its origin, an Aryan paradise, at whose summit one would return in spirit to the North, the land of gods and ancestors. To describe this fervent

memory, the Aryans of India and Iran used the word *man*.

The divinity was benevolent to the Aryans who had migrated to the South, as it had, as the most ancient legends tell, sent an eagle or dove to them. The bird's mission was to bring them the tree of Soma, with which the sacred drink was prepared, thanks to which they did not loose their Aryan force. Since that time, Soma could be drunk even in the South. To remember. For the *Minne* (One has seen this last word's kinship to the Sanskrit *man* and the Gothic *Munni*, 'Memory'). A four thousand years old *paradêsha* of this kind, as spoken of in the Rig-Veda, was called Mûjavat and was situated to the west of the Indies.

Centuries, millenniums passed. Jesus the Nazarene was born. Jews and Romans taught that he was God incarnate and sent missionaries to announce this. Christianity spread.

A new era had begun. From the third century of this era, Iranian Manicheism, along with Germanic Arianism, was the greatest enemy of the Christian Church. The Iranian Mount Mûjavat became the supreme sanctuary of the Manicheans after that time. Today, it is called *Kôh-I-Chwadschä* (which means, the mount of kings or the mount of God) and is situated, abandoned and deserted, near the marshy Lake Hamun, at the border of Iran and Afghanistan. The Hellenics had baptised this lake the *Aria Palus*, the Aryan Lake. Alexander the Great went there.

A contemporary Austrian researcher, Friedrich von Suhtscheck, sees in this mountainous sanctuary of Kôh-I-Chwadschä — which beats all those of Jerusalem, Mecca or Rome in terms of age —, the model for Wolfram's Grail mountain Montsalvage, and in the Lake Hamun, Lake Brumbane which Parzival reaches during the course of his quest, before finding the path to the Castle of Salvation. According to Suhtscheck, the very names which Wolfram gave to his characters testify categorically to their Iranian origins: Parzival, more exactly Parsiwal, meaning 'flower of the Parsees' or 'pure flower', as *parsi* translates as

'pure'; his father Gamuret could be the most ancient Iranian king Gamurt; Parzival's son, Lohengrin (in Wolfram, but Loherangrin in the *War of the Wartburg*) could be the Persian god Lohrangerin. This name means 'red messenger'. *Parzival*, Wolfram's poem could be in large part a versified adaptation of an archaic Iranian text. Another very ancient text that should

be considered as a possible literary model is the Manichean *Chant of the Pearl*, one of the most profound works of the human spirit, dating from the third century and steeped in the noblest Iranian spirit. It has often been said that this chant was composed by Mani, the founder of Manicheism himself. On one side the *Chant of the Pearl* celebrates the conquest of the supreme symbol of Manichean faith, the mystic pearl (*ghr-al*), and on the other Wolfram praises the Grail in the form of a stone, there is no apparent contradiction, as the Persian word *ghr-al* equally means 'precious stone'.

I ask myself: Could not this book written in a strange alphabet, which was found in Montségur's ruins (about which an old inhabitant of the little Pyrenean city of Lavelanet had spoke to me), have been a copy of the original Iranian 'Parzival'? — Something else causes me to reflect: the clay doves were discovered in these same ruins of Montségur and, each year on Good Friday, the 'Day of the greatest *Minne*'), Wolfram von Eschenbach brought down from the earth's climes a dove which had just deposited a host, small and white, on the Grail.

Then the dove of an immaculate whiteness

Flew off again skywards

As I have told you, each Good Friday,

It came to lay its gift on the stone…

The day of Wolfram's greatest *Minne* was not necessarily the Christian Good Friday, this day when, on Golgotha, the sacrificial setting near Jerusalem, Joseph of Arimathea is supposed to have collected Jesus of Nazareth's blood in a cup; it could as well have been the Manichean celebration of Nauroz, the springtime celebration where day and night are equal (spring equinox). According to the ancient Manichean chants, at each celebration of Nauroz, a turtledove would lay down the holy Haoma seed on the *ghr-al*, the sacred stone.

Alone on the Wildenberg, I also let my thoughts wander towards the West, the North and the South. As I have already mentioned, it was from the North, from the land of Tulla or Tullan, that the ancestors of the ancient Mexican Toltec people headed south. They considered this land as their original land, where the ice had ended up imposing its reign and where the sun had disappeared. But for them, it was always,

as in the beginning, the

'Paradise' of their heroes. This Toltec Tulla corresponds perfectly to the mysterious island of Thule, this *Thule ultima a sole nomen habens* / Ultima Thule which owes its name to the sun.

Two thousand years ago, Pytheas of Marseilles set off to find it. Since then, many others have tried to reach this land "which is the nearest to Heaven and the most sacred" and where they hope to "see the Father of the Gods and rejoice in a day without night".

Ultima Thule is also the land of the Hyperboreans who lived beyond the North wind in eternal light and over whom reigned, as God, Delphic Apollo. [illegible] This land of the Hyperboreans was deemed by the noble Hellenics to be the cradle of their race and the country of their divinity. It is none other than Æa, this island of sun on whose discovery the Argonauts had launched themselves. Like the Iranians, the Hellenics also had their 'Paradise': the celebrated mountain of the Gods — Olympia, Parnassus or Oeta — were all *paradêsha,* at whose summit one thought through prayer of the Nordic land of Light, this island of sun, where one drunk the Nectar and the Ambrosia which gave immortality and bliss. The

[illegible] *Parzival*, 470.

[illegible] In other words the Nordic god Balder.

Hellenics had a word to describe this moving memory: *mimneskin*, which belongs to the same family as the Sanskrit *man*, the Latin *memini*, the Gothic *munni* and the German *Minne*.

The splendid Montségur, lying in the wild mountains of the Pyrenean Tabor, was also a *paradêsha*.

The Provençal Cathars, to whom we owe so much more than just Wolfram's *Parzival*, kept writings and national chants. The literature of the Provençal heretics would appear to be as protean as their history, marked by the imprint of Greeks, Celts and Germans.

It is for this reason that we may find beside Wolfram's poetry Oriental names and a number of Occidental terms. Examples abound: Wolfram sings of Persia, Babylon, the Euphrates, the Tigris and India; but he also celebrates Alexandria, the Trojans, and even a

‘Hiperbotikon’ land, in other words the land of the Hyperboreans; he mixes the names of Provençal, Spanish, French and British places (Aragon, Katelangen / Cologne, Gascony, Paris, Normandy, Burgundy, Brittany, Ireland or London) and names of German and Scandinavian places (Worms, Rhine, Spessart, Thuringia, Denmark, Norway or Greenland).

And, in order to bring to life a scene of extraordinary variety, Wolfram calls upon Zarathustra, Aeneas, Plato, Hercules, Alexander, Virgil, Siegfried and the Nibelungen, Sibich

— an adversary of Dietrich of Bern — or Wolfart — a companion of this same Dietrich —

… — Every true troubadour should know by heart History and myth and possess what can only be called an encyclopaedic knowledge. Wolfram and his master Kyot-Guiot fulfilled these criteria so perfectly, that *Parzival* still inspires a respectful astonishment in us today.

One must integrate it into the most grandiose performances of the human spirit.

Up until the thirteenth century of the Christian Era, with Catharism, a power independent of Palestine and the Roman Vatican, remained active in Europe, which had no need of purification from all the Jewish mythology as it had never adopted it, or only superficially; a power which had already been active previously in a huge space stretching from India to the columns of Hercules, from Greenland to Sicily, but whose centre one knew was to be found at one unique ‘Pole’: the North Pole, the *Polus arcticus*, as Wolfram calls it in *The War of the Wartburg*, a power which united men living under different climes and in different lands, but which belonged to the same race with a common origin. In resting on these most ancient Aryan myths, let us call this power, ‘Aryan Power’!

All those who took part in this Aryan force placed the origin of their kind in the Far North. They formed a community, independent of political frontiers and geographical distances. This community of *Minne* (Love or Remembrance), it was already known in this way, kept and transmitted intact the sacred Writings of the Aryans of the Orient, the myths of the Celts, the poems of the Aryan Hellenics, without forgetting the songs of the Germans.

The uniting link was *Minne*: memory handed down by the fathers, of ‘noble’ men of Nordic origin and of the “Nordic divinity in Nordic

paradise". A second link was their common adversary: the Augustine City of God, invented by a man of the seed of Shem and spread by priests so that Zion's law should become the law of the world.

On Mûjavat, the mountain of God, whose miserable ruins reflect in the waters of the Aryan lake which have since become troubled and muddy — on Montségur, the Grail mountain, in whose whereabouts the Cagots, the dogs of the Goths, carry on a cursed existence —, and also on the Neapolitan 'Gral', are our forerunner heroes and martyrs buried; guardians of Aryan thought. Pyrenean peasants told me that the Grail would distance itself further from men to the same degree that they showed themselves to be unworthy of it. This legend can be completed: the Grail draws nearer to men the more they show themselves to be worthy of it…!

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PART THREE

"You call that Hell?" asked Don Quixote;

"do not call it so, for it does not merit this name,

as you are about to experience forthwith for yourself."

Cervantes

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WITH FAMILY IN HESSE

have just given a present to my youngest cousin who is fourteen years old. I took him to a bookshop to choose a book. He decided easily: he seized a volume of heroic German Ilegends, leafed through it, sure of himself and uncertain at the same time, asking if the price for these 470 pages was not a little high for me. As I remained silent, he returned the book, hesitantly, began leafing through other works, then plunged himself once again into the heroic legends — glancing at me, from time to time, out of the corner of his eye. I ended up laughing and genially tapped the rogue's shoulder. The book was his. He beamed with joy. Now, he can swamp himself with the marvellous

legends of the Nibelungen, King Rother, Gudrun, King Ortnit, Wolfdietrich, Wieland the blacksmith, Dietrich of Bern, Parzival, Lohengrin and Tannhäuser: all the legends which belong to the Court of Lucifer and which, for the duration of his life, he will never be able to forget.

The bookshop has another copy of the same edition. I buy it for myself.

In it I read: “When the emperors of the house of Hohenstaufen reigned over Germany, the tree of German poetry blossomed, bedecked with bountiful buds and flowers.

Walther von der Vogelweide, Wolfram von Eschenbach and many other poets gave free reign to their song; the people delighted in hearing and honouring them, as though entities blessed by Heaven.”

Further along, I take up my reading again: “You are in Paradise, Tannhäuser, in the divine realm of the goddess Freya — whom we, at present, know as Venus. I can confirm to you that Freya, the goddess of Love, the Sovereign of the Valkyries with her golden hair and gracious smile, has chosen her domicile in this wooded mountain. There, one finds the new Folkvang of the most delightful of the Asgardian goddesses, the Mountain of Venus!”

Lastly, I am able to read how Dietrich of Bern is said to have met his death: “One day, while Lord Dietrich was bathing in a stream, a superb stag surged forth from the forest to quench his thirst. At this, the old king leapt onto the bank, threw his tunic over his shoulders and called to his horse. But it was a pitch-black stallion that came at a gallop; Lord Dietrich jumped on the animal’s back and, with the fervour of a windstorm, set off in the stag’s pursuit. His horsemen were powerless to follow him, and no human eye has beheld him ever since. However, up to this very day, on certain dark nights, he hunts with Wotan’s wild hordes, cleaving through the air brandishing his spear.”

My cousin shuts his book hurriedly and against his will: his mother has just reminded him that he must learn his canticles… To prepare for his Communion. He now takes his head in his hands and chants in a lowered voice, learning by rote without any comprehension:

As the morning star shines finely,

Full of Grace and the Truth of the Lord,

Which rises up over the land of Judah!

On the table, around which we are seated, my cousin and I, there are primroses, which are sometimes referred to as ‘keys of the sky’, and an inkwell, resembling that which

 Field of the people. Field of the troops or battlefield. Half the dead go to Venus the other to Odin.

 Venus, in astronomy.

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Dr. Martin Luther threw at the Devil. By its side, lies the Bible, translated into German by Luther. I open the book at the prophet Isaiah:

“And it shall come to pass in the last days that the mountain of Yahweh’s house of shall be established in the top of the mountains and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of Yahweh, to the house of the god of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways and we will walk in his paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the Law and the word of Yahweh from Jerusalem … And the idols he shall utterly abolish… And it shall come to pass in that day, that Yahweh shall punish the host of the high ones that are on high, and the kings of the earth upon the earth. And they shall be gathered together, as prisoners gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in the prison; and after many days shall they be visited. The moon shall be confused, and the sun ashamed, when Yahweh shall reign in mount Zion, and in Jerusalem… But ye are they that forsake Yahweh, that forget my holy mountain, that prepare a table for Gad, and that furnish the drink offerings for Meni. Therefore will I number you to the sword, and you shall all bow down to the slaughter… Therefore thus saith the Lord Yahweh, Behold, my servants shall eat, but ye shall go hungry: behold, my servants shall drink, but ye shall be thirsty: behold, my servants shall rejoice, but ye shall be ashamed: Behold, my servants shall sing for joy of heart, ye shall cry from sorrow of heart and shall howl for vexation of spirit. And ye shall leave your name for a curse unto my chosen… For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former things

shall not be remembered, nor come into mind…[119] For, behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing and her people a joy!" [120]

My cousin breaks the silence to tell me that he and his future communion comrades could never manage to suppress their laughter during the catechism, when the priest spoke of Moses, Abraham, Sarah and Isaac. Recently, the priest had become furious at this. So I ask him:

"Do you prefer the heroic German legends over Biblical tales?"

"Yes."

"Well never forget those to whom we owe them: the wandering poets of the Middle Ages".

And I speak to the attentive boy of Cathars and troubadours, the latter having finally been forced into exile, wandering the roads and forests, as there was no place for them —

the 'Devil's servants' — at the heart of the German Holy Roman Empire. I also recount the marvellous story of Parzival, who set off in search of his father and his god and who acquired the knowledge of the gods in the form of an anti-Christian pledge to the Love of

[119] *Isaiah*, 2, 2-3.

[120] *Isaiah*, 2, 18.

[121] *Isaiah*, 24, 21-23.

[122] Aramaean god of fortune.

[123] Unknown god, thought to be a god of fate.

[124] *Isaiah*, 65, 11-15.

[125] *Isaiah*, 65, 17.

[126] *Isaiah*, 65, 18.

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God: the stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer. I evoke the legends of Arthur's knights, guardians of the Grail: they had prepared a table to

celebrate their God and to toast the *Minne*. When the Romans marched against Arthur's Mountain, joy disappeared from the Court…

Not a single chronicle mentions that the German troubadours, our amiable singers of the *Minne* (*Minnesänger*) and the month of May, joined forces with the heretics. Nor is it reported that the German Cathars kept national chants. It is for this reason that my voyage to the heart of the Germanic Court of Lucifer is an arduous enterprise. But it will prove more difficult still to discover the "Mountain of Assembly in the most distant Midnight" of which Isaiah speaks. Yet, I undertake this, secure in the dark, aware that the light will shine in the Tenebrae and that the Quest for God may cross seas and move mountains. I do not follow my route blindly. Even should my eyes fail, I will follow by feeling my way.

I may wander up hill and down dale, but I have an ultimate goal: the hope of finding the stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer, if not the crown itself. I have sought the philosopher's stone. For many years. For how many more must I seek?

Touch is one of our senses. Just as life grows weaker, so man develops his receptivity and clairvoyance. Why should I not advance, in feeling my way through the Tenebrae, to where the light must shine? The grottoes of the Sabarthès taught me well. And even, should touch fail me, I know of an ultimate method for not losing my way. I shall free my soul and deploy its wings. Those who fear not the heights may follow me…

MELLNAU IN BURGWALD

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friend brought me as far as here in his car. It is the village where he was born.

Mellnau lists up against Burgwald, which has some of the most beautiful A mountainous countryside in all Hesse. By the roadsides and in the fields, fruit trees show off their first fruits, in some cases, whilst still bearing flowers. In contrast, the fir forest seems black next to the chalk-white walls of the farms and the fortified castle's willowy tower, raised in a light grey. The May sun enchants everything with its game of light and shadow.

In the little village streets, boys and girls — the latter wearing the

charming traditional costume of the Marbourg region — greet us warmly. We have been expected.

Five of us set off across the countryside. The wheat is already high, and the sun is shining as in summer.

Our morning walk leads us to a hilly meadow, the *Herrensaustall* — the Lord's stable.

But only the maps call it in this way. The peasants have kept its old name: the Rose Garden!

Laurin lives in the Tyrolean rose garden and Lurer in that of Mellnau. Lurer is the name of the hill that follows on from this meadow. While digging, numerous stone and bronze arms and axes have been found there. In the Rose Garden, as on the Lurer, one should think of one's ancestors.

I am now aware of three 'rose gardens'. The second is near Worms. Perhaps precisely where, now, the ruins of the Laurisham-Lorsch monastery harbour a monument to the dead of the World War. Siegfried also reposes there. It is possible that this hero, similar to a god, was a being of flesh and blood. As "formerly, it was common practice to call cemeteries 'rose gardens'". I recently learnt that such 'rose gardens' were surrounded by a hedge — a wild rose hedge — consecrated to the god Thorr-Donar, which would be ritually burnt at a funerary cremation. In this way, our pagan ancestors reduced the bodies of the deceased to ashes in the blazing flames of the rose bushes, and Thorr-Donar was the divine lord of the 'rose garden'.

At last we climb the *Sonnenwenskopf* — mount of the Summer Solstice —, wrongly given the name *Sonnabendskopf* — mount of Saturday — on maps, a rocky cone rising up above the 'rose garden'. At the summit, there is a stone, put there by the Huguenots, Calvin's partisans who were forced to flee France. The stone bears the following inscription:

"*Resistez*!" □ This must imply 'Rome' and therefore, we should read: "Resist Rome!"

From the Sonnenwendskopf, I can cast my gaze over the regions from Hesse to Nassau, where so many thirteenth century Cathars lived. Their disciples, for the most part nobles and free men, called them 'Friends of God' or 'Goodmen'. At this moment, my thoughts wander off to a Goodman (*guotman*): Anfortas, Wolfram's Grail king…

MARBOURG

 Resist!

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even years ago, the ‘Master’, specialist in the repression of heretics and Grand Inquisitor of Germany, Konrad lived and reigned here.

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In 1231, Pope Gregory IX wrote to Konrad thanking him for having exterminated the heretics, in a manner that had since become common practice, and he conferred the following mighty powers to “his dear son”: Konrad could take on collaborators, as and when he saw fit; and he could censure and banish from society whomsoever he pleased. — This Master of heresy and his henchmen (one such called Hans boasted of being able to see through the walls of a house if heretics were inside) reigned over Germany with a regime of terror the like of which Germany had never seen. They kept a careful ear out for any denunciations and demanded explanations from all those accused of heresy. Those who pleaded innocence were burnt “the same day as their trial without any possibility of self-defence or appeal”. The accused had but one way to escape the stake: to declare himself or herself a repentant heretic. Then his life would be spared, but his hair would be shaved above his ears, a cross would be sewn on his clothing and every Sunday, between the Epistle and the Gospel, he would have to take himself, half-naked, to church to be whipped.

When, in 1212, heretics were arrested at Strasbourg, “a great and deep ditch was dug in which to burn them alive, a ditch that is still called the “ditch of the heretics”. The heretics were brought out amidst the shouts of the crowd. Their children and friends beseeched them to recant, but they remained firm, singing and praying fervently to God, claiming that they could not flinch before him. They rushed into the flames of their own volition. Extra wood was added and they were reduced to ashes amid the hissing and clamour of the crowd.

They must have numbered around a hundred, amongst them many nobles”. Many attest that Konrad von Marburg took part in these mass executions. “Everywhere in Germany an incalculable number of heretics were heard by Meister Konrad, by virtue of his apostolic authority, they were delivered to secular justice and burnt”. One day, in his natal village of Marbourg, he ordered the “arrest of a few

knights, priests and other excellent persons".

Some recanted, the rest were burnt behind Marbourg Castle, at the place which, to this day, still bears the name *Ketzerbach*, the 'river of heretics', for this reason.

The

Ketzerbach of Marbourg is now a street like any other. Only its name recalls the atrocities perpetrated here by the Special Legate of Rome. Even the primitive Gothic church of St. Elizabeth, built to shelter the saint's tomb and which seals off the *Ketzerbach* with its mass, would in no way remember them if Konrad had not been the director of the landgravine Elizabeth's conscience. — Without Konrad von Marburg, there would indeed have been a Landgravine Elizabeth of Thuringia, but no Saint Elizabeth!

Elizabeth's husband, the landgrave Louis VI of Thuringia and Hesse, was Konrad's sovereign. Elizabeth, daughter of King Andreas of Hungary, was brought to him and betrothed while she was only a child. At the tender age of fourteen, she became Louis' wife, and at fifteen, she bore his first child.

We do not know what caused the landgrave Louis VI of Thuringia to bestow on Meister Konrad, delegated by the Pope to be his wife's director of conscience, such extraordinary powers. And even some truly extraordinary ones! The following facts were reported by Isentrud von Hörselgau, the landgravine's lady-in-waiting: one day, Konrad ordered his penitent to attend a sermon. Elizabeth, however, did not attend, as a relation, the Margravine of Meißen, visited her unexpectedly. Konrad then informed the young landgravine that because of this disobedience, he would no longer concern himself with her.

Elizabeth was forced to throw herself at his feet begging him to recant his decision, and the 122

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young woman's servants, naked *usque ad camisiam* — to the waist —, had to be *bene sunt verberatae* — flagellated at length — by him, before he deigned to give his pardon. On another occasion, a certain Rudolf Schenk of Vargila believed it was his duty to inform the landgravine of the gossip that surrounded her and her confessor; she showed him her back wounded by whip lashes administered by Konrad and declared that such was the testament of her director of

conscience's love for her and her own love for God. At twenty-one, she is widowed: her husband dies during a Crusade in Palestine. She leaves Wartburg to settle in Marbourg, where Konrad resides. A special Papal Order has placed her even more clearly under the Master's protection. I will pass over her life in Marbourg in silence. I will simply record a chronicler's statement that, "towards the end, she thanked God for having delivered her from any love for her children". She reneged on her maternal sentiments in order to become a saint…

She died eventually at the age of twenty-four. The crowd of believers threw themselves upon her body to procure relics. Even her breasts were cut off. Then Elizabeth was buried in the chapel of St. Francis in Marbourg. Four years later she was canonised. Her remains were taken from the tomb and placed in a shrine; this was to be exposed on the altar of the chapel. For reasons of the State, Emperor Frederick II assisted in the transfer. He placed a golden crown on the saint's head and donated a golden bowl to rest with her bones.

The dead saint rested in peace until a Papal Bull of Innocent IV, in 1249, ordered a new transfer of the corpse. The text of the Papal Bull explains that the chapel of St. Francis had become too small to cope with the number of pilgrims. It is not disclosed where the landgravine's remains were taken. When, twenty-five years after her death, they were once again transferred elsewhere, it was remarked that "a marvellous perfume exuded from the skeleton" and that "the lines around her face were impregnated with a fragrant liquid resembling oil of Provence. Her brain was as fresh as at the moment of her death". This perfume had already been remarked upon before, as Elizabeth's contemporary — and her first biographer — Cäsarius von Heisterbach, wrote according to eye witness reports that:

"Three days after the transfer, which had been scheduled for the 1st May, the prior Ulricus (probably Ulrich of Durne, a close relation of Rupert of Durne, who was said to have been Wolfram von Eschenbach's host at Wildenberg Castle and for whom he had sung a marvellous song about Parzival, the Grail and Provence) and seven brothers went to the chapel at night where the sepulchre was to be found. On having closed the door, they are said to have dug around the tomb, then opened the sarcophagus; from which emanated an extraordinary perfume. They then separated the head from the body, took the rest of the skin, hair and flesh off, so that the saint did not look terrifying". Three days later, Emperor Frederick accomplished his pious work. — During the ensuing centuries, the Grand Masters of the Teutonic Order, to whose care the relics had been conferred, gathered the aromatic oil that flowed without interruption from the remains

and sold it, expensively, as a remedy against every imaginable illness. The worst and most appalling was yet to come: In 1250, at Eisenach, Sophie, Elizabeth's eldest daughter, was made to pledge herself to the Margrave Heinrich of Meißen on one of her mother's ribs! The same year, Duchess

 Frederick II Hohenstaufen, 1194-1250, grandson of Emperor Frederick I Barbarossa. He passed for a freethinker, tolerant of different cultures. His life was studded with conflicts; these were almost constant with the Papacy. He was even excommunicated, but in spite of this, took part in a Crusade… whose only effect was to reinforce the Pope's vindictive view as, in Palestine, in stead of arms, he preferred dialogue.

He has been associated with different legends of "sleeping emperors" who would wait in grottoes until woken when they would then deliver their people.

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Anne of Schlesien — a daughter-in-law of Saint Hedwig (or Edwige), who was Elizabeth's aunt — offered the church another rib set in gold and silver from the monastery of Trebitz.

At the same time, an arm was sent to Hungary, Elizabeth's country. In the seventeenth century, a certain Winckelmann, whom I know through his work *Description of Hesse*, saw at Altenbourg near Wetzlar, beside the relics of Gertrude, Elizabeth's youngest daughter, a hand of the saint adorned with precious gems and set in gold! A man by the name of Walther Probst, living in Meißen, is in possession of the relic of a finger! What happened?

Very simply that the Teutonic Grand Masters sold the saint, piece by piece…!

In the sixteenth century, Philip the Magnanimous, landgrave of Hesse, was accused by Emperor Charles Quint, on the Teutonic Grand Masters' initiative, of having stolen and hidden the saint's remains, which had been transported (probably in 1283) to the church of St. Elizabeth in Marbourg which had been built specifically to house them. It is already astounding that Philip should have still been able to find the remains in the celebrated grandmother's shrine, as the Teutonics had been trading in these relics for three hundred years. But Philip finally wrote to the Emperor: "Saint Elizabeth was an

admirable and pious Queen of Hungary. However, his Princely Grace [that is, himself, the landgrave Philip] found that her relics had become the object of much idolatry, that without any doubt she [Saint Elizabeth] would not have tolerated. For this reason, he [his Princely Grace Philip]

had had them buried in the St. Michael cemetery near the house of the Teutonic Order of Marbourg, not together, but one bone here, another there, and mixed in with other bones…" — Thus, he scattered them in the earth — But in 1547, during the War of Smalkalde, [] Philip was taken prisoner by the Catholics, as the result of a betrayal. It is put to him, at the behest of the Grand Master of the Teutonic Order, who is in the Emperor's good graces, that he will be brought to Spain, unless he returns the saint's remains. On the 12th July 1548, "a head with a jawbone, ditto five straight bones, large and small, ditto a rib, ditto two shoulder bones, and a large bone" are given to the Teutonic Masters, without anyone really aware of their origin. It is likely that these bones are returned the church of St.

Elizabeth. Time passes until 1625, when the following takes place: a bedstead, said to have been part of Elizabeth's bed, is found in Marbourg. The landgrave Louis V takes a piece of this bedstead to prepare a sort of elaborate cane. He gives it to the bigot Infanta Isabelle, in Brussels. Louis' son, Georges II, made an identical gift to the Elector Prince and archbishop, Ferdinand of Cologne. While the Thirty Years War was raging, and when the situation in

[] Precisely in 1527, Philip had passed scandalously over to the Reformation and was determined to put an end to the cult of relics.

[] Philip I of Hesse, known as the Magnanimous (Marbourg, 1504–Kassel, 1567). After having led the peasants' revolt in Thuringia in 1525, he espoused the cause of the Reformation the following year. On becoming Chief of the Protestants, he founded the first German Protestant University in Marbourg. With Jean-Frédéric of Saxony, he founded the League of Smalkalde in 1530 (see note [] below). After his incarceration, then his liberation by the Treaty of Passau, he tried to reunite Catholics and Protestants. He was notoriously bigamous.

[] Date of the end of construction, begun in 1235 — year of the saint's canonisation. It was the first Gothic church in Germany. Marshall Hindenberg, hero of World War I and also President of the Weimar Republic, is buried there.

[] In 1530, the Protestant princes under the leadership of Philip I of

Hesse and Jean-Frédéric of Saxony concluded a League in the town of Smalkalde (Schmalkalden, in East Germany) to oppose Charles Quint, who had just reclaimed the instating of the Worms Treaty and the restitution of ecclesiastical goods. Beaten by the Emperor, the League was taken in 1552 with the Passau Treaty proclaiming an amnesty.

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Hesse was particularly catastrophic, this same Georges decided to write to a certain President of Bellersheim ordering him to unearth all that was left of Saint Elizabeth's remains and to send them to him; he wished them for "a secret purpose", which should "bring a great happiness to him and his country". Bellersheim carried out the order. The remains were returned to the landgrave, who offered them… to the Elector Prince and Archbishop Ferdinand of Cologne. In 1636, the landgrave Georges converted to Catholicism. There you have the "secret purpose".

From then on, the relics — which have long since ceased to be authentic —remained in Cologne. But, according to the book that I have before me, "it seems that the Elector Prince also trafficked in them. Around this time, they turned up in Brussels where the Infanta Isabelle gave them to the convent of the Carmelites. It was whilst there that they disappeared during the French Revolution". However, the head is said to have been saved and can be found at the hospital St. Jacques in Besançon.

On the other hand, the Masters of the Teutonic Order claim that the saint's true remains have never left the walls of the church of St. Elizabeth: in 1718, the Grand Master of the Order at that time, the Elector Prince François-Louis de Trêves, affirms that the secret of the hiding place of Elizabeth's remains had been "passed on by word of mouth in the Order's circle of masters". It does not matter. Already by the sixteenth century, in the Occident there were ten times more bones than Elizabeth could, in reality, have possessed.

Before concluding this chapter, which I had to write even though it was disgust that guided my hand, I should like to note this: Elizabeth of Thuringia, who never belonged to the Court of Lucifer, must have incurred the curse of Lord Sabaoth — the very same with whom Isaiah menaced Lucifer and his own people —: she was not buried in the same way as others.

idweek, I take myself to the church where, years before, I took my first Communion. It is the church of St. John and it is a Protestant temple. My father M saw it erected in his youth. I wish to climb the church's bell-tower. As, when I was a child I had crossed on tiptoe the deserted aisle which reverberated as if haunted by phantoms; I climb the broad staircase which leads to the organ, and, from there, I continue on up the spiral staircase, which passes next to the imposing clock and winds up to the four balconies under the bell-tower's dome. I will never forget that, during the World War, I would go there with my school comrades, and from afar, we could make out the rumbling of slightly muffled but continuous thunder: there was fighting on the western front for the Vaux fort near Verdun. — That reminds me of the time of war restrictions: I would gather beechnuts, near Buseck, to make oil, nettles, from around Krofdorf to make tissues, and I would go, once a week, to a miller near Wetzlar, to pick up flour and milk for my sick brother. At Gießen, night and day, I would hear the marching of prisoners, principally Russian and French. And I would see the uninterrupted stream of our troops, heading for the front or returning from it, still awaiting the recovery.

I also remember, without shame, those days when, as a carefree and wild student, I would get drunk in Gleiberg Castle.

But all of I sudden my thoughts turn to Konrad von Marburg, because I feel an almost moral obligation to think of him now. On a mule's back, he covered all the land overlooked from the tower of St. John's church of Gießen.

After having already burnt numerous heretics, he launched himself into a new enterprise of the utmost importance: obtaining from the Pope in Rome the canonisation of his penitent Elizabeth. For this, he was required to show proof that the remains of the deceased, which were rotting in a church in Marbourg, could accomplish miracles on men.

In doing this, Meister Konrad was following a most precise goal. The proclamation of Elizabeth's sainthood should neutralise the *virulentum semen hereticae pravitatis*, the poisoned semen of heretic villainy, and would show that heretics were in the wrong in refusing to worship

these relics and in not believing in the miracles. He crossed the country and gleaned eyewitness statements of the miracles from the people, all of whom trembled before him.

Finally, he could write to the Pope a *Relatio authentica miraculorum a Deo per intercessionem B.*

Elisabeth Landgr. patratorum, an authentic report of the miracles accomplished by God on the intercession of the Blessed Landgravine Elizabeth. He began his account by: “To the Most Holy Father and Lord Gregory, Sovereign Pontiff of the Most Holy Roman Church”. And he continues: “In some German sectors where the true Faith has always reigned, the poisoned semen of heretic villainy was beginning to germinate. But Christ does not allow that his own are tempted beyond their forces, and to put an end to the heretics’ obstinacy…

(gap in my text)… he also exploded the truth of our marvellous faith… (gap)… by accomplishing a great number of miracles and good works, in view of all and among the people, for his glory and in honour of the memory of the Blessed Elizabeth, once landgravine of Thuringia… ” — The holy words of Elizabeth will be made to wait. Konrad von Marburg will not survive her for long.

On reading Konrad’s document, the Holy Father must have thought that the inhabitants of the Lahn and Hesse — whom Boniface had qualified as idiots — had suddenly become an elected people of God: in Gießen, a certain Heidenreich had declared under oath that his daughter, her whole body covered in fistulae, had been cured after invoking the deceased saint; another named Heinrich of Gleiberg certified having been delivered from serious stomach pains at the saint’s intercession; an inhabitant of Krofdorf, 126

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whose face was ravaged by worms, cured himself by applying earth from around Elizabeth’s tomb to his face; in Buseck, a young girl saw her myopia vanish; in Wetzlar, a woman declared that her son had regained the sight of a lost eye. Near Densberg — which is perhaps Dünsberg near Gießen —, a soldier named Degenhard, having fallen into the hands of the enemy, saw his bonds loosened, immediately after having prayed to Elizabeth to intervene with God, and he fled to the edge of the forest. On arriving there, he remained steadfast, as if he had taken root. Something drove him back and *Degenhardus subito suo domino fuit restitutus*, Degenhard was suddenly returned to his master. But I could not say if this *dominus* of Degenhard referred to his

own general or that of his enemies.

The Christian soldier Degenhard, delivered from his chains thanks to Elizabeth, stayed at the forest's entrance unable to enter it. Because in the German forest, with its spells and enchantments, it was neither Lord Sabaoth, nor the *Ruach*, his spirit, who reigned, nor Jesus, nor Mary, nor Konrad von Marburg, nor Elizabeth! The powerful lord of the forest was Tiubel, the name by which the ancient chroniclers referred to the Devil. They would also have called him Lucibel or Lucifer…

At midday, Tiubel reigns over the free forest. The knight Heinrich von Falkenstein, of whom I have already spoken, wished "to glance at the dark world of the Hereafter". A magician led him at midday to the crossroads, traced a circle around him, and warned him not to leave it, nor to give or accept any gifts. "The storm unleashed itself, a deluge beat down, and terrifying forms appeared. Suddenly, a sombre being, as tall as a tree, emerged from the forest. It was the Devil. The knight let himself be drawn into a conversation with him. Tiubel asked him for a sheep and a cockerel as a gift. The knight refused and did not leave his circle. He came out of this trial as pale as death and never regained his delicate complexion". He had become, it was said, "as pale as a Manichean"…

From the bell-tower of the St. John's church of Gießen, I can also see Frauenberg.

In its surroundings, the lords of Dernbach and knights of Westerwald beat Konrad von Marburg to death. He was said to have pleaded for his life.

SIEGEN

 Town were the painter Pier-Paul Rubens, whose parents went into self-imposed exile in Holland, was born.

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am following a pilgrimage route which, starting from the hamlet of Herkersdorf, scales the heights. It is bordered by twelve stations, which evoke in colourful images the Passion Iof Jesus of Nazareth. At its end, a basalt block boldly rises up: a sort of huge menhir, on which a great wooden cross has been planted. A niche has been dug; it makes up the twelfth station. The brightly coloured plaster statue of

the Virgin with child has been placed within.

In ancient times, those who covered this same route would take themselves to “Herka’s house” (*haus der Herka*) made from the “stone of druids” (*Stein der Trute*). For such were the ancient names for the village and the menhir. From the druidic stone, my view takes in the most beautiful Germany. Mountains, hills, forests, meadows, towns and villages as far as the eye cans see. Streams unwind their silver ribbons. The sunlight and the cloud shadows play above, and the wind makes heard its delightful chant.

When the rumbling wind of midnight or morning stirs itself awake, it brings news of Siegfried, the hero, who, as it is told in the Norwegian *Thidrekssaga*, learns the art of forging, in the depths of the Sauerland mountains, in the domain of the dwarves of Balve. It is towards the east, where the hills turn blue, that the luminous hero is said to have killed the dragon Fafnir. In the land of Gnita. Seven hundred years ago, an Icelandic monk named Nikolaus, having set off from the North and having accomplished his penitent pilgrimage to Rome, claims to have seen this land during his expedition: between Kalden on the Lahn, where one can still see today a “hole made by Siegfried” (*Siegfriedsloch*), and the ancient Horohûs, near Niedermarsberg, where the king of the Franks, Charlemagne, completely razed Eresburg, before pursuing his devastating route against one of the most famous sanctuaries of our ancestors, Irminsul (Irmin’s column). Many of these existed. Might not one of them have been found, in the area of Trutenstein, by Irmgarteichen or Erndtebrück, which once, were known as Irmingardeichen and Irmingardebrück?

To the south, stand Feldberg, Altkönig and Rossert, the highest peaks of the Tanus chain. The Feldberg is crowned by a beautiful collection of rocks: Brünnehilde’s Rock. It is said that the Valkyrie slept here surrounded by flames and that she was woken by a kiss from Siegfried.

It is not far to go from Trutenstein to Herkersdorf, and from there to Siegen.

According to another child of the twelfth century, the Gallic chaplain and chronicler Geoffrey of Monmouth, the skilful Wieland lived in Siegen. The neighbouring village of Wilnsdorf probably owes its name to the greatest of all blacksmiths: Willandsdorf.

From Trutenstein’s prominent heights, the view extends very far southwards. As far as Siebengebirge (the Seven Mountains) on the

Rhine. Poets likened these seven summits to giants or kings, whilst particularly singling out the superb Drachenfels (Dragon's Rock),

that is the Drekanfil of Scandinavian myth. Drusian, the old legendary king, is said to have lived here in former times. And it is said that Dietrich of Bern, whose wife Godelinde was said to have been the daughter of the king of the Drachenfels, affronted the giants, Ecke and

The Norwegian Thidrekr is none other than Dietrich-Theodoric of Bern. The saga was written around the 13th or 14th centuries.

Irmin is the name of the mysterious Germanic god. The column is meant to symbolise the axis of the world, the cosmic ash tree Yggdrasill of Nordic tradition. Associated with the Polar star and the Great Bear, as a terrestrial reflection of celestial Thule.

Another hypothetical site of the combat between Siegfried and Fafnir. The renowned wine from the slopes of the Drachenfels is called Drachenblut, the 'Dragon's blood'.

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Fasolt, here during a fierce combat. To arrive at the total of the seven summits, from which the range takes its name, Löwenburg (the Lion's Castle) must be added, scarcely less soaked in legend than the precedent, Ölberg (the Mount of Olive Trees), the ancient site of a Thing, Petersberg (Peter's Mount), surrounded by fortifications, Lohrberg, which, according to some, owes its name to Laurin, Wolkenburg (the Castle of Clouds) and Nonnenstromberg (the Mount of the Nuns).

Around Herkersdorf there also stretches out this immense forest region, given the name of *Sylva Orcynia* (Orcynian forest) by the geographers of Antiquity and *Sylva Hercynia* (Hercynian forest) by Caesar. Beginning at the source of the Theiss, it spreads northwards, crossing Westphalia and Harz, following the Rhine of Schaffhausen as far as Spire (Speyer).

The Greeks and Romans believed that, in this forest known as Orcus or Hercyna, Orcus, the guardian of the kingdom of the dead, and the Earth Mother Demeter-Hercyna reigned. They said that men of their blood came from here, and that one day they would return there. The forest was the temple of the goddess, with trees for columns and the sky for a roof.

The Germans knew their goddess of death by an analogous name: Herka, Hel or Holda. This goddess' function was not in the least frightening to them: she was good and enabled the trees, leaves, flowers and fruits grow in the earth up towards the sun and men. It is for this reason that the Greeks believed the first man was issued from a tree, [] whose roots plunged down as far as the kingdom of Lady Hel. When a man's son died, his body should take the path of Hel as far as Hellia, where he would find his resting place, "located in the farthest North". [] There, he could gather delicious fruits which would stay him from a second death, as a result of apples from the garden of Hesperides, which the hero Heracles

— whom the ancient Romans knew as Hercules — had carried off, for him and all men, during the course of his challenging 'Labours'. In the forest of Herka, there still exist today more than one path known as *Helweg* (Way to Hel)…

Hel is the Grandmother, at once the matrix and the tomb of everything: stars and men included. When the year is over, the sun goes to her, and at the end of their lives, men return there. But everything then begins again, regenerated, waking up to a new existence. []

Because Hel, as the Ancients prophesied, was the guardian of the water of life, from which the sun emerges reborn. The apples of immortality are equally in her possession. [] Lady Hel is Death. This is why, she can reign nowhere more absolutely than in the wintry North. The

[] Or perhaps originally the mount of Beer, the sacred drink of the North (in the *Eddas*, the *ölrunr* are the runes of beer, from which the word *ale* came). Contrary to the preparation of wine or hydromel, which was prepared by men, beer was prepared by women. This might explain the prominence of women in the religious cults of the North.

[] Place of assembly for dealing with civil public and judiciary affairs.

[] The Black Forest.

[] The first man was called Askr, which means ash tree. In other words, Yggdrasill.

[] For this reason, funeral ground and other Nordic and even Celtic tumuli have a northern orientation.

 Thus the assassinated god Balder leaves for Hel and is reborn in the Golden Age when all is reborn after the *Ragna rökr*, the 'Twilight of Powers', when the *Ragnarök*, their destiny, will be consummated.

 The *Edda* tells that it is the goddess Idhunn, the wife of Bragi, the god of poetry, who keeps them in a chest. The giant Thjazi, with the help of Loki, steals them and the gods begin to age. But, threatened by the gods, Loki must find Idhunn and help her to escape from the giants.

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closer one is to this, the thinner the trees, the poorer the grass and the paler the flowers become. Finally, the snow and ice, which would never recede if the sun did not return, reign.

At the heart of the Mother-of-All's kingdom, under the roots of the tree of the world, which is also called the tree of life, Urd's source can be found. Odhinn plunged his eye-sun into it, to attain supreme wisdom. In Lady Hel's dwelling place, situated in the most unfathomable depths, lies the mystery of mysteries. And at the same time, its explanation. Odhinn Alfaddyr (Odhinn Father-of-All) murmured this secret — contained in a sole word full of mysteries — in his dead son Balder's ear, before he was placed on a thorny wooden carpet to be bunt.

Lady Hel is Death not Life, even though she deals with all that lives. Just as a woman may not give birth without first having been fertilised by a man, Lady Hel also needs a husband. And the woman-earth and man-sun celebrate their union so that a child might be born: Life. To embrace the goddess of Death, the sun lowers himself onto her, that is to say towards the earth. During the night of the winter solstice, they celebrate their 'hierogamy', their sacred union. Conquered by the power of the male god, Lady Hel gives herself to him and becomes a mother. "Glory to you, Earth, mother of men! Believe in the embrace of God, fill yourself with fruit for the good of men!" Once, the Anglo Saxon peasants would address this prayer to their fields, as they worked and seeded them.

Lady Hel is also Love, bearer of new life; and it is because all life must one day perish, that she carries death within her.

She is the love that a woman feels for a man and a mother feels for her children.

Grand is the love of the Grand Mother!

From Trutenstein, I can see a few of Westerwald's summits not far off: Ketzerstein (Stone of the Heretics) and Hohenseelbachskopf (Head of the Hohenseelbach). According to my guide, they were both places of legend. But I have only been able to learn Hohenseelbachskopf's legend. Here it is:

At the mountain's summit, there once stood the castle of the Seelbach knights. It was fortified and the lords of Hohenseelbach, who referred to each other as "friends of God and enemies of the entire world", did not busy themselves much with the general peace that has been signed. One day, the archbishop of Trêves, Balduin, received the order to seize the Seelbach knights from the emperor. For one whole year, Balduin laid siege to the castle, without managing to conclude his mission. The lord of the place and his wife believed and claimed that the archbishop would not defeat them until such time as the beech tree standing in front of their castle changed into stone. Nevertheless, the assailants finished by taking the Hohenseelbach fortress. This took place in 1352. The beech tree changed itself into stone.

When the Lady of Hohenseelbach saw that the game was up, she begged the archbishop to let her take away the "treasure of her marriage". The men of Trêves believing this to be jewels from her dowry granted her request. The proviso was that she would only be allowed to take away what she could carry. So she took her husband and carried him as far as the small valley of Zeppenfeld. — At the end of the eighteenth century, the castle ruins were still visible. Today, none remain. But apparently, on certain nights, the castle reveals itself as it once had been. A cortege of knights, led by the leading knight and his faithful wife, ride up

 Hel.

 Yggdrasill.

 Urdharbrunnr. Urd is one of the three Norns, the goddesses of destiny.

to the fortress. In front of its gate, they search for the beech tree in amongst the leafy foliage, but only discover one of stone. So, just as fast as the vision appeared, it vanishes.

The lords of Seelbach called themselves ‘friends of God’. They must belong to the Friends of God, the German Cathars. Members of the most ancient nobility, the ‘Free lords of Westerwald’, made up part of their number. Among them, we can pick out the counts of Sayn (or Sein) and of Solms, whom Konrad von Marburg wished to destroy at any price. We also find the lords of Wilnsdorf, of whom we will have cause to speak again, and the Dernbach knights. They all must have taken part in the murder of the repulsive Inquisitor Konrad.

Friends of God… the inverse of this would be: Slaves of God. The knights of Westerwald were friends of this divinity, who engenders iron and has no desire for slaves! In Germany too, there must have been true knights. I do not doubt it for a single instant!

These are the kind of reproaches that were formulated against the German Cathars:

“When a neophyte is received and, for the first time, he takes part in a reunion, a toad is presented to him… which he must kiss… on its posterior. Sometimes, the animal resembles a goose or a duck. It may be as big as a baking oven. Then an extraordinarily pale man approaches the neophyte; his eyes are the blackest in this world. The neophyte must kiss him as well. On his ice-cold skin. Through this kiss, the memory of his Catholic faith disappears from his heart. Next, all those present sit down for dinner. After which, a black cat, the size of a dog, descends with lowered tail from a statue that is always present. The cat begins to step back and raise its posterior in the air to be kissed, first by the neophyte, then the master of the assembly, and finally to all those worthy, that is to say perfect. Those not perfect and those who do not feel themselves to be worthy, receive the kiss of peace from the master.

Then, all present regain their place while singing and the master asks his nearest neighbour,

“What does this signify?” To which the other should reply, “Supreme peace”. Another adds,

“Which we must obey”. At this all the lights are extinguished and they give themselves up to carnal love. Then the lights are lit again and everyone regains their place. When from a dark corner emerges a man who from his head to his haunches shines like the sun and lights up the whole room, but who from below his haunches is as black as the cat. The master grabs the neophyte by a fold of his clothing and presents him to the new arrival saying, “Master, I give to you what I

have received". To which the luminous man replies, "You have served me well, and you will serve me again and better; I confer to your charge, that which you have given me". And at this, he disappears. — Each year, towards Easter, the Cathars receive the Catholic host; they keep it in their mouths until they reach their homes, and there, they spit it out into the ditch of ease, to express their hatred for the Lord. They believe that God threw Satan down to Hell unjustly and treacherously and that in the end he will triumph over God and set up a regime of Bliss: That which pleases God, must be hated, and that which he hates, must be loved".

"This mass of ravings [these are the terms employed in the source work which includes Pope Gregory IX's citation] nonetheless gains credibility everywhere and stirs up above all else, nearly to the point of madness, the gullible old man who occupies the pontifical throne. Pope Gregory replies that he feels as if he has been intoxicated by

 The accusation brought by Konrad against Heinrich of Sein was his downfall. Heinrich of Sein was found innocent of heresy in Frankfurt. Soon after this pronouncement (by the Emperor Heinrich VII himself), the nobles waited for him at the city gates and killed him not far from Marbourg.

 Pope from 1227 to 1241, in the very middle of the Albigensian Crusade.

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absinthe, and his writing does, in effect, resemble that of a complete madman: 'If the earth draws back to oppose such men and the stars in the sky make manifest their anger, in such a manner that one might not only see men, but even the elements joining forces to annihilate them, to exterminate them from the face of the earth, with distinction made of neither sex nor age and to expose them to trial by the people until the end of time, it would still not be punishment enough for their crimes!…' When they could not convert, they used more radical methods: when sweet medicine does not heal wounds, these are treated by fire and the blade. And immediately after, on the 10th June 1233, Konrad von Marburg was given a mandate to preach a crusade against the Luciferians. The archbishop of Mayence like Bishop Konrad of Hildesheim scoured the order to mobilise all their forces to burn these unfortunates".

The Grand Inquisitor Konrad could not fulfil his task. Twenty days later, he was assassinated not far from Marbourg. Konrad, who never spared anybody, instantly begged for grace. Wasted effort. “At Kappel near Marbourg, on the presumed site of this attack, a commemorative chapel was built. The body was brought to Marbourg and inhumed next to that of Saint Elizabeth. When her remains were transferred to the magnificent church of St.

Elizabeth, so too were Konrad’s.”

It then came to Konrad of Reisenberg, bishop of Hildesheim, to preach the Crusade against Westerwald. The landgrave of Thuringia and Hesse, Konrad, led the procession. The old *Chronicle in verse of Hesse* evokes him straightforwardly:

“*During the life of Landgrave Konrad*

Many heretics were living in the country

Count Heinrich of Sayn was one/

He did however convert /

During this time, were also captured/

Knights/Priests and people of high rank

Of whom some returned to the Church

Whilst others were burnt.

Landgrave Kurt destroyed in the country/

Every school of heresy / wherever he found it…”

RUNKEL ON THE LAHN

arrived at this little town yesterday during the night of a full moon.

Men and beasts were sleeping. The sound of my hobnailed boots reverberated on the road's uneven paving Istones. A dam was whispering. Like a gigantic black stone reef, the old fortified castle dominated the houses. Everywhere, limes filled the air with their fragrance.

It is thought that Runkel was founded by Roland, this hero who, in the Pyrenean valley of Roncevalles (in German: Dornental), "wielded his sword Durandal as only valiant

 In this way, Gregory armed Konrad of Marbourg. When "Gregory was asked to give an explanation for Konrad's excesses and his death (…) the Pope restricted his answer by replying that he regretted having given him so much power; at the same time he excommunicated the murderers, and delivered a pompous eulogy to the man whom he dared to call a minister of light, while a stricken Germany had only learnt to recognise him as a minister of fire". (K. Schmidt. *Story and doctrine of the Cathars or Albigensians*.) 132

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knights know how" and met a heroic death there. "When Roland gave up his soul, a great light flooded the sky". — Roland also probably belonged to the Court of Lucifer, in the same way that King Charles, his lord, was certainly not only king and emperor of the Franks, but "the Great Charles and the Lord" of the Nordic skies: Thorr.

The limes, the roses and all the flowers, which fill the gardens, exude their perfume.

And there is a smell of hay, which rises up from the prairies. The wheat fields undulate under the influence of a gentle breeze. A lark joyfully soars up towards the sky. Coming from the shop near the blacksmith, the noise of an anvil resonates in my ears. The bower under which I write is covered in jasmine blossoms; a multicoloured butterfly has just wandered here. The Greeks called it Psychë. Psychë, this also means soul.

The wheat fields ripple like waves in the sea. I allow myself to imagine that, in this country, in order to scare children, one would show them these rustic ripples saying to them,

"Here comes wicked Mother-Wheat! And if she catches you, you will have to suckle her wooden breasts".

Once upon a time, it was different!

Their ‘Mother-Wheat’, the Greeks called her Demeter, the ‘Earth-Mother’. In Germanic countries, she was once known as Lady Herka or Lady Hel. Her house was the forest or the countryside. Her breath was the wind. Men loved her, as she was the gracious Venus. Tannhäuser became her lover…

Hel, the Earth Mother, is also the cool night and dark death. Death was the cool night, according to a beautiful German song, composed by Johannes Brahms. But, even if the sun dispenses life, only the night enables the trees and plants to grow. Only the moon, the stars and the animals are witnesses to this.

I can now understand why the Argonauts had to board ship in a “Port of Venus” in order to seek out the Golden Fleece. They wished to strengthen their divine character… As, we men, we resemble trees. When the Hellenes, comparable to the Vikings, criss-crossed the seas, driven “by the North Sea”, they brought along an oak beam: this symbolised the fact that man takes his roots from the earth, the Earth-Mother, that he should improve under the sun and aim for the stars. Among humans, there are creatures and heroes, just as shrubs and great trees grow in the forest. Becoming that which we would wish to be depends only on us.

The Great Mother, relegated to the rank of wicked Mother-Wheat or Grandmother of the Devil, can dry her tears which run from her beautiful eyes and can laugh more often, as now, as I witness her passing in the sun’s light over the golden fields around Runkel.

Now, she will be less wronged in speech and she will be able to become the ‘Lady of hearts’

again.

Is it possible that our word *Herz* came from Herka? If this were the case, Herzeloïde, Parzival’s mother, would be a sorrowful Herka.

Parzival left his weeping mother and found, after so many distractions, the Grail. In which, as Halberstadt’s Saxon chronicle attests, Lady Venus lived. He who sought the Grail should therefore make a path through the human mother and the divine mother. One had

Charlemagne.

As well as Lady Hölle.

 Heart.

 Leidende Herka, in German.

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brought him into the world; the other brought him into her. Parzival had completed the cycle of his existence; he had put an end “to that which is called life on this side of the Grail forest” and in this way became king. His eyes contemplated the stone of light, next to which the wonders of the world seemed worthless. The stone was borne by a queen. Only Lady Wisdom, the Mother of Heaven, bore the right bear the philosopher’s stone! Let us remain faithful to the woman and let us not say: Woman, what business do we have together…!

When Tannhäuser left Lady Venus, she felt much bitterness. Then the unfortunate undertook a pilgrimage that was a mistake. On realising this in Rome, he returned to the domain of Venus, in the mountain, where a round table awaited him. He became king in the kingdom of fairies and delivered the goddess from her torment.

Once upon a time, there was *a countess who has since become a fairy*. A courtly poem in ancient French makes her the wife of a King Huon of Bordeaux whom we know thanks to the poem *Oberon* by Wieland and the romantic opera of the same name by Carl Maria von Weber. After having long wandered in the countries of Commans and Foy, this countess and her husband reached *Auberon bocage*, Oberon’s magic wood. To reach it, a fisherman changed himself into a dolphin — Apollo’s fish — and ferried them across a large stretch of water on his back. In the heart of the magic forest, they found a castle. Oberon was its king.

Like Anfortas, like Arthur, a cruel wound was causing him suffering. He could not die until a young king had taken his place receiving from him “the crown and the lance”, the insignia of his sovereignty over the fairy kingdom. Huon and his wife were crowned. So Oberon duly said his farewells. And died. His body was placed in a coffin, which magnets maintained in suspension in the air.

In this way, “once upon a time, there was a countess who became a fairy”. The old poem tells us that her name was Esclarmonde. And I can affirm that the countries of Commans and Foy are the Pyrenean regions of Comminges and Foix, where the Cathar castle stands, whose name is Montségur and which effectively belonged to the heretic

countess, Esclarmonde de Foix…!

Once upon a time, there was also a suffering king who was equally a father. Even though as like unto a god, he could not attain happiness until another had replaced him on the throne. This suffering king knew nothing of this god of the Jews, who, jealously, wished to be "the one and only Lord, to the exception of all others", and who abandoned his only son Jesus, who was known as Christ, leaving him to suffer in his place as a result of the imperfections of man whom he had created on the sixth day and had fashioned in his own image. He let his own son bear the burden of the sins of his world and die on the cross, even though he had cursed, through Moses' voice, all those who would be crucified. He, who also

"created Evil", had condemned in advance his only son! He regretted having created man…

The divinity, which is not that of the Bible, wishes to be delivered. He must be in order to become the divinity. His deliverance must come from men. What would God be without men? The divinity suffers because nothing is 'in order' in the world. When men put order back into the world, then the divinity's visible dimension, Nature, unites with its invisible dimension, the dynamic nucleus. Then God 'floats' as if finding himself between two magnets. The whole energy flux — positive and negative — are now equal in force, and the divinity can rest in him. This divine rest has nothing to do with inertia. The living power

 Une comtesse qui depuis devint fée, in French in the text.

 Bocaige Auberon, in Old French in the text.

will allow the delivered, and now invisible, divinity to conserve his harmony. And a young god comes to reign in the visible world.

In the old courtly sagas and songs, the young god reigns over the barons and fairies: over a chivalry. The life, which is led by this god, is very different to that led by human creatures. The world, in which it lives, is not that of the terrestrial "vale of tears", but a terrestrial paradise, governed by a crown and protected by a lance. Only he who stays vigilant, who knows how to fight and protect, may keep the crown, may remain in the terrestrial paradise, until his 'deliverance'

by a rising youth, which enables him to penetrate into the flux of the cosmic powers. Whilst awaiting this, he lives. But his life is an Action which gives him his purpose, which is faithful to the Law and which places him in the continuity of this god which 'floats' in the sky: the sun. His life is a life of *Minne*: *Minne*, which is memory, makes those who do not forget their origin and the goal of their evolution similar to terrestrial gods (*irdischer göte gnôz*, as it is said in the song of *The War of the Wartburg*). *Minne* consoles, as by remembering his origins, man, who has chosen it as the principle of his life recognises his ultimate goal. When a man receives the 'consolation' of *Minne* (this consolation implies quest, error and combat), he dresses in a new 'robe': he becomes a 'son of God'. From then on, he incorporates himself into the sphere of Creation, amalgamating himself with everything that crawls and flies, everything that lives and dies.

His spirit, rendered clairvoyant by faith, can penetrate trees and sources, whose murmuring and rustling he understands. He becomes himself a tree spirit or a nymph of the source. He understands even the essence of stones.

True chivalry and true *Minne* were accessible to all. To have the right therein, there was no need to be a count or to have wealth. It was necessary to be a 'pure one' and not a bastard; that was the unique condition. For this reason, Feirfiz, Parzival's half-brother of mixed blood, could not see the Grail, even though it was put before his very eyes.

The true gods wish that the Youth — he who reclaims with force his right while respecting the laws — takes the place of their divinity when he has become aged, and through this, delivers them.

I am writing this on a magnificently sunny day. In Runkel on the Lahn. While Mother-Wheat sews her cloth and Father-Sun fires his arrows.

A yellowed book is placed in front of me. At the open page, I read this phrase in Latin: *Runcarii vocantur a villa*. It is from the town of Runkel that the German Cathars, the *Runcarii* (or as I have read elsewhere the *Runkeler*), drew their name. On the other hand, according to Jakob Grimm, the *Runkeler* carried a short sword, called a *runco*, and it is from this weapon that their name is derived.

COLOGNE

O

n Cologne's ancient seal, it is written: *Sancta Colonia Dei Gratia Romae Ecclesiae Fidelis Filia*; Holy Cologne, by the grace of God, faithful daughter of the Roman Church.

Pope Innocent III, principal instigator of the Albigensian Crusade, said that it was the greatest, in terms of glory and magnificence, of all the cities in Germany — and an eleventh century chronicle called it *Caput et princeps Gallicarum urbium*, capital and first city of the Gauls. It is like this: Cologne has been Roman for a long time and still is.

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Going under the name *Colonia Agrippinensis*, the city became the principal pagan Roman stronghold of the Rhine, an important place for weapons, where a general would live. It had a Capitol, temples, an amphitheatre, a conduit system and an administration system similar to that of Rome; it even had Caesars. Then, one day, the Franks and Christian bishops arrived. Cologne remained 'Roman'. In the ninth century, the town had been destroyed by the Vikings. Did these men from the North, enemies of the South, wish to annihilate Roman influence on German soil? Whilst certainly exaggerating, the ecclesiastical chronicles report that following this destruction, the town would have remained but a field of ruins if the Church had not taken charge and breathed life into it again.

Even so, a large section of Cologne's bourgeoisie, the corporation of weavers in particular, did not rejoice at this clerical domination. Some chroniclers complained bitterly that "the bourgeoisie never really show any gratitude, directly or indirectly, for the favours and privileges bestowed upon them by the bishops. In the eleventh century, under Archbishop Anno, the population mounted an uprising against the Episcopal tyranny. Anno, who has since become a saint, showed the rebels no pity. On his order, the town's burgomasters had their eyes gouged out. Only one was spared so that he could take the others home. Saint Engelbert, "pillar of the Church and guardian of Germany" who was the town's archbishop a century after Anno, also had trouble with his fellow citizens. But he knew how to intimidate counts, nobles and vassals far too well for anyone to oppose him".

Cologne too saw stakes torched!

In Cäsarius von Heisterbach's *Dialogue of Miracles*, it is written: "One day, some heretics were arrested in Cologne. Having been

interrogated and unmasked by some great theologians, [136] they were delivered to the secular arm. As they were being led to the stake, one of them, a certain Arnold whom the others called ‘Master’, asked for some bread and a vessel for water from the audience. Whilst some were ready to grant his request, others more fully informed on such matters stopped them, purporting the idea that the Devil excels in transforming anodyne things into cause for scandal and loss for men.” Like me, Cäsarius von Heisterbach can judge this for himself based on the confessions of another heretic, arrested and subsequently burnt by the king of Spain three years earlier, who declared that Meister Arnold wished to prepare a sacrilegious communion for his followers, a viaticum for eternal damnation. “The heretics were led outside the town and delivered up to the flames near the Jewish cemetery. While the fire was already torturing them, many saw Meister Arnold place his hands on the half-burnt heads of his disciples and heard him say, “Stay firm in your faith, as soon you will be near Laurentius!” Amongst them was a young girl, beautiful but completely devoted to heresy. Many people taking pity on her, drew her out of the flames and promised, if she converted, to marry her or take her to a convent. She replied to those holding her, “Tell me where is the one who seduced me?” When she was shown Meister Arnold, she rushed to the body of the heretic doctor protecting his face with her dress and she rose up to Hell with him”.

Meister Arnold and his faithful would have been very odd heretics indeed if they had hoped to enter paradise under the protection of the Catholic saint and martyr, Laurentius

[136] Colony of Agrippine, from the name of the Emperor Germanicus’ daughter, future wife of Claude and mother of Nero who was born there.

[137] In 1163.

[138] Notably Canon Eckbert, a brilliant Catholic theologian, who had already taken part in many debates with heretics.

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(Lorenzo), whilst they were burning in flames lit by Catholics. In 258, in this same town, Saint Lorenzo, after having been Deacon of Rome, was tortured to death by pagans who had attached him to a grill. [137] He passes for the patron of libraries and librarians. [138] Was he also the

protector of heretics, and above all those who were burnt? Cäsarius' account raises other questions: Since when does one rise up to Hell? Why were the Cologne heretics burnt near the Jewish cemetery?

Saint Hildegarde of Bingen came one day to Cologne and gave a great sermon in front of the town's clergy. She did not speak of God's sweet love, which she celebrates in so many poems, nor of Heaven, in view of which she mortified herself, but instead pronounced a detailed account of the hiding places of heretics and an explanation to the attentive and fascinated priests of how to rid themselves of this diabolical scum, by searching in the weavers' workshop-cellars. The art of weaving came from Friesland, to which the island of Heligoland belongs, on the borders of the Rhine. It cannot therefore be by chance that the Stedingers of Frise were so cruelly exterminated, at the time when the Cologne heretics and Albigensians were being pursued. By the same token, it cannot be a coincidence that the Provençal Cathars were often nicknamed Weavers.

Holy weaving…! Before the rustling trade of time, the spirit of the earth sits down and weaves the living garment of the divinity. Becoming, is weaving! Under the ash tree of the world, the Norns weave the threads of Destiny. There are three of them. The oldest's name is Urd. This means the 'past' and the 'spinner'. She ties the first knot of the cloth, which unwinds all the way to Hel. Laurin, king of the dwarves, also wove a silk thread with which he surrounded his paradisiacal rose garden! Oh spinning wheel, you follow the route that you must follow. Advancing and retreating. Until the garment is finished. Oh spinning wheel, you symbolise the circle that all individual activity must complete. It is for this that men first of all named you *radius* when they spoke Latin.

In 1133, a peasant from the Indian village (now Kornelimünster, near Aachen) built a boat in the forest and placed it on wheels. Members of the weavers' corporation brought the boat to Aachen. On the way, all those who were not weavers and who touched the craft were required to pay a forfeit. After Aachen, the boat was taken to Maastricht where a mast and sail were added to it. And at Saint Trönd near Lüttich, the weavers mounted a guard night and day around the boat and filled it with all sorts of objects. But we do not know what. Musicians played tunes and danced around it. This improvised celebration lasted twelve days, until finally the authorities intervened. They dared not burn or destroy it in any

It is claimed that after winning the battle of Saint Quentin on the day of Saint Lorenzo in 1557, Felipe II of Spain built the palace-

monastery of Escurial around the design of a grill.

 As at the moment of his arrest, he is said to have refused to surrender up the archives in his charge.

 German heretics, who like the Vaudois to which they seemed to have allied, and in contrast to the majority of heretics, chose to resist and fight until the last.

 From Old Icelandic, *Nornir*.

 Urd (Old Icelandic, *Urdhr*) can also mean 'Destiny' when linked to the verb *verdha*, to become, which gives the German *werden* the same sense. Originally Urd was the only Norn, and as goddess of Destiny could have been placed at the head of the Nordic pantheon. We know that Destiny was a major divinity —

it might even have been the most important. The two other Norns were Verandi (present participle of the verb *verdha*. She is what is 'present') and Skuld (from the verb *skulu*, to need. She is the 'future'). Urd and Verandi are said in the *Völuspa* to have carved "logs of wood". It has been suggested that this may have been an allusion to the carving of runes.

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other manner for they believed that "the place where it would be reduced to ashes would be soiled". So it was ordered that it should be taken to a neighbouring village. There, the lord, backed by armed force, put a bloody end to the enterprise.

In a grotto of the Sabarthès, I found a drawing from the Albigensian period. It showed a vessel of the dead with the sun as its mast.

Holy ship…! When Apollo came into the world, Zeus gave him a golden mitre, a lyre, a swan-drawn chariot and sent him to Delphi to tell the Hellenes what was what! But Apollo, like a star, led his swans towards the land of the Hyperboreans and his radiance lit up the sky. The litter which Hephaestus-Vulcan, Venus' lame son, had forged for him in the most precious gold, bore him over the waves. It conveyed him sleeping over the waters.

The Athenians pictured Athena Parthenos, their virgin goddess of wisdom, weaving and guiding the distaff. A saffron-yellow garment,

hoisted like a sail on a chariot in the form of a ship, was solemnly led up the Acropolis every four years, by the Athenian high magistrates, and offered to the goddess. Athenians of noble lineage had embroidered, with a high degree of skill, representations of the Gigantomachia, the 'Combat of Giants' that opposed Titans and Gods for the control of Olympia, the divine mountain. Athena, the divine weaver of the saffron-yellow sail of life, [] also protected the work of blacksmiths. She owed her Asic —

divine — existence to the blacksmith Hephaestus who split open Zeus' head so that she might spring forth from it — some claim that the author of this liberating act was Prometheus who gave men fire. On the Acropolis, the combat-ready lance shone permanently, which should be interpreted in this way: life would be nothing without the spirit of combat[] and without courage in the face of death. After having laid down the sail-mantle in the temple of the Acropolis, near the lance, the Athenians would brace a pitch-black sail, woven by the town's noble daughters in the same manner as the mast of the holy ship. And it would finally be abandoned to the wind of destiny, carried wherever the latter willed.

Holy ship…! Aboard the Argo, which was perhaps an *arca*, an ark, the most famous Greek heroes covered the seas. They set sail for the North.

Jason the Saviour was the leader of the expedition. Orpheus, the Dioscures, Castor and Pollux, without forgetting Heracles, were his companions. An oak beam which spoke, taken from the Dodone, where the most sacred oak forest in Greece murmurs, [] had been placed at the craft's prow. They faced all kinds of tests during the course of their expedition before finding the treasure that they sought: the Golden Fleece. In the Middle Ages, this was compared to the 'philosopher's stone'…

[] A frequent motif in primitive art of the North (Germany and Scandinavia) found on the rock walls of Bronze Age grottoes. It is thought however that the drawings in the Sabarthès grottoes are fakes dating from the beginning of the century.

[] Traditionally given as son of Hera and husband of Aphrodite-Venus.

[] Athena was the goddess of wisdom, and saffron, the bright colour of gold, was supposed to bring wisdom. It is also the colour of the Buddhist monks' robes.

 The ‘spirit of combat’, Vighugr, is another of Odhinn’s names.

 The German verb *raunen* literally means ‘murmur’, but should be interpreted here as “giving oracles, revealing secrets” which was its ancient sense. *Raunen* is built from the Germanic root *runo-* which forms the word *rune* meaning ‘secret, mystery’, before it was used to describe the magic characters of the North.

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Wieland, the disabled blacksmith, shut himself away in a tree trunk and, in the manner of Argonaut, let himself be carried off by this ‘ship’ towards his destiny, so that justice might be done. Before being made infirm by King Nidhod, from whom he sought vengeance, he and his two brothers had surprised at Myrkvid, the ‘dark forest’, three girl-swans who “chose death in battle”. The tired Valkyries were resting by the side of a lake, which is known as the ‘Lake of Wolves’. They had shed their swan costumes. They were weaving white flax. Egill and his two brothers carried off these swan costumes and brought the young women whom they married back home with them. Seven winters passed, and then one day, the women returned to the forest of Myrkvid. They would never return. Wieland’s grief was expounded even further as his son Wittege wished to leave him: “Father, I have no desire to become a blacksmith! Give me a good charger, a strong sword and a new shield, a sturdy helmet and sparkling cuirass so that I may go on a quest for a good lord. I will serve him and ride at his side as long as I shall live”. His father asked him where he planned to take himself. “To the land of the Amelungen, where Dietrich of Bern lives… ”!

Until the thirteenth century, the people of Berkshire, in the south of England, would recount that *Wayland Smith* (Blacksmith Wayland) lived in a stone.

Holy ship, holy stone. Charon, the ferryman of the dead, transports the souls of the departed in his small boat, which goes along the Styx as far as the Underworld. The water of this river purifies everything. In Nordic myths, the land of the Hereafter was called Glasisvellir and Glasislundr. This could be translated by ‘Land of Glass’, but also by ‘Land of Amber’ (thanks to Tacitus, we know that the Germanic word *glas* meant ‘amber’: the Romans called it *glesum* and the Greeks *elektron*). The Friesian islands in the German gulf of the North Sea, Heligoland and others, were also islands of the dead. The Roman Pliny

called them *Glesiae* and *Elektrides*. They were *insulae vitreae*: the islands of glass of Celtic tradition, where King Arthur lived. Arthur, that means: Great Bear.

 Mutilated (knee tendons cut) by King Nidudr (or Nidhod), on the insistence of his wife. Wieland took revenge by killing the king's two sons and raping his daughter (like Hephaestus, another maimed blacksmith, who raped Athena). The Germanic Wieland is the same as the Scandinavian Völund in the *Thidrekssaga*.

 Egill and Slagfid, sons of the king of the Finns. They were elves. Völund is presented as "Prince of the Elves".

 This forest separates the world of the gods from that of the giants in the Eddic poem *Lokasenna* and the world of the Goths from that of the Huns in the Eddic poem *Hlödskvida*.

 Hladgud, Hervör and Ölrun ('rune of beer').

 Völund's Song says they "spun precious flax" — yet more weavers —, in other words they "wove the garment of combats".

 Ulfsiar, in Norse. *Wolfsee*, in German.

 Otto Rahn is mistaken here. It was in fact in Ulfdalr (Valley of Wolves) and not Myrkvid where the Lake of Wolves was situated and where the Valkyries were surprised. (*Vörlund's Song*).

 In English in the text.

 At the entry to Valhalla a copse whose trees are covered in gold is referred to as *Glasir* (Sparkling).

 It is to the Great Bear constellation and the Polar-Hyperborean tradition to which Otto Rahn wishes to draw our attention. The original islands of the dead like Thule, Avalon, Hyperborea, all these green islands, of glass or blessed people, are supposed to represent the terrestrial reflection of the Polar star, a fixed element, a port of call of the trunk of Yggdrasill, the axis-tree of the world.

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Pytheas of Marseilles set sail for 'Midnight' on his frail but resistant ship. As he had hoped, he reached the island of Thule and the land of

amber. He was a philosopher, a friend of wisdom. But what good is wisdom, if one does not possess the ultimate Knowledge?

When, on returning from his triumphant journey, Pytheas docked in his natal port, perhaps he held a piece of amber in his hand. In his own way, he was an Argonaut, as, like the heroes of the Argo, he had set off for the North. He probably brought back a stone as yellow as gold. Then he would have sat down before this stone and contemplated it, as pensive as Hamlet meditating on his father's skull. He asked himself what life was and why man lived.

He asked the question which brought about the fall of Lucifer. This risk did not frighten him, and I am certain that he would not have been in the least frightened should he have been aware of the malediction proffered by Yahweh, god of the Jews. Pytheas would have held in his hand a stone as yellow as gold. For him, it would have been the 'philosopher's stone', the Golden Fleece!

In a ship drawn by a swan, Lohengrin arrived amongst men to bring them the message of the Grail, the stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer. He too forbade them to ask of his origins. But only of his own origins! As he was not a man and, if men were aware of this, he would have to return from whence he came.

The Cathars of Cologne were flushed out of their underground weaving workshops, then incarcerated and burnt, so that Europe would not be purified of all Jewish mythology.

On the cross, Jesus Christ said to one of the thieves, "This very day, you shall be in Paradise with me". In the place of this Biblical phrase, the Cathars, — or at least their leader, Arnold of Cologne — uttered the following formula of consolation: "This very day, you shall be by the side of Laurentius!" It is not to Saint Laurentius (or Lorenzo) that he was referring to, for the majority of the Church's saints, whilst they lived in the terrestrial "vale of tears", felt only hatred towards heretics. Never the least compassion or pardon. Why should they have changed their minds once in Heaven? They must also have been in agreement with Pope Gregory, nicknamed the Great: evoking the happiness of the Just looking on Hell from Heaven, he said that the view of the suffering damned would augment the celestial pleasure of those who found themselves in Abraham's bosom. Why would Saint Laurentius, who died as a martyr in order to rise to the Heaven of his Church, have become a protector of the damned from up on high? But if he did indeed, it is Pope Gregory who was wrong, or maybe that Laurentius discovered that heretics did not correspond to the image

proffered by the Church.

It comes out clearly in Cäsarius' account that Laurentius, hope of the Cathars of Cologne, lived in the place that the Catholics of the thirteenth century designated as Hell.

And that to reach this Hereafter it was necessary to "rise up". It cannot therefore indicate the Hell to which, according to Christian Credo, Jesus "descended" after his resurrection, before "risinging up" to Heaven and sitting on God's right hand side. — This Laurentius, to whom the Cathars aspired, was Laurin!

 Actually, in Shakespeare's work, the skull was that of Yorick, Hamlet's father's jester. (*Hamlet*, act V, scene I).

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IN THE RUINS OF HEISTERBACH

MONASTERY

even hundred years ago, the celebrated chronicler and monk, Cäsarius, wrote his two principal works here: The dialogue of wonders — later judged dangerous by the S Church —, *The Life of the Landgravine Saint Elizabeth* and — at the request of Magister Johannes, a great torturer of heretics — his treatise *Against the heresy of Lucifer*. There are many things worth relating about this abbey, its evolution and fulfilment, about its abbots and monks…

Before 'Heisterbach of St. Peter's Valley' was founded, fourteen citizens descended on the Rhine one day in April 1188. They wished to journey to the Seven Mountains 141

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(*Siebengebirge*) and to settle in the abandoned monastery of 'St. Mary of Stromberg'. All of a sudden, as reported by Cäsarius von Heisterbach, they saw a circle surrounded by seven suns in the sky. It was a good omen, according to them, as the circle represented the Holy Spirit and the seven suns the seven Christian graces, with which they would light up this sceptic and heretic country. They arrived at Stromberg (The Mount of the River). Fifty years later, a knight retreated there to live as a hermit. A group of believers, who like him "had escaped naked from the shipwreck of the world", gathered

around this retreat and founded a monastery. Encouraged and protected by the popes and archbishops of Cologne, who were building fortress after fortress in the region, they tried to preach the Gospel. It is not mentioned to what degree they succeeded in this. On the other hand, we know that at the hermit's death, the brothers abandoned "this uncomfortable abode, as it was situated too high up in the mountain" and, with the archbishop's permission, they built a new monastery.

As for our fourteen Cistercians who took possession of the abandoned monastery at Stromberg's summit, they were none too pleased either. "The rigour of the climate, the insufficiency of premises, the difficulty of providing, at that altitude, for vital necessities", all this upset their weak natures. They wished to leave. The abbot believed however, as a result of a dream he had had, that he should retain the fathers, be it by persuasion or punishment.

He had dreamt that accompanying a group of men in white, he had climbed aboard a small boat, cross in hand; the craft was propelled by the force of the current into the choir of a church; and only his adept manoeuvring of the rudder, restrained the boat and its crew from breaking up against a pillar. For this reason, everyone stayed on at Stromberg. But the abbot himself tired of living up there and, in 1191, the monastery was transferred to the foot of the mountain, to St. Peter's Valley. The summit church remained the sanctuary of the monastery.

Then, one day, the archbishop of Cologne, Theodoric, built Godesberg Castle. For a while, there was a chapel dedicated to Saint Michael there and no one dared put up a fortress due to the "sanctity of the place". It is said that the Archangel Michael was put in such a rage at the construction, that he took off with the reliquary from the chapel of Wudinsberg (Wotanberg, Wotan's Mountain), as Godensberg (God's Mountain) was known at the time, and, with both wings deployed, flew off to the Stromberg chapel. Since then believers no longer went to Stromberg in pilgrimage, and the monks of Heisterbach (the name which St.

Peter's Valley took a short time after the monastery's foundation) would draw much profit because of this.

But they would draw still more profit from another relic, a tooth belonging to Saint John the Baptist, who accomplished miracles. It reached the Heisterbach monks in the following manner. A Rhineland knight by the name of Heinrich of Uelmen stole it from the basilica of

St. Sophie in Constantinople. Once back in Germany, this Uelmen was arrested by the Empire Minister Werner of Bolanden (this Bolanden does not seem to have been particularly fond of Catholics. On the other hand however, he seems to have granted his people a broad liberty as to their religion: otherwise, he would not have authorised the profaning of a cross by one of his men during the siege of the little Rhineland village of St.

Goar [Sankt Goar], in 1201. It was as a result of this episode that Werner was forced into joining the Crusade in Palestine). But a nun from the Steuben convent dreamt that Uelmen should be freed from Bolanden's jail, as and when he had irrevocably offered the tooth, for

 The seven volcanic hills on the Rhine, almost all of them were crowned with a fortified castle at one time. The two most famous are Drachenfels and Petersberg.

which he had already built a chapel at his castle at Eifel, to the abbot of Heisterbach. Uelmen therefore regretfully parted company with the tooth and… was duly freed.

At that time, the abbot of Heisterbach was Gevard of Walberberg, formerly canon in Cologne. As his colleague, Cäsarius, who owes him his conversion, informs us, Gevard was looking at that time to "forget a youth consecrated to sensual pleasures". He carried out his functions — the solemn receipt of John the Baptist's tooth, for example — at the time when Philip of Swabia and Otto of Brunswick were fighting over the imperial crown. Never had the Germanic Holy Roman Empire fared so badly. To war and gradual moral decay add bad harvests and famine. At a time when the misery was at its worst and the number of hungry mouths that needed feeding by the monastery rose to one thousand five hundred, heaven blessed the Heisterbach monks: the small loaves of bread which entered the oven would come out huge. A miracle had taken place; you have only to believe it.

No, Abbot Gevard is not having an easy time of it. One day, a novice answering to the name of Richwin was received into the monastery. Now this novice was consumed by a passion for a woman who would write him letter after letter: she would ask him to leave the monastery and return to her. But the worst, was that this Richwin, each time he received one of these letters or when he felt his love burning too

ferociously, would roll around on the floor howling. The problem had become a thorny issue and recourse to the Lord appeared to be the only resort. To this end, Abbot Gevard and his Heisterbach monks united in their prayers, which they addressed to Heaven *tandem per Dei gratiam triumphans factus est monachus*, until the novice triumphed over the trial and became a monk by the Grace of God.

There is yet another anecdote worth mentioning here for its rich insight concerning Abbot Gevard. One day, Cäsarius reports, the monks were dozing whilst Gevard was giving a sermon in the chapter house. Whilst talking of saints, miracles and other things of a similar nature, he racked his brains for a way to give the sleepers a start. Suddenly, he has an idea.

And this he hopes — like the famous cymbal coup of Haydn's 11th Symphony — will wake all those calmly slumbering. To this end, the abbot raises his voice and shouts, "Listen well, my brothers, I should like to tell you a new and marvellous tale: once upon a time, there lived a king whose name was… Arthur!" And in the twinkling of an eye, all heads were raised… only to be compelled to endure a memorable reprimand.

One of the Heisterbach monks has become even more famous than Cäsarius. His name was Maurus and — according to what is written — surpassed, in spite of his youth, all his brothers in wisdom. But, according to my source, he was unhappy as the poisonous worm of doubt was gnawing away at his flourishing knowledge. This is what happened to Maurus, our Heisterbach monk: Often his eyes would anxiously wander over the Bible's wrinkled pages. One day — I tell this story whilst citing as faithfully as possible from my source —, he had once again stayed awake all night and seen in the dawn. The summit of the cloister's arches was already lit by the sweet morning light. But he was unable to take his eyes from a passage in the Bible: "*A thousand years are as a single day to the Lord!* "

It had been several months already since these words had begun to torture his mind.

At that moment, it danced again before his eyes. The hooked black characters grew, stretched, reached gigantic proportions, and finally seemed to taunt him:

"*A thousand years are as a single day to the Lord!* "

He felt himself pushed outside his tiny cell and set led towards the

solemn solitude of the monastery garden. He stared fixedly at the sun. Without realising, he left the garden and found himself in the forest. The birds, perched on the leaf-laden branches, joyously greeted him and the flowers opened up on the thick moss. But, lost in thought, he saw nothing, heard nothing other than the words of his manuscript: 143

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"*A thousand years are as a single day to the Lord! "*

His aimless walk had tired his legs and his spirit was worn out. The monk stumbled.

He collapsed on a stone and rested his tortured head against a tree. A redeeming dream invaded his mind. He found himself in spheres flooded with light, beyond the stars: near the throne of the Most High, surrounded by the waters of Eternity. All the fruits of Creation appeared and celebrated their work: from the worm in the dust — which no mortal could have ever created — to the eagle in the sky, who received his wings to fly above the earth's summits, from the grain of sand in the sea to the giant volcano spitting fire on the Lord's orders. All speak the same language, impenetrable to the proud, and accessible and comprehensible to the humble: the language of He who created them one day. It was then, shivering slightly, that the monk opened his eyes. He raised himself up and listened. In the distance, the monastery bell was sounding. It was the time of vespers. Already the setting sun was shooting its rays across the splendid beech trees. With the utmost haste, he reached the monastery. The church was already lit up. By the half-open door, he could see the brothers on the choir's benches. Silently, he took his place. Stupefied, he discovered another monk there. Even more astounding: it was a stranger, whom he had never seen before! At this point, he raised his head from his book and gave a silent and questioning look at the new arrival, Maurus.

The latter is dumbfounded. He notices only unknown faces. His heart racing, he waits for the end of the psalm. Now, the chants and prayers have been silenced. Questioning murmurs circulate in the bench rows. The abbot, a venerable old man, approaches. Nearly eighty years have whitened his head.

"What is your name, brother stranger?" he asks in a mild and kind tone. The monk is overtaken by panic. "Maurus", he murmurs feebly in a trembling voice. "Saint Bernard is the abbot who heard my vows in the sixth year of King Konrad's reign, who is nicknamed the Frank".

Incredulous astonishment can be read on the monks' faces. Maurus lifts his ashen face towards the old abbot. In an overcome voice, he tells of how, early that morning, he had left the monastery garden, how he fell asleep in the forest only to wake up at the sound of vespers.

"It is nearly three hundred years that Saint Bernard and Konrad have been dead".

Whilst saying this, the abbot makes a sign to a brother, who brings the monastery register. It is browsed going a long way back: three hundred years, until the time of Saint Bernard. At last, the abbot reads: "Maurus, a sceptic, disappeared one day from the monastery and no one has heard anything of what became of him".

It was therefore him, this brother Maurus! Back again in the monastery after three hundred years! His ears were still ringing from the abbot's words. Frightened, he raised his eyes, his hands groping about for some kind of support. The brothers, beset by a secret terror, supported him, as his face had become as grey as ash, similar to that of a dying man.

The thin crown of hair around his head suddenly turned white as snow.

At that moment, the source to which I refer, places in the mouth of the ageing and visibly dying monk Maurus, a sort of sermon which a man, who had just found his eternal god in the forest and who was without a doubt what the Christian Churches distastefully call a Pantheist, could never have uttered. With the exception of a single phrase. However, I will report this sermon:

"My brothers, always humbly respect the eternal word of the Lord and do not try to perceive that which He wishes to conceal from us. For Him, there is neither space, nor time". This last phrase is the only one I shall retain. "That my example should never leave 144

your memory. Now, I understand the sense of the words of the Apostle: 'A thousand years are as a single day to the Lord'. That He, the impenetrable, should pardon the poor sinner that I am!"

Brother Maurus collapsed unconscious to the floor. Then, deeply moved, the brothers uttered the prayer of the dead over his corpse. This is how my reference text ends the legend.

But I believe that brother Maurus — if that was indeed his name — had no need of prayers for the dead. Nor was he a poor sinner having needed or still needing God's pardon! The Heisterbach monk — as we shall call him to keep things simple — had already been blessed whilst alive. Without a monastery, without a Bible, without a relic, without a Saviour. He put himself at Nature's heart and went as far as being awe-struck by an earthworm, which the Bible only mentions with disgust, considering it to be the symbol of abjection furthest from God. He contemplated the wonders of visible creation, the only ones accessible by our senses. He admired in all its splendour this world, which Christianity calls the "vale of lamentations" or "vale of tears". And the marvellous work that is this world and all that it contains therein so charmed him that he forgot everything, including the parchment Bible, Saint Bernard and Heisterbach Abbey. He even forgot his doubts. Whilst alive, he had found beatitude, blessedness!

This Heisterbach monk belongs to the Court of Lucifer!

Only those who can grasp what is the humble, creeping and laborious existence of an earthworm, could understand the latter. They alone, like insignificant earthworms, may ask:

"Creator, why have you made me?" They alone may understand the eagle, who, like the blacksmith Wieland, acquired wings to fly over the highest clouds; They who may turn themselves into royal eagles to see with an "eagle's view" — as it is rightly said — the tangled mass of the world… and understand it. Some of these men climb cliffs, others invent the aeroplane, after first having reflected for a long time on the laws of nature with the aim of penetrating them, and now they fly. And still others deploy the wings of their ardent desire to see with what sweetness the sky embraces the earth…

Heisterbach monk, you were truly a German, as the true German asks, doubts and asks yet further, until he finds God. All true Germans find God. You too, you have found him. The true god, the eternal one. You also became a heretic, blessed Heisterbach monk!

You must have become this way, because, like Tannhäuser, you went into the forest. Tiubel's kingdom! For three hundred times three hundred and sixty five days — excluding leap years

—, you have lived through Tiubel's midday enchantment; one hundred and nine thousand five hundred times — still excluding leap years — Lucifer spoke with you! And, as you had not drawn a magic circle around you, unlike the knight Falkenstein, the Devil bore you

away!

But, it was to the throne of the All-Powerful that he took you, and not to Hell, in the most profound depths!

You too, amiable Heisterbach monk, let yourself be bewitched, like Dietrich of Bern, by a “mountain of fire”. It is said concerning you that a “gigantic mountain, spitting fire on God’s order” appeared before you and showed you the glory of God’s magnificence.

Although the master of fire is the Devil. In the heart of men a fire also burns. We call it passion. Those who know how to observe and interpret the fire that burns in their own insides may grasp the deepest nature of volcanoes, of these mountains of fire. Then, holding the knowledge of these terrestrial flames, they have no further need of those of Purgatory, which the priests invented and evoke in their sermons today as rigorously as they did yesterday. You were not a Catholic priest and so had no need of Purgatory’s flames in order to become pure. Heisterbach friend, you were a true priest!

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BONN

n days of old, our students would sing, amongst others, the drinking song that proclaims: *Mihi est propositum in taberna mori*. In English: it is my destiny to die in a tavern. [1] This Isong[2] was composed in the thirteenth century by an ‘errant clerk’ by the name of Nikolaus, who has been nicknamed the *Archipoeta*, the ‘Prince of Poets’. Cäsarius von Heisterbach recounts that, near Bonn, Nikolaus, was struck by a violent fever one day and thought his hour had come. Repentant, he went and knocked at Heisterbach Abbey’s door and pleaded that he should be received. This was duly granted. Showing proof of much

[1] My copy reads in full: *Meum est propositum / in taberna mori / ut sint vina proxima / morientis ori; tunc cantabunt letius / angelorum chori: / “Deus sit propitious / huic potatori.”* The translator, Helen Waddell, renders it thus: For on this my heart is set: / When the hour is nigh me / Let me in the tavern die /

With a tankard by me / While the angels looking down / Joyously sing o’er me: / *Deus sit propitious / Huic potatori*.

[2] *Confessio*.

repentance, at least this rang true in the beginning, he became a monk. But scarcely had he been cured, than he took off his habit and cast it away with mocking force. He then fled.

Jakob Grimm compared this ‘Prince of Poets’ to a wild beast that has been tamed but, as soon as the possibility arises, will return swiftly and instinctively to the forest. —

Nikolaus reminds me of three other celebrated characters: In the first instant, of Peire Cardinal, whose father wished him to become a canon but instead became a heretic and minstrel.

In the second instant, of Till Eulenspiegel, who hated monks and bigots, but who, one day feeling sad and worn out, took himself to a monastery for a few days. What Till did in his role as porter, the poet Nikolaus might also have done: he would invite schoolchildren and minstrels in and then offer them the contents of the kitchen and cellar; then he would set off with his ‘guests’. At last — who has not heard this? —, Till hurled himself headfirst into the grave.

In the third instant, Nikolaus is reminiscent of Shakespeare’s Lord Falstaff, this celebrated rotund, wineskin of a man, who would travel the roads of England, letting “the Devil ride his bow” and drown his sorrow in sack as he saw that there was no virtue left on earth. Truly, he reminds me of Falstaff, “the rascal, the detestable suborner of youth, the old Satan with a white beard”. He was in the habit of comparing his life to a spinning wheel and when he died he was borne into Arthur’s bosom. According to Lady Hurtig, the landlady of the Eastcheaper, where Falstaff liked to drink, Arthur’s bosom was not Hell. Lady Hurtig helped him through his last moments, until he had become “as cold as stone”. I will have a great deal more to say about Lord Falstaff, as he was a heretic…

ASBACH IN WESTERWALD

ecause near this little village, there is another called Wambach, and as these two names resemble the two divine races of Nordic mythology, the Ases and the Vanes, B I have not hesitated in making a detour. In another respect and in an altogether unexpected way, chance has been kind to me, as I have learnt the following: A little more than a hundred years ago, in 1830, a young peasant girl here discovered, during harvest season, a gold coin, in an excellently preserved state,

bearing the inscription *Lysimachos Basileus*, King Lysimachos! [] (Lysimachos was one of Alexander the Great's most valiant generals. After the latter's death, he became the king of Thrace and massed this territory with Asia Minor, which had also been bequeathed to him, forming an independent kingdom. In 288 — before the common era of our calendar, naturally —, he shared Macedonia with Pyrrhus, the celebrated king of Epirus, conqueror of the Romans. [] He died

[] Pella. *c.* 361BC.-281BC.

[] But, in 285 BC, he completely chased Pyrrhus out of Macedonia.

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during a battle, which he lost to the diadockus[] Seleucos, [] who became king of Babylon).

The coin was offered to the collection of Friedrich Wilhelm, [] who was then still only the crown prince, and, if my information is correct, can be found today in the medal cabinet in Berlin.

As a result, a small coin has allowed us to build a bridge between Macedonia, Asia Minor and Asbach, in the German Westerwald. Astonishing…

I stop to reflect…

Oh, Great Alexander, you whom Wolfram celebrated as a sage, you too belonged to the Court of Lucifer, as it is upon heroes such as yourself that Isaiah placed his curse in the name of his Lord Sabaoth!

You wished "to seat yourself on the Mountain of Assembly in the most distant Midnight", as you sought to lay siege to the walls of Paradise, which you are said, by some, to have found in the land of Obarkia, a country of intermittent darkness and long winter nights… in the Far North. You wished to climb "above the highest clouds", as the legend states that even as a child, you let yourself be borne away as high as the sky by two griffins.

You too wished to be equal to the Most High, as, demanding entry to Paradise by force, you are said to have cried out, "I too am king!" And you were proclaimed son of Zeus-Amon by the clergy of the Siwa Oasis.

Your father's name was Philip, which means friend of horses. He did, in effect, like them for he strongly believed in their sacred character. You must have asked him "why he made you"; otherwise you would not have been aware of your duty as king of the Macedonians and your father's son, whose objective lay in uniting the Aryan land. Your mother's name was Olympias. You yourself answered the question "Why did you give birth to me?" You wished to become Olympian and you succeeded in this, as you are immortal.

During one of your father's campaigns, an eagle entered his tent, rested on his shoulder and laid an egg. The egg fell to the ground, broke and a serpent emerged from it.

At the same time, messengers from Olympias arrived to announce your birth. You were associated with a serpent!

You died young, Alexander… dead, as we are told, with a smile on your lips. Your corpse was placed in a magnificent coffin, but your hand was left free, as such was your last wish. It pointed at the earth and itself was full of it. We know what you wished. You wished to ask the creator, "Creator, why have you made me from the earth?"

Finally, your body was buried in the village which you had founded on the Nile Delta, near the Homer's Pharos, and which still today bears your name: Alexandria. There it was exhibited for all to see. It disappeared, when fanatical Christians, in your Alexandria, destroyed all the temples and tortured the philosopher Hypathios.

You fell from the sky, Alexander, but it was into the luminous kingdom of Lucifer, the Bearer of Light, that you entered. Your own kind knew this kingdom as Olympia. We

 Diadockus (from the Greek *diadokhos*, "successor") was the name given to the generals disputing Alexander's empire. Lysimachos was one himself.

 c. 358 BC.-280BC. Seleucos I Nikator (the Victorious), Alexander's Macedonian general, he was the founder of the Hellenistic Seleucides dynasty and vainly strove to reconstitute Alexander's empire. At first, Lysimachos and Seleucos were allies and won a victory over Ipsos.

 The future Friedrich Wilhelm IV (1795-1861), king of Prussia from 1840.

 The luminous tower on the Island of Pharos at the entrance of the Port of Alexandria gave its name to

‘pharos’ or ‘lighthouses’. It was deemed one of the seven wonders of the world.

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know it as Asgard, Walhalla (Valhöll, hall of the Occis), the Rose Garden and Montsalvat.

The Jews derided it under the name of Gehenna and Christians feared it in the guise of Hell which, according to Father Lamprecht, you already bore within you whilst living: “The furious tyrant was the reflection of Hell, which is vaster than the subterranean world, the sky and the earth united, and which nothing may satisfy”. Finally it is said of you, great Macedonian, in *The Consolation of Souls*, the mediaeval book which adhered to orthodox Christian tenets and was destined to edify the people: “It was this way for him; while he was alive, he dominated all men. Now it is the Devil who dominates him. For him, everything went well for a while; now he must suffer for eternity. He was rich for a moment, now he will forever be poor. Here below, he was never satisfied, now he can sate himself in Hell’s fire. He had garnered all the terrestrial honours, now he is left with a great shame. Here, he chose not to respect our Lord’s commandments, now he must obey the Devil in Hell”.

But we know, Alexander: Lucifer, who has suffered a great injustice, greeted… and embraced you!

Around about the same time that Pytheas was leaving Marseilles for amber country and the island of Thule, Alexander the Great paused a while to think in Gordium, a town in Asia Minor, before one of Zeus’ sacred chariots. I would like to believe that these two events took place in the same year, that is, in 334 before the birth of Jesus the Nazarene.

So Alexander is standing before Zeus’ chariot. Its yoke and beam are bound together in an ingenious knot. No one, up until then, had succeeded in untying it. But he wished to do so, in order for the oracle delivered by the Pythia at Delphi to be fulfilled: he must become the master of Asia. Apollo blew him an idea, as his will was strong. Alexander grasped his sword — the symbol of royal power — with both hands and energetically cleaved the knot in two.

It was King Midas who had formerly tied the knot. He was one of those whom Apollo had cursed: all that he touched turned into gold,

and in place of a man's ears, those of a donkey grew instead. He had been punished for preferring Pan's chant to that of Apollo. Did Alexander know Midas' secret? We might suspect this when we see, in Rome, in the first Christians' catacombs, Jesus represented with the head of a donkey or even bluntly represented by a donkey on the cross… or when we see the Catholic Popes' gold, originating from all the corners of the world, continuing to shine…

Pytheas of Marseilles aspired to acquire the knowledge of the divine Aryana.

Alexander wished to become the king of kings of Asia and Iran, which was a new Aryana.

The quest of one and the other led to the same end: to give oneself the means with which to achieve harmony — the Awakening —, resulting in divinisation. Pytheas had to arm himself with the sword of thirst for knowledge; Alexander with the sword of thirst for victory. The former had need of companions and oarsmen, the latter of generals and soldiers. Pytheas had to silence the sarcasm in his natal town and triumph, at sea, over the ocean's waves, the storms of the Bay of Biscay, the fogs of the North Sea, and also this incessant question:

"And afterwards, when I shall be no more?"

Everything that Midas, the author of the Gordian Knot, touched turned into gold.

He had been cursed by Apollo, as he had preferred Pan's chant to Apollo's; that is the Catholic over the Hyperborean. Catholic literally means 'universal'; Hyperborean, freely translated, means 'Nordic'. In this way, Midas preferred the confused mass of the world to

 At any rate this was the date of the famous Gordian Knot episode.

 Son of Gordias, founder of Gordium.

the clarity of the North, and the knot was tied. Only an Alexander could untie it. Through action. But action, which must lead to victory, presupposes knowledge on the part of the will to act. Knowledge of Apollo was by nature Apollonian: in the way that Apollo, the original sun god from the barbarian lands, draws near and triumphs

chivalrously over a myriad of stars, some of whom shine only as a result of his light, the king of Nordic blood must come and conquer Darius to take up his title as 'king of kings of the Aryan race'. Each combat was a duty to him, and each enigma a combat. To win a combat, one needs a weapon. Alexander took his sword, which could just as well have been Siegfried's Balmung, Dietrich's Eckesachs, or Ortnit's Rose, and resolutely sliced the knot. In this way, he undid the confused mass of Midas' panicked world and became master of the world. The blood, which ran in his veins, pointed the correct path out to him.

Pytheas was of the same blood. He set sail for the North, in response to his blood's dual question: "Where do we come from?" and "Where are we going?" Before him, Heraclitus had already foreseen the heliocentric concept of the world, some of Apollo's priests had announced the coming of the Nordic Apollo, others, in Delphi, believed in the necessity of placing a sacred stone on top of the serpent-dragon Python killed by Apollo.

The parameters of the enigma were known to him. But it still remained to be solved! Just as Apollo the sun-god returns in a wherry to the barbarian lands to restore his forces, Pytheas set off in his small boat towards the land of amber and Thule. In his way, the Massaliot cleaved the knot of destiny and so was able to recognise the beginning, the middle and the end of his world. It was the thirst for knowledge that drove Pytheas as far as the North.

Through action, Alexander resolved the most arduous enigma of all. But action that leads to victory presupposes — how could it be otherwise? — knowledge. Consequently, before engaging in action with the aid of understanding, Alexander must have had the will to understand. Is it not possible that he could have strengthened, then quenched, his thirst for knowledge through mixing with scholars, amongst whom Pytheas figured? His tutor was Aristotle…

I cover the country questing for the slightest detail concerning a stone fallen from the crown of Lucifer. An absurd and anachronistic enterprise, one might say. In effect, one does.

I have therefore come to Asbach in Westerwald, a small German locality that few people are aware of. A gold coin discovered, a hundred years ago, by a simple farm girl, has led me to rest up and reflect. My mind has just wandered to Alexander and Pytheas, now I think of Aristotle. I am content; the circle is being completed, although not entirely, for Aristotle "knew the legend of the Aget

stone" ("*was kunt diu maere von dem agetstein*"). This is what Wolfram von Eschenbach states, in *The War of the Wartburg* poem. Aristotle also knew of the existence of the stone of Lucifer's crown…

I will have plenty more to recount on the subject of Aristotle and Alexander, the latter having been said to have discovered the Claugestian stone in a land where no Christian had ever ventured. Even at midnight, the stone shone as in daylight. In the end, it was the old duke, Berchther of Meran, the white-haired companion of King Rother, who wore it as an ornament in his helmet.

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GOSLAR

n a sermon, which he gave around 1220, the prior of the Cistercian monastery at Goslar, Heinrich Minneke, advanced the theory that there was a woman in heaven even greater Ithan the Virgin Mary. Her name was Wisdom. He also claimed to have seen Lucifer begging forgiveness from the All Mighty. It is hardly surprising then that Heinrich Minneke wound up being denounced as a heretic preacher by the bishop of Hildesheim upon whom he was dependant.

The bishop of Hildesheim, a town that boasted a thousand-year-old rosebush, was, at that time, Konrad of Reisenberg. He was in charge of this diocese, even whilst his predecessor was still alive, by the special will of Pope Honorius III. And not without reason.

He had garnered considerable experience in France where he had distinguished himself in preaching the Albigensian Crusade, an experience he was counting on importing to Germany. Rome had need of just such a man in the Harz region, as people there had long since abandoned themselves to heresy. Scarcely seventy years previously, in 1052, Goslar's inhabitants had preferred to be hung rather than kill a chicken. Apparently, they had been 151

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won over by Manicheism, this heresy so despised by Rome. Manicheans did not have the right to kill animals, as this would break

the cycle of soul migration.

It was also up to Bishop Konrad of Reisenberg, a native of High Hesse, to shed light on the Minneke affair. Accompanied by a few prelates, he went to Goslar. After having interviewed the Neuwerk Nuns, who, involuntarily, during their interrogation, confirmed the charges that weighed against the accused, he commanded him to preach only the strict orthodox Catholic doctrine. Heinrich Minneke however neither ceased in his praising of Lady Wisdom nor of evoking Lucifer without rejecting him. This was too much for the bishop of Hildesheim. He convoked the priest before his tribunal, dismissed him from his duties and ordered that he rejoin his monastery of origin (Minneke belonged to the Premonstratensian Order). And he told the nuns to search for a new chaplain, one who was irreproachable this time. But neither Minneke, nor the nuns obeyed the bishop's injunctions.

So the latter angrily turned to the Pope. But the Cistercians of Goslar, who did not want to lose their prior, also pleaded with the Holy Father. They seem not to have held out much hope in convincing the Pope, otherwise they would not have written to Emperor Friedrich II informing him that, under Minneke's guidance, the Neuwerk Monastery had blossomed like a lily and that the bishop of Hildesheim was an envious man who was prejudiced against their monastery, in spite of the rights granted them by the Emperor's gracious will. Their chaplain Minneke was a pious man and wished only their well-being. On the other hand, the bishop of Hildesheim was inflicting upon them a great wrong in unjustly accusing them of heresy.

The Emperor Friedrich handed the letter over to the bishops then present at his court, in Ferentino, for their opinion. They naturally took their Hildesheim colleague's side.

According to them, the Neuwerk Nuns attested to a strictness of spirit bordering on madness. Finally, they informed the nuns of Goslar that it was high time that they became reasonable, that they obeyed the bishop and that they observed the rule of Saint Benedict.

The Pope sent them a reply in much the same vein. Minneke, he wrote to them, was a rotten limb that should be amputated, in the same way that a condemned man's destitution is in accordance with the Law. He was placing souls in danger and was attracting a bad reputation for the convent. These were, therefore, all reasons to rejoice of Minneke's revocation.

A short while later, Konrad arrested the heretic chaplain. It was at this

point, that Heinrich Minneke himself turned to the Pope. He complained of having being thrown into a dungeon without having been convicted of heresy or of having recognised the truth of the allegations. He thus demanded to be heard according to the rules of Law. If he is found guilty, but refuses to return repentant into the unity of the Church, he is disposed to remain in prison for the rest of his days. Pope Honorius III, impressed by Minneke's letter, commanded the bishop of Hildesheim to interrogate the prisoner in the presence of the Papal Legate, numerous theologians and the Grand Inquisitor Konrad von Marburg. On the 22nd October 1224 the synod ordered by the Pope gathered at Hildesheim. Minneke appeared before the court and, after a lengthy debate, was found guilty of heresy. According to the proper form, he was dismissed from his duties and stripped of his rank. His priest's robes were taken from him.

Heinrich Minneke was burnt alive. As a Manichean and a Luciferian. He had wished to be a philosopher, a friend of Wisdom. But, if my research is correct, he belonged to that group of heretics, to whom the Christian belief in redemption — even if disguised as non-Christian —, had already carried out its debilitating influence: To him, Lucifer was a 'fallen'

angel who one day — on Judgement Day — would obtain his 'redemption' by God's pardon.

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Playing with words is a game of double-edged swords. Nevertheless, I cannot help but notice a deep meaning in the fact that Heinrich Minneke was burnt as a Manichean during the *Minnesäng* period, which came to us thanks notably to the Manesse manuscript.

In a historic southern German work, the *Chronicle of Hermann of Reichenau*, we find the following remark in the year 1052: "The Emperor (Heinrich III) spent Christmas at Goslar and, with the general blessing there, hung certain heretics who, among other pernicious errors of the Manichean sect, refused to eat meat. It was a case of stopping the spread of heretic leprosy so that no one further could be contaminated." I read elsewhere that even at the foot of the gallows, the Goslar heretics refused to kill a chicken, and that in the thirteenth century, this refusal was seen as a sure method of confounding heretics.

That heretics refused to kill a cock, seems to be completely in keeping as the cock was the sacred animal of 'Apollyon' (name which John's *Apocalypse* gave to Apollo and the Antichrist)… This animal which was also offered as a sign of welcome to the German Tiubel, who surged forth from the forest at midday amidst the howling of the wind and the roaring of trees, when one wished to invoke him. Perhaps the Goslar heretics were vegetarians and had their own reasons for that: this is of less importance to me as, even if I regard our modern voluntary vegetarians with suspicion, I should not like them burnt or hanged.

The number of ascetic Cathars was never that great, admits — as we know — a historian from the Catholic camp. Why then found generalised theories on exceptions? I do not wish to preoccupy myself any further with peculiarities of the type attributed to Hermann of Thuringia, Elizabeth's father-in-law: "He ate neither fresh nor smoked herrings; he drank neither beer nor hydromel", things which Cathars indulged in with pleasure. I leave the study of the heretic and Christian menus and drink lists of the Middle Ages to fastidious erudite academics.

Mani passes for the founder of the Manichean sect to which the Goslar heretics were said to belong. Legend has it that he came into the world laughing! I find this heresiarch more attractive than all the other founders of religions, sad since birth. It is claimed that he was — as I read in a very well known history of his life and work — "particularly in a poetical optic, a visionary, an outstanding orator and an artist without equal. The great interest that Mani manifested towards art was undoubtedly due to his Iranian origins. The descendant of the ancient line of the Hascanians and the Arsacides was, from this point of view, a true Persian, for whom poetry, music and fine art were the true occupations of the pure and noble man". — It should also be mentioned that, in the English work, *A History of Persian Literature*, pleasure at the Beautiful is described as a characteristic of the Manicheans.

Just as the Hellenes cultivated and celebrated the love of *Kalos k'agatos* and the Provençal people that of the *Bel e bos*, the Manicheans too had their Beautiful and Good, their 'Gay Science'…

Mani, born into the world laughing, □ was issued, on both his father's and mother's sides, from the Parthian royal house of the Arsacides or Hascanians (*askanija, hascanija*), which had been founded, in 256 before the Christian Era, by the king of Scythia, Arsace I, who had established his domination over the Parthian lands in North Iran. The

ancient

 Codex Manesse kept in the Heidelberg University, it contains a depiction of Wolfram and his coat of arms: two raised axes, or standards.

 Mani or Manes is thought to have been born in 240, at Ctesiphon, in Mesopotamia. He was a scholar, astrologer, mathematician, painter and doctor. At first he was a Christian priest.

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Persian religion had endured there for centuries and constituted an effective barrier against Hellenism (a Hellenism already influenced and corrupted by Asia Minor), against the rising power of the Romans and against Judaism, which was infiltrating everywhere. To evoke and then attempt to interpret here the history of the Parthians and their kings, their morality or the Manichean doctrine, would lead us too far astray. One point should however be made clear: Mani, the Arsacide, was of Aryan blood and rejected the Old Testament and Jesus the Nazarene! — In 275 of the Christian Era, Zoroastrian priests crucified him. He was then burnt alive and his skin was stuffed with straw and exposed as a warning. At the gates of Babylon. In this town where, a long time before, Alexander the Great died and where Mohammed's faithful were soon to make a triumphal entry. Manicheism seemed to have been annihilated. Nevertheless, for some years now, dead Parsees are being resurrected: Amongst my papers, there is a newspaper cutting, whose text reads thus: "Recently, scientific journals, soon to be relieved by general newspapers, have been relating the sensational news of the discovery of manuscripts belonging to the founder of Persian religion, Mani. He died crucified for his theses in 275, and his disciples hid his writings for fear of them being discovered. The seven volumes, which have just been exhumed from a cave in Fiume, are priceless, as much from a scientific point of view as from that of one of religious history. Made up of browning, decomposing, dusty and worn pages resembling a decaying tree: this is how the treasure of Doctor Ibscher (a palaeographer and manuscript expert from Berlin) presents itself. With the aid of a magnifying glass, a pair of tweezers and an inner tube, the scholar now has to detach each sheet one by one, in small pieces, to place them with extreme caution between sheets of glass. Other methods are not open to him—

the deployment of chemicals, for example —, as the writing might

disappear. Doctor Ibscher estimates that it will take him a minimum of ten years to completely restore Mani's manuscripts. And how long will we have to wait for the translation?" This article appeared in 1935.

I continue to search through my papers and I find another article of the same year.

Its title is "Has the Grail been found?": "In the Oronte valley, [] between Antioch and Hamath in Syria, an English archaeological expedition has found a chalice, which is supposed to have been used by Jesus at the Last Supper, in a grotto situated near one of the first Christian churches. This cup has been taken to London, to be meticulously examined by scientists". I have never heard of this 'Grail'. It is also very likely that I shall hear no more of it in the future.

Not long ago, I read that it was possible to find stupefying similarities between Irano-Manichean poems and those of Icelandic origin. Chance could not be a possible factor. It is supposed that Manichean missionaries went to Iceland.

Would not the Provençal troubadours, of whom certain, on fleeing the Roman inquisitors, and on finding themselves in the lands of the *Edda*, have brought Manichean conceptions with them to the skalds, their brothers in spirit? I believe rather that the Manicheans, troubadours and skalds all drew from the same well: Nordic wisdom.

So it remains necessary that my journey, accompanied by Europe's Luciferian ghosts

— not a single one of whom is a bad spirit —, must one day take me to Iceland…

[] The date is uncertain. 277 has also been proposed. According to differing reports, Mani was either crucified or burnt alive or cut symbolically in two.

[] Nahr al-'Asi, in Arab.

HALBERSTADT

t is Christmas… before going to the house of the friends with whom I

shall pass the holy day, I am taking a stroll around the village streets. Through the windows of old houses, I Ican see Christmas trees lovingly decorated with shimmering candles. I can also hear the joyous laughs of young children and I am sure that their mothers' and fathers' hearts are overflowing with tenderness. I feel happy and melancholic at the same time. Already the bells are announcing the feast, the ancestral celebration of light at the heart of winter. The solar gods, Helios-Apollo and Mithras, and even Cronus, the father of Zeus, are said to have been born on this day and each year, they return, eternally rejuvenated, to the maternal bosom of a young virgin. However, at midnight, in the cathedral of this old city, it is an altogether different thing that the choirs are triumphantly heralding: "Today, you were born the Saviour who is Christ, the Lord of David's city!"

Lucifer is bemoaning the ignorance of men, as before, at this very time, it was his birthday which was celebrated and his luminous return to which men's thoughts were drawn!

He, the bearer of light, was the victim of a great injustice and now, no one thinks of him! —

Me, I shall think of him. I shall go before the city's cathedral, at twice twelve paces from the door, and I shall place my hands on the stone that is there. It fell from the sky: the Devil, angered at the edifice's construction, is said to have thrown it to destroy the already half finished building. They say that it missed its target. It is known as the Devil's stone. He threw it from the sky.

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Oh, Christians full of contradictions! In Cologne, you had the heretics, whom you delivered up to the flames, rising up to Hell, although Isaiah says that Hell is to be found in the deepest depths of the abyss. And here, at Halberstadt, you claim that the Devil threw a stone from the sky, although you believe him to be the prince of the subterranean underworld. You Christians, your faith is blind!

As I stand before the Devil's stone, as I touch it and as I see it gently lit up by the stars — which, in the sky, follow imperturbably their divine path —, so too I think of the Grail, this stone, which fell from Lucifer's crown and which Percival conquered. I shall not fail to remind myself of Lohengrin, the Grail's messenger, whom certain

know as ‘Helias’, the bearer of light. Helias has the same meaning as Helios, in another word, the ‘sun’. I read in the Inquisition registers that the Cathars were ardently awaiting his arrival and that “the chroniclers thought that this young man, Helias, the knight on a swan mount, had come from the mountain where Lady Venus is in the Grail”! That is what was written in the fifteenth century, in the Halberstadt Saxon Chronicle. In front of the Devil’s stone at Halberstadt, I also dream of Apollo, the Bearer of Light: every night of the winter solstice, he is reborn in the land of the Hyperboreans, by a divine virgin who is none other than the Earth, [] and he returns, borne by swans, to mortal man, to announce the Law unto him. The names are even more so theirs, when they conceal gods.

It really is Christmas!

BERLIN

hen I cross the long and wide avenues of this town and I see people hurrying; just as when, from the room in which I am living, I look into the building’s great Wcourtyard and I see lacklustre people, hardly ever leaving their apartments, I have to say I pity them. They are completely ignorant of the degree to which life can be deep and beautiful in the outside world, in the mountains and the prairies, in the little towns, villages and hamlets. The worst is that most of these city-dwellers of great metropolises, as stressed as they are lacklustre, would not change their brick desert for what they contemptuously call the ‘provinces’. For this reason, their blood will die out…

Once again, I am going to listen to Wagner’s musical dramas[] *Parzival* and *Lohengrin*.

On noticing the dove adorning the Grail knight’s costume, I am suddenly reminded of the clay doves shown to me by an old man, a long time ago now, in the little Pyrenean village of Lavelanet. When Lohengrin sings his story in this castle “standing in a far-off country, inaccessible to our feet”, I think of Montségur, on this Pyrenean peak crowned by its superb fortress, amongst whose ruins the clay doves were found. After the representation of *Lohengrin*, I returned home on foot with a friend. It rained. The sodden asphalt of the roads reflected the multiple lights of street lamps and cars, and multiplied them further; the windows of the shops and department stores were all lit up; the luminous advertising radiated. In essence, night had almost melted into day. The air was heavy with the smell of

[] The mother of Balder, Nordic Apollo, was called Frigg (‘the loved’)

and was associated with the cultivated Earth.

 Otto Rahn talks of *Musikdramen* (musical dramas) and not of *Oper* (opera).

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petrol and the artificial odours that people call ‘perfumes’. The hubbub of men and the din of cars flooded everything. And I told myself that my professor of religious instruction had certainly been right all that time ago, when he would teach that Hell was nothing more than one’s separation from God. In very large cities, which pride themselves on their metropolitan status, God is soon silenced. To be continually obliged to live in such cities would, for me, be the equivalent of being exiled to Gehenna.

I share my sentiments with my companion. A few years ago, he used to be a priest.

One day, rather than continuing to preach Biblical legends incessantly from high up on the pulpit, as if they were truths, he made the choice to begin living again and set himself to writing for Germans, in accordance with their spirit and in their language. Now, he no longer claims to announce the word or manifestation of God, instead now another god, one other than that of the Bible, expresses himself through him and whosoever wishes to hear it has only to listen.

At length, we sit down around a round table, bathed in a gentle light. My friend reads me pages from the manuscript of his new book, entitled *The Birth of the Millennium*. He begins: “The time has come when all power shall belong to the strong! So that, in this world,

‘sin’ will die, as it is imperfection and weakness! Whereas, those who are strong are those who respect their own law, its nature, in all its scope, but also in all its limitations, and act accordingly. The strong are those who, as their own masters, may live in the community.

Volunteers for this have already come forward and burn with a passion to fulfil their requirements and duties. The redemptive religions of the weak are dead; the affirmative religion of the strong has been born; such is the Law”.

And he continues:

“The history of this lost Law is brief: the peoples of the North brought this unwritten Law with them to the City-States of the South weakened by the force of wallowing in their opulence and who, very soon after the installation of their ‘democratism’, lost the richness of their blood and the nobility of their attitude towards life as soon as they began to live through the consequences of this ‘democratism’ and that they sought the causes, the peoples of the North began the Revelation of the Law. This was when the doctrine of the Cross submerged them. Let us take this up again in plain language: the North tried to give a new order to the world, eaten away by a corrupt Hellenic Orient. The ancient world was cultured, but… worn out. The prophets of decadence preached fear. Which had the effect of dissolving the last vestiges of vital substance. Its last folly was to wish to annihilate itself. The ultimate period for this degradation announced its terrifying doctrines. But in this time of general death, the steps of the young peoples of the North began to be heard. At this time the Orient raised the Cross and cast its shadow over the young peoples. If the bodies of these youths were perfectly capable of fighting under a foreign sun, their pure souls were defenceless against the Orient’s venomous doctrines. The North did rejuvenate the world, but from that moment on its blood was poisoned. The Cross prepared its offensive.

Decadence became a gospel, cursing Force and Will and extolling Submission. The spirit of the North was too naïve, too innocent, its will not directed well enough, its actions not co-ordinated well enough in the grand scheme, to such a point that the ancient world absorbed the new blood. In this way, the peoples of the North lost their Law. With the calculating

 The Biblical “Resting place of the damned”, from the Hebrew *ge-hinnom*, the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem, once a theatre for child sacrifices.

 O. Rahn uses the term *Demokratismus* and not *Demokratie* or ‘democracy’.

experience of those who have aged and with the haste of those afraid to die, the prophets of decadence opposed the messengers of Life, bearers of Will. Goodwill and respect prevented the Youth from killing the Old who barred their way. These men managed to live amongst

them… spreading their doctrines. Teaching replaced Action. The Law was lost; nations forgot the sense of the Way and the Goal, conditioning Life, Truth and Greatness… More than once, the deadly silence of the cemeteries reigned above the Nordic world. But the will of the Germanic-German people to live was so strong that a new seed would always turn itself towards the light. The occulted Law was perpetually reborn from the ashes to oppose the politics of death propagated by the Cross… and to let itself be once again enshrouded at the decisive moment…"

I tell myself that it is exactly so. We should not forget that there were wars against heretics, called "heretic-Crusades". No! We should never forget. And I listen to my friend as he presses on:

"The groups of men with little will made an idol, mysterious due to its obscurity, but devoid of responsibility: the idol of Destiny. Destiny had once played an important part in the ideas of the peoples of the North. As the supreme Law, Destiny was placed above the Being, but not outside the universal laws. The lives of the individual, of his line and of his people were all incorporated within Destiny. A belief in Destiny signified a belief in the validity of Life, its Value and its Sense. Those who believed in it were no longer afraid of death. These actions rested upon the knowledge of the Law's validity, which not only exceeded one's own life, but also — precisely, through action — joined it like a link in a great chain, which persisted through time until the eternity of the people. He who believed in Destiny was conscious of the responsibility incumbent upon his own life and he knew that a chain was only as strong as its weakest link. Destiny was not therefore a mysterious or menacing power, but the very foundation of the Law, invisible to the eye. He, who, confident in his Destiny, engaged himself on the path of a conscious life, was never tired of the permanent combat of existence. To know that the Law was just, spared the believer from doubt and desperation and conferred upon him dignity, this exceptional and admirable tenet of paganism, which later generations — whom redemptive religions had distanced from the Law — found so distant and therefore so worthy of their efforts… but also so inaccessible.

To believe that Destiny was just and all powerful allowed these men, in spite of the apparent deceptions and inconsistencies of life, to proclaim a joyous 'yes' to Life and Death and to celebrate confident in the light of the sun, dispenser of life, in spite of the night, the fog, the ice and the snow. To believe in Destiny once meant: to live heroically "Even though (*Dennoch*)!" This attitude we, men of today, see in the sagas and ballads of the past, in so far as we search for it at the

heart of these texts, that is to say outside of later addenda and falsifications".

At this point, my friend asks me what I think of what I have heard: "I approve of everything that you have said! And it is an unconditional yes! But continue with your reading!"

I continue to listen: "Those who believed in destiny were closely linked to all the manifestations of the Law: they were aware that the natural laws regulated the stars and would look upon all the world's life which surrounded them as meaningful and revealing.

These men were rightly able to claim that they understood the animals' language as well as

 Used for example to enforce phrases such as the famous one by William of Orange, the 'Taciturn', "It is not necessary to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to preserve".

the rustling of the forests, the chant of the prairies and the growling of thunder: they knew that the Law brought everything into harmony. — Because those who announced Destiny were the Strong, this revelation was 'victorious'. The heroic poems were born in this way, exalting combat as Life's mission. In comparison, what became of everyday misery? What became of the certainty of death? These were but details, insignificant things, of no value worth speaking of…"

Happy for the agreement established between two fellow seekers, between two friends, I begin to speak to him of Lucifer and his Court, of the 'fever' of Pytheas, Heracles, Parzival and Tannhäuser questing for their salvation, of terrestrial Grail paradises and rose gardens, of the 'Gay Science' of the troubadours and Cathars, whom Jehovah and the cross had sought to annihilate. We debated, in our way, turning night into day, until the first ray of sunlight entered the room. When we ventured outside to greet the sun star, it was already high above the roofs of the megalopolis. A church's pointed bell-tower stood before it and seemed to split it in two. This church, I said, has become one of the sun's columns, which the prophet Isaiah and his Jews hated as much as Lucifer. As in the Jewish Holy Scriptures, it is written:

"At that time, men's eyes looked upon the Holy Israel… when all the stones of the altar are broken into pieces like pieces of lime, when

Ashera (Ashera is Artemis, Apollo's sister) and the scent burners are no longer standing … And it passes that, on that day, Yahweh will strike the army from on high… The moon will be confused, the sun will be ashamed, as Yahweh Sabaoth is king on Mount Zion and in Jerusalem… It will pass in the course of time that the mountain of the house of Yahweh will be established at the head of the mountains and will rise up above the hills. Then all nations beat a path towards it, then will come many people who will say: 'Come, let us climb Yahweh's mountain, to the house of Jacob's god, so that he may teach us the ways and that we may follow in his tracks'. As from Zion comes the Law and from Jerusalem the word of Yahweh!"

 The cult of Ashera-Asarte venerated sacred stones, known as *asheras*, from the goddess' name. The ferocious destruction of these pagan totems appears frequently in the Bible.

 Isaiah, 27, 9.

 Isaiah, 24, 21.

 Isaiah, 24, 23.

 Isaiah, 2, 2-3.

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WARNEMÜNDE-GJEDSER

he ferry labours over the small waves of the Baltic. Few travellers are on the bridge.

Some sleep, others are seated, like me, in the smoking room. A short while earlier, I Thad been standing on the poop deck, watching my country draw further away, until Warnemünde's lights had been drowned in the glare of the full moon, tracing a wide furrow in the water and enveloping the little clouds, the air, the sea mist, the ship and ourselves in its gentleness. A headlamp had been describing huge circles. I had turned my gaze towards the prow. The masts and ropes of the rigging were balancing themselves gently between the Great and the Little Chariot, which were both once known as *Arktos*, Bear or Ursa. Arktos will be our guide to the North, as it had been once before for the intrepid and wise Pytheas of Marseilles. Two thousand, two hundred and sixty years ago.

I am heading for Iceland. There, I hope to gain the knowledge that will unravel the mystery of the crown, which is to be found in the most distant Midnight — the secret of the crown of Lucifer! I drift towards the land of the Eddas and the Sagas…

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EDINBURGH

ur boat has been anchored for a whole day in this Leith port. Coal was loaded in the afternoon. During this time, I visited Edinburgh. From the castle where Queen OMary Stuart once lived, I had an impressive view over Scotland's biggest city as far as the sea and the abrupt peak known as Arthur's Rock. Finding myself on English soil, I think of its greatest poet, Shakespeare, without forgetting the Lollards, these English heretics, for they belonged to the Court of Lucifer. They were reproached for teaching the unreality of all evil and of considering it "unworthy of any knight to preoccupy himself with the Bible". [] In a ballad composed by the orthodox Catholic Thomas Occleve on the most famous Lollard, his contemporary Lord Oldcastle, it is said that the latter, in lieu of the Bible, read only tales of chivalry…!

To the English heretics too, an Artus-Arthur was worth more than an Abraham or a David, a Parzival-Percival more than a Christ, and a Dietrich-Theodoric more than a Saint Peter. This is why the priests branded a key on their forehead…!

It was in 1160, that, for the first time, heretics were discovered in England. They were said to have numbered "thirty peasant men and women of Germanic origin and language". Probably Flemish, who had left their country to evade the merciless pursuit of the archbishop of Reims of the period. They were brought before the Episcopal Council, at Oxford. "They were evidently proud to be heretics. They were condemned to be flagellated, then released, once branded with a key on their forehead. Half-naked, flagellated, branded

[] They appeared first in Holland and Germany, before gaining England and becoming entangled with the followers of John Wycliffe (*c.* 1330-1384). It has been suggested that their name comes from the Dutch word meaning "psalm singer" but there certainly existed a Walter or Gauthier Lollard who began preaching in 1315 and was burnt alive in Cologne in1322.

and chased without protection in mid-winter out into the fields, they soon perished miserably one after the other…" — They died with a master-key (*Dietrich*) in their hearts and a key of Saint Peter on their foreheads. I think that for God, it is the heart that counts the most!

Two hundred and thirty seven years later, Oldcastle, the most famous English heretic, and, also, one of the most distinguished English lords, was ignobly executed. He was hung by an iron chain, wrapped around his body, above a blazing fire and was roasted until death ensued. "In the end he commanded his soul into the hands of God". After an eventful life, for his last long rest. An English chronicler-monk gave him a funeral oration that began thus: "This henchman of the Devil, heresiarch and Lollard John Oldcastle, whose stench, as abominable as a liquid manure ditch, rose to the Catholics' noses…"

Sir John Oldcastle was a knight in times of peace and "a strong man in battle". He has entered the annals of history because he was a heretic. The king's favour had allowed him to proclaim himself a Lollard. Which explains why the clergy did not openly and immediately attack him. It first went after his chaplain, a certain Johannes, a very popular itinerant preacher, casting an interdict on those churches where he had preached. In 1413, it took up an action against the lord. On this first occasion, the clerics used books belonging to him found at a bookshop as a pretext. The inquiry had no effect. But soon, the clergy would again seek out the king, with more serious charges in hand this time: they accused Oldcastle, not only of having harboured non-ordained priests, but also of having himself sent them off to preach. The king gave the lord a stern reprimand. The latter distanced himself from the court of his own ruler; he retired to Cowling Castle, not far from Rochester in Kent… and barricaded himself in. Enraged at this, the king let the archbishop pursue his actions against Oldcastle. The lord ignored the convocations sent by the prelate and forbade all his messengers entry to the castle. He explained that he could not recognise any spiritual judge as his superior. An official convocation was twice fixed to Rochester Cathedral's door.

Oldcastle paid no notice whatsoever. Finally, he was brought by force by the Commander of the Tower of London before the Ecclesiastical Tribunal, presided over by the archbishop.

Without bothering himself with the questions put to him, Oldcastle proposed to expose his own credo. He was less a heretic than he had been previously thought. Evidently — and undoubtedly with reason

—, his sincerity was put in question. Frank answers to different question were insisted upon from him. Finding himself against a wall, Oldcastle replied that he had no need to justify himself to an Ecclesiastical Tribunal. He had only to answer before God, and that it was only from God that he would ask for pardon. — “Those who wish to judge and condemn me, you pervert them and they pervert themselves; they lead to Hell.

Watch out for them!”, cried Oldcastle to the audience. Then, the tribunal handed the lord over to the secular arm. He was locked up in the Tower of London, but managed to escape.

For a long time, he wandered around Wales until he was recaptured and brought before Parliament. Here he was condemned to death for high treason and heresy. — And Lord Oldcastle, whom the people called ‘the good Lord’ —, was executed, as I have already mentioned.

Shakespeare, the greatest English poet, saw himself reproached by his contemporaries and Protestant coreligionists of having made Lord Oldcastle, hero of the faith, his Lord Falstaff, this rotund character who liked to amass debts and hitch up skirts.

Shakespeare defended himself in the Epilogue of the second part of his royal drama, *Henry IV*: “*Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man!* ” However, Shakespeare’s Falstaff is indeed the caricature of this Oldcastle.

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The

drama

The famous victories of Henry the fifth, written in the most hateful and vile monastic tradition, served as a model — it is now established — for Falstaff’s episode in Shakespeare’s *Henry IV*. It is also attested that “with Shakespeare too, the fat knight was originally called Sir John Oldcastle, as can be deduced from the epilogue [*Henry IV* pt. 2] and other elements that prove this. The Puritans were scandalised when the man whom they venerated was turned into a comic character. As in the second part of *Henry IV*, John Oldcastle appears as the old page of Thomas Mowbray, the Duke of Norfolk (which historically he had effectively been), it is right to see a mockery of the Lord. This is why Shakespeare changed his name to Falstaff”.

We know how Lord Oldcastle, this Lollard knight, died. Before his awful end, he affirmed whilst smiling that he would go up to Heaven in a chariot and that he would be resurrected on the third day. These last words of the Lord were noted by a monk by the name of Thomas Elmham. I truly believe that he spoke these words, according to what I have read, not without emotion, in Shakespeare, in the manner in which Lord Falstaff, the other Oldcastle, died. Lady Hurtig, the landlady of the tavern in Eastcheap, stayed with him during his last moments. She reported: "No, he is certainly not in Hell; he is in Arthur's bosom, if anyone has ever entered there. He departed exactly between midday and one o'clock. — In a murmur, he spoke of green fields. — Then he cried out: God! God! Three or four times. To console him, I told him that he should not think of God; I hoped that, for him, the moment had not yet come to torment himself with such thoughts. Then he asked me to heap more covers on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt his feet; they were as cold as stone…"

Lord Falstaff is no more in Hell than Lord Oldcastle! Nor do they rest in the bosom of Abraham (even though, my best research as far as Falstaff is concerned claims that:

"Lady Hurtig, ill-instructed hostess, had certainly meant to say: the bosom of Abraham —

instead of the bosom of Arthur"). After their deaths, Falstaff and Oldcastle gathered around King Arthur, that is Artus, the great king of the North. His chariot is always ready to ferry his own to Lucifer's kingdom, where the luminous asphodel fields are also to be found. The Germans of the North called it "Thorr in a chariot" and the guardian of the force of the gods. Or also the Great Father…

Instead of reading the Judaic Bible, Oldcastle plunged himself heartily into tales of chivalry concerning the adventures of Arthur-Artus and Dietrich. The other Oldcastle, Falstaff, despised Jews with all his heart. As when he swore an oath, he completed it thus:

"*Or else I am a Jew, an Hebrew Jew*" — The fat Falstaff did not compare life to a vale of tears, nor, which would have been equally as absurd, to a pleasure dome: rather a spinning wheel, following the example of every Cathar, who was also known as a weaver and who, in the Middle Ages, preserved the knowledge of the sacred nature of weaving and of the wheel.

When one evokes Oldcastle's chivalrous books, it is impossible, is it not, not to conjure up Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Jesuit Order,

who began by following the example of Amadis of Gaul, and ended up following Jesus? However Lord Oldcastle had seized the life-spirit of these chivalrous books, while Ignatius had only seen dead letters. —

How also not to conjure up that madman Don Quixote? The volumes, in which he immersed himself day and night, wound up burning his reason. Of his nag, he made a

 Paradise.

 A reference also to the constellation.

 ie. Scandinavians.

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charger, as if his Rozinante had been changed into Pegasus or Bucephalas, Alexander's faithful mount. However, Don Quixote was wiser than he was mad…

IN THE STRAIT OF PENTLAND

e have left the North Sea and are entering the North Atlantic. In the distance, the vertiginous cliffs of the Scottish coast and the high mountains of the Orkney WIslands, upon whose shores the backwash has just broken in the form of white foam, are gradually fading from view. The sea rises and falls to the rhythm of the long, tall waves. And our boat rises and falls. Imprinted on the horizon are the brown sails of a fishing boat. The first big waves have just struck the bridge. It is night, and yet it is just as light here as during a cloudy winter day. We are heading for the midnight sun. Leaning against the rail, I remained for a long time simply gazing. Now, I am reading a book and taking notes…

In Spain — Cervante's *Don Quixote* recounts —, there was once a priest, a barber, a governess and a man's niece, who had become deranged, due to reading books on chivalry, and who, ever since, desires only to throw himself into adventure in the manner of the errant knights of the past. These four — two women and two men — decided to sneak a look in the library of the apparently demented master of the house, who had just returned from his first 'adventure', raked by blows and wounded, and who was at that moment sitting in his room. They wished to control the orthodoxy of these chivalry

books. Before beginning her work, the governess brought a receptacle of holy water and a hyssop branch, which should serve as an aspersorium. She said to the priest: “Take this, your Grace, and pray sprinkle every creek and corner in the room, lest none of the numerous spells which are contained within these books may bewitch us to punish us for the ill-will we bear them in going about to cast them out of our world”. The priest could not forbear smiling at the governess’

candour. He asked the barber to pass him the books one by one, to see what they contained, as there may have been some that did not merit being committed to the flames. “No”, said the niece, “none of them deserve such a grace, as they have all sinned: it would be better to

throw them out of the window into the courtyard, rather than make a pile and set fire to them. Or in that case, take them into the backyard and build a pyre, whose smoke will not disturb anyone”. The governess joined with her: so eagerly bent were the two women on the destruction of these innocents. But the priest absolutely refused: and resolved first to at least read the titles. The barber passes him first of all the four tomes of *Amadis of Gaul* (this tale of chivalry which also “burnt the reason” of the page Ignatius of Loyola). “It is really a strange coincidence”, said the priest, “as, according to what I have heard, there you have the very first tale of knight-errantry printed in Spain, and from which all the other tales drew their inspiration; and therefore I am of the opinion that, as the instigator of such a pernicious sect, it ought to be consigned to the fire without further debate”.

“The next is *Amadis of Graecie* (by Graecie, he naturally means Greece)”, cried out the barber, “I believe that the whole row is of the filthy Amadis kind”. “Well then throw all that in the courtyard”, said the priest, “as to burn all that diabolical gibberish of their author, I should be prepared to deliver my own father up to the flames, if I were to come upon him in the guise of a knight-errant”.

“I agree”, said the barber.

“I too”, intervened the niece.

“As everybody is agreed”, said the governess, “give them to me and down with them to the courtyard”. The books are handed to her, but

there are too many; so to spare herself the effort of taking the staircase, she simply throws them out of the window.

Another book is opened to discover its title *The knight of the Cross*…So the priest says,

“Its pious title might in some measure atone for this book’s ignorance, but it is often said that ‘the Devil lurks behind the Cross’. So, to the flames!”

The barber takes up another work and announces, “This one is *The Mirror of Knighthood*”. “I know it”, replies the priest, “in it, we meet Lord Rinalde of Montalban (Montalban is the old name for the town of Montauban, near Toulouse) with his friends and companions, the truth be told, I am of the opinion that we condemn it in perpetuity to reclusion, if only for having been the inspiration for the famous novel by Matteo Boiardo

(who does not merit a mention here), out of which in turn Christian poet Lodovico Ariosto

also spun his web (the author of that well-known poem, *Furious Roland*. Ariosto, officially Christian, was in reality a ‘weaver’ who wrote poetry or a ‘poet’ who wove). I am truly of a mind to assemble this book with all the others that tell of French tales (regarding that, the reader of these lines should form his own opinion) and deposit them in a dry vault, until we have maturely reflected upon the fate that should be reserved for them. Yet I make two exceptions: first of all, a certain *Bernado del Carpio* (of which I, reader of *Don Quixote*, know nothing), and another called *Roncevalles* (translated into German, this name is given as

‘Dornental’, which means the ‘valley of brambles’; recently, in the little village of Runkel on the Lahn, I evoked the famous site in the Pyrenees, where Roland met a heroic death). If

 Italian poet (Scandiano, *circa* 1441 - Reggio of Emilie, 1494). A member of the Este family. His greatest work, *The Amorous Roland*, remained unfinished.

 Reggio of Emilie, 1474-Ferrare, 1533. He was also a member of the Este family. *Furious Roland* was written around 1502 and was published in 1516.

 Site of a surprise attack (15 August 778) on Charlemagne's rear guard by Basque mountain dwellers.

The event was romanticised in ‘la Chanson de Roland’, a 12th century epic ballad extolling the heroism of Roland, one of the unfortunate victims.

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those two were to fall into my hands, I would pass them to the governess to deliver to the flames, without remorse”.

Instead of continuing the tiresome task of examining the titles of the chivalrous works any longer, he ordered the governess to take down all the large volumes and throw them into the courtyard. This did not fall upon the ears of an idiot or a deaf person as she found more pleasure in burning them than in weaving a piece of flax. (She was certainly no

‘weaver’!)

Then the barber asked, “But what must we do to the small books which remain there?” “These cannot be books of knight-errantry, but collections of poetry”. On opening one, the priest sees that it is Jorge de Montemayor’s *Diana* (which still exists today, in France, in editions for children). And he declares that all the others are of the same kind: “Differing from the previous, those do not merit being burnt, as, contrary to works on chivalry, they have not caused and do not now cause great evil. They are but simple entertaining books, which do nobody any harm”.

And the barber continues, “I have here *The Shepherd of Iberia*, *the Nymphs of Enares*, and *The Cure of Jealousy*”. “There is no need of anything concerning them, if only to offer them to the secular arm of the governess. Do not ask me why, otherwise we shall never finish”.

That night, the governess burns all the books piled up in the courtyard, but also all those she uncovers in the house, and among those which disappear, some deserved to have been kept in external archives (Naturally, I am quoting Cervantes word for word!).

The priest and the barber think of another remedy for Don Quixote’s suffering. This consists of hermetically walling up his library and making all visible exterior traces vanish, so that on waking he would not be able to find his books: perhaps the effects would disappear, if the cause was eliminated. They intended to tell him that a sorcerer had spirited away the books, the room and all the rest. In all haste

they stop up the room. Two days later, Don Quixote leaves his bed of melancholy (to which, as we have said, his ride had led him), and the first thing he does it to seek out his books. As he finds no trace of the room where he had left them, he begins to search from one end of the house to the other. He ends up finding the place where the door normally stood. He feels everywhere with his hands and carefully examines, without a word, each section of wall. It is only after a considerable time, that he asks the governess what had happened to his library. The forewarned governess has her reply ready: “What sort of room or other thing, does Your Grace seek? There is no library, nor books in this house, as the Devil himself has borne everything away”. “It was not the Devil”, intervened the niece, “but a sorcerer, who arrived on a cloud, on the very night of your Grace’s departure; he dismounted from a serpent, which he rode, and entered the room. I do not know what he did there, but a short while after, he left by the roof, leaving the house engulfed in smoke. When we ran to see what he had done, there was no trace of books, nor of the library itself…”

“Sir, my uncle”, continued the niece, “would not it be better to remain wisely at home rather than to cover the world and give in to all its whims (Faust too seized upon every passing whim), without thinking that many set off in search of wool and come home shorn themselves?” “Oh, my niece”, replies Don Quixote, “how badly you understand these matters! Before they shear me (as all heretics were shorn), I would flay alive all those whose intention was but to touch a single hair on my head!”

The two women dared not contradict him further, as they could see only too well that this would only stir his anger further. He stayed calmly at the house another fourteen days all the same, without giving away the slightest inkling of his intention to repeat his past follies. During those days, he engaged in most agreeable conversation with his two 166

companions, the priest and the barber, enlightening them as to his theory that there was nothing more necessary than knights-errant and that there was nothing more necessary than that this chivalry should be reborn thanks to him. The priest contradicted him from time to time, but sometimes submitted, as he knew well enough that otherwise there would have been no end to it.

I put down *Don Quixote* and reflect…

The priest, who sorts the books fit for the pyre and who, without having resorted to cunning, would have never reached an end of it with the 'knight', represents the Catholic Church. The 'physical arm' of the governess incarnates… the secular arm. What do the niece and the barber symbolise? I cannot say. But the books that were burnt — this I know —, were originally written by the members of Lucifer's heretic court…

I pick up my reading once more: "When the malicious Don Quixote, this knight of melancholy demeanour, left his country for the first time, he began to soliloquise thus: Let us not doubt for a single instant that the sage who, in future times, will reveal the truth concerning my celebrated adventures, when he arrives at the point of my first sally he will begin thus: scarcely had Apollo, blanketed in a flamboyant red (which must also be the 'red messenger' Loherangrin-Lohengrin), deployed the golden threads (Apollo was a 'weaver') of his handsome hair over the large and wide earth than the celebrated knight Don Quixote de la Mancha left his bed of pleasure-seeking, straddled his no less famous steed Rozinante and set off for the Montiel plains, well known in ancient times'. He is effectively in the process of crossing it and continues: 'Happy epoch and happy century that shall see the day when my brilliant exploits enter the light and shall be, so that prosperity may remember, cast in bronze, sculpted in marble, painted on cloth. Oh, whoever you are, magician sage, you who are destined to be the chronicler of this singular story, I pray of you, do not forget my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my expeditions and voyages' (Cervantes, the magician sage has not forgotten Rozinante, Pegasus' half-sister). To this Don Quixote adds further ineptitude (which for us represent a 'Gay Science'), in the style that these books have taught him and from which he tries to faithfully reproduce the language. During this time, he continues to ride. But for a very long and as the sun rises so quickly and so blazing in the sky, it would certainly have burnt his reason, had he any left (Don Quixote's heart is intact and, before God, reason counts less than the heart). He rides all day without encountering a single living soul. And at the end of the night, him and his mare are exhausted and almost famished. Don Quixote looked all about him, in the hope of discovering some castle, or at least some shepherd's cottage, in which to seek refuge, he spied, near the road to which he kept, an inn; it seemed to him as if he had discovered a star (heretics also 'saw' stars) directing him not to the gate, but directly to the palace of redemption. Thereupon hastening towards the inn with all the speed he could muster, he arrived just at the close of evening.

At the door stood two young and pretty women, made prostitute by

their state. Don Quixote advanced with great satisfaction towards the inn that he imagined was a castle, and the two young wenches that he took for charming damsels, taking a breath of fresh air at the castle gate. When they saw this man in armour approach, equipped with a lance and a shield, the two 'damsels' ran to hide in the inn. But Don Quixote, seeing their fright, addressed himself to them in the most courteous manner and in a gentle voice: 'I beseech you, Graces, do not flee, nor fear the least offence on my part, as the Order of Knighthood to which I belong, does not permit me to countenance or offer injuries to anyone, least of all to noble damsels, which I can see you clearly are'.

Don Quixote asked one of the girls what her name was, as he wished to know who to thank for favours received, just as he counted on handing over to them some of the 167

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honour which he was to garner on the strength of his arm (an arm become 'non-secular' and immortal). She replied with great humility that her name was Tolosa… Don Quixote in turn declared, for love of himself (would not it rather be: 'for Love — *Minne* — of him'?), that she must henceforth preface his name with Don… and call herself Doña Tolosa.

Then, he asks the second girl her name. She replies that is Molinera… Don Quixote asks her too to preface the Don and to call herself Doña Molinera.

Thus Don Quixote, this sage and pure madman, gave Tolosa and Molinera their honour back. Tolosa is Toulouse, of Albi, and Molinera meaning the miller's wife, represents the Vaudois. The Cathars were nicknamed *Tisserands* (Weavers) as it was in the caves of weavers that one could most easily find them. — On their side, the Vaudois *Moliniers* (Millers). Milling was an activity no less sacred than weaving. It is for that reason that a knight, in Tyrol, following in Dietrich of Bern's footsteps, found the direct route linking a miller's cave to the paradisiacal rose garden, and, from there, eternity.

I read on: Sancho Panza (whom Cervantes called a *Hombre de bien* / a good man, or moreover a Goodman; □ Don Quixote had chosen him as his squire) saddled Rozinante, readied his mule and filled his sack with provisions. Then, after having commended themselves to God, they bade their farewells and took the direction of the famous grotto of Montesinos.

On the way, Sancho asked the cousin (the scholar and bookworm who had accompanied them to show them the way to the grotto): “At present, can you tell me who was the first entertainer?”

“Sincerely, friend”, replied the cousin, “I cannot tell you at the moment. I have to first study the question. I will busy myself with it as soon as I have returned to my books and will satisfy your demands at our next meeting”.

“Well, see here, sir”, replied Sancho, “You will not have to go to this trouble, as the answer has just sprung into my mind. Know you therefore that the first entertainer (the Church, full of hatred, called all minstrels and *joglars*, jugglers, in this way, the world’s first acrobat, was Lucifer when he was thrown or cast out of heaven and when he tumbled to the bottom of the abyss”.

So then Don Quixote spoke: “This question and its response are not your own, Sancho: you heard them from someone else”.

“Be quiet”, retorted Sancho, “as by my faith, when I begin the game of questions and answers, I cannot stop myself until the next morning”.

“You have spoken better than you imagine”, said Don Quixote…

Like Hölderlin, Don Quixote, the knight of melancholy demeanour, was “struck by Apollo”…!

 Or Bonhomme, the name given to Perfects by their followers.

IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC

he sea is raging. Our boat, the *Gullfos*, an Icelandic 1200 tonner, is waging a relentless battle against the waves. Silver porpoises — the rapid dolphins of the North Sea —

Tkept us company for a while. It was truly a pleasure to watch their shining bodies leap out of the water, then dive back again. Whilst watching them, I was reminded of Orpheus, the divine songster. A dolphin, Apollo’s favourite animal, carried him to the surface of the waves. Orpheus, one of the Argonauts, also journeyed to the North;

perhaps he was a man of the North. His mother, a mortal, was called Chione: the ‘snowy’. With his music, the songster charmed even the wild beasts. He went also to the deepest Underworld, to bring back his beloved Eurydice…

From now on, there will be no night. The sea sparkles with pearly reflections in these twilight hours between dusk and dawn. Our flag is a blue swastika on a white background.

The captain, whom I have just questioned on the gangway, told me that we will soon be crossing through the 60 of northern latitude.

When the king Harald Harfagri — Harald with the handsome hair —, in the ninth century, then, around the year 1000, Olav the saint, began to oppress the free and pagan Norwegian peasantry, the country’s most worthy emigrated to Iceland, where they enjoyed again, along with their freedom of old, a country.

Olav is one of the many saints whom the Catholic Church should not glorify. The famous skald Snorri Sturluson (who left us a recent Edda, in other words a prose Edda)

 Contrary to what one might think, this motif was not linked to Nation Socialism, but was flown by Icelandic ships a long time before the Hitlerian era.

 The cross of the Norwegian flag — but also that of traditional Normandy — bears his name.

 This Christian author was responsible for two considerable texts, the *Edda* and the *Heimskrinla*.

 An ancient, anonymous or poetic Edda is thus distinguished from a recent Edda which is in prose by Snorri. Snorri’s Edda was given the name in the Middle Ages, the earlier version are designated as ‘Eddic poems’. There has been much dispute over the meaning of the name ‘Edda’ itself as it is not even certain 169

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tells us in his *Heimskringla* that “if there were those to be found who would not abandon paganism, [Olav] did so much and so successfully that some would leave the country, with others he would cut off their hands or feet or pluck out their eyes, some he would hang or decapitate…” As a result, at this time, the Norwegian peasant elite crossed the North Sea and reached the Icelandic shores. And in

refusing to be slaves, their fidelity to the inherited faith of their fathers was by no means an unimportant consideration.

Thanks to the Icelandic *Landnambok* (*The Book of Iceland's Colonisation*, dating from the beginning of the thirteenth century when Iceland had already been Christianised), we know how long it takes to reach Iceland from Norway and then to push on as far as Greenland:

"Experienced men state that to reach Horn, in the east of Iceland, from Stad (the westernmost point of Norway), one must count on seven days of sailing. They say that when navigating from the western Bergen Cape to Hvarf in Greenland, one passes roughly twelve miles to the south of Iceland. Furthermore, it is necessary to navigate to the north of the Shetlands at a distance such that these islands are visible in calm weather; and to the south of Iceland in such a manner that we may encounter birds and whales who have taken themselves there. From Reykjanes, in the south of Iceland, one must count three days at sea until Jölduhlaup, in Ireland, and a day from Kolbeinsey (a small island to the north of Iceland) until the virgin coast of Greenland".

Iceland's first coloniser was called Ingolf. This is what *The Book of Iceland's Colonisation* says of him: "That summer when Ingolf set off to settle in Iceland, 6073 years had already passed since the beginning of the world, and 874 since the Lord's incarnation.

When Ingolf saw Iceland, he haphazardly threw the *öndvegissulur* — the rises of the seat of honour — overboard. He wished to establish himself, there where the stakes landed on the ground. Ingolf landed at the place now known as Ingolfshoefdi (Ingolf's Promontory). Vifil and Karli were Ingolf's servants: he sent them to find the rises, but they only found them during the third winter. The following spring, Ingolf installed himself in Reykjavik (The Bay of Stupor). His son was Thorstein and his grandson Thorkel Mond the legislator. The latter, although ill to the point of being at death's door, demanded to be carried into the sun's light, where he abandoned himself into the hands of the god who had created the sun star. He had led an existence as pure as that of the most pious Christians.

Another coloniser's name was Thorolf. He was a great fan of sacrifices and believed in Thorr. He too had headed for Iceland to escape the persecutions of King Harald Harfagri ('with the handsome hair'). When he arrived opposite Breidifjord, he too threw his *öndvegissulur*, upon which representations of Thorr had been carved, overboard. He wished to disembark, there where Thorr had landed. He made the vow of consecrating to Thorr, his that Snorri gave the name to his work.

Hypotheses range from derivations of *Oddi* and *odhr*, the name of the place where Snorri spent his formative childhood and the Norse term for poetry respectively, to the Latin *edo*, to ‘compose’ (poetry) or ‘compile’ (tales). The most likely however is that it refers to Edda, the well-known woman of Norse legend (cited, for example, in the *Rigsthula*) and correspond to the poetic appellative *edda* implying ‘ancestor’. This would be comprehensive as then her name could be seen as denoting a gathering of antique knowledge.

 Precisely, in the *Saga of Saint Olav*.

 Actually, Ingolfr Arnarson, a Norwegian.

 Hochsitzpfeilir. See note p.43. Port-Vendres Chapter.

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god and friend, all the land of which he would take possession and that it would bear his name. Thorolf entered the fjord. There, he found Thorr resting on a peninsula. He therefore went a little further into a bay. He built a farm and a great temple there. This he consecrated to Thorr. At that time, the fjord was scarcely — if at all — populated. Thorolf took possession of this land and baptised the region Thorsnes (Thorr’s Cape). He felt such a strong and deep emotion for the peninsula’s mountain that he called it Helgafel, the holy mountain, and he forbade all those who were unclean from looking upon it. He transformed the mountain into a place of peace: no one — neither man, nor animal — was to suffer there. And all Thorolf’s descendants believed, ever after that time, that they would go to the mountain after their death”. Later, when his son Thorstein perished at sea, the Saga of Snorri the Godi (*Eyrbyggjasaga*) recounts that he also went to the mountain. At its interior, one could see great fires and one could hear the clinking of drinking horns knocking together.

On finding his father, the son could take his place once again upon his seat of honour.

Two other men, as strong as giants and adepts of magic, also threw their *öndvegissulur* overboard, when they were within sight of Iceland. Their names were Lodmund and Bjolf.

Their country was Thulunes in the Norwegian province of Vor to the north of the Hardanger fjord…

The bell for evening tea is ringing. It is ten o'clock. At home, it is now midnight and the stars should be shining with all their radiance. The moon may be lighting up Germany with its silvery reflections. Here, there is daylight and there will continue to be daylight…

For weeks.

The rain is pouring down; there is a storm. Waves have just crashed against the hermetically sealed portholes of the dining room. Only a dozen passengers — of the seventy

— have gathered for tea. The saucers are laid inside wooden squares fixed to the table. In spite of this there is still some breakage. The stewards advance by balancing like tightrope walkers. The boat is pitching strongly.

I am resting in my cabin. The bed rises and falls beneath me. At moments, I have the impression of floating on air. All the boat's joints are cracking.

I read: "The Sagas recount that Iceland's very first colonisers were 'men of the West'

who arrived from the sea: the Irish. This is also what the Irish monk Dicuil reports, around 825, in his chronicle. He claimed that he spoke with countrymen who had sojourned on an island in the Far North, Pytheas' Thule. This is exactly what he said: 'Thirty years ago, a few priests, who stayed on this island from the first of February to the first of August, □ told me the following: not only on the day of the summer solstice, but also every day which preceded or followed it, when the sun set, it was as if it had disappeared behind a small hill, and due to this, even during this brief time lapse, it was never dark'. That is the Irish monk Dicuil's account. It must be deemed true that before the arrival of these immigrants, in other words before the eighth century, Iceland was deserted. This fact hinders any research into Pytheas'

Thule in Iceland, as his island was given as inhabited. How could the population that was present at that time have disappeared without leaving the slightest trace? An epidemic would have been very unlikely due to the island's utter remoteness; an extermination caused by a

□ Ancient Norwegians — as many of the Sagas attest — often considered the gods as their friends. God was the 'faithful friend'.

 This Saga relates many of the incidents which have just been mentioned as well as many in the *Landnamabok*.

 In other words from the Celtic feast of Imbolc to that of Lugnasad.

war is not possible, as there were no bellicose natives. Even if one contests the validity of these deductions and if one believes that a complete disappearance of Thule's inhabitants without outside interference is a possibility, during Pytheas' time, one should then find vestiges of the most ancient abodes. Otherwise, there is no evidence forthcoming to refute the Icelandic Sagas' tradition, dating the arrival of the first dweller only as late as 795. Of the rest, the supposed islanders of Thule Island would have spoken of volcanoes and hot springs to the new arrivals, rather than the ice of the Far North…"

Fire and lava, could not they have wiped out Iceland's population and extinguished all traces of a previous existence?

More confidently, I read in another book: "According to Strabon (the famous Greek geographer who lived in Rome in the first century), Thule was to be found six days navigation from the north of Britain. This indication can only correspond to Iceland…"

Where is Thule?

I replace my book in the net next to my bed. I shall turn off the light. As I have an interior cabin, it is night. The ventilator, which brings the sea's cold and dry air, throbs. I know that the boat is cutting through the waves, with its prow, one after the other.

Imperturbable and sure of its route. In spite of the raging swell. I can hear the waves rumbling. It is time to let the paper rejoin the book in the net and sleep. We have an easier life than that had by the Vikings:

"There was a king of Thule, faithful until the grave…" Where is Thule, which owes its name to the sun? Is it Iceland or this Norwegian region of Thulunes on the Hardanger fjord, original land of the colonisers Lodmund and Bjolf who brought their *öndvegissulur* to Iceland? Clearly, Thulunes means 'island (or peninsula) of Thule'…

 Goethe.

REYKJAVIK

round four o'clock, our valiant ship reaches the port of Iceland's capital at the end of a rain-drenched, though eventually calm, voyage. The ceiling of heavy rain clouds A hangs low over the mountains, making it impossible to make out the peaks and escarpments. A wan light blankets land and sea. In spite of the hour, outrageously made-up women and ashen-faced strollers are out walking the asphalt streets, on which many cars are circulating. The town is not beautiful: concrete walls, corrugated iron roofs, buildings built to American heights.

The interior of our hotel is bright and surprisingly comfortable. For the first time for weeks, I can take my clothes and laundry out of my suitcase.

I am unable to sleep. I miss the familiar roll of the boat. And I also miss a dark night.

It is good sometimes, is it not, to go without light? I am perfectly awake. Thoughts knock against each other inside my head. A phrase of Goethe's comes to my mind: "Now, you have reached the limits of your spirit. Why do you seek out Hell's company, if you cannot tolerate the consequences? You wish to fly, although you are not immune to vertigo. Was it us who summoned you, or you who solicited our attention?" It was more or less in this manner that the devil Mephistopheles spoke to Faust. Thoughts flood my head. I leave my room, leave the building and take a stroll around the streets.

The ugly town is sleeping. Iceland's sun breaks through the clouds for an instant. It seems as if the port is animated. With this exception, silence reigns. Not a single tree rustles in the wind; not a single bird chants its song in the branches. The concrete walls of the houses are damp with humidity. I head for the port.

A feverish activity reigns on our *Gullfoss*. Cranes are extracting crates, barrels, sacks and bundles, of barbed wire and steel rods, from its hold. I continue on my route. A fishing boat arrives. I watch it being unloaded. The glittering and quivering matter is thrown into baskets with a shovel. A bearded fisherman, dressed in a wet oilskin and gleaming with scales, holds a heavy fish in the air and shouts

something to me. I assume he wishes to show off his glittering prize. By gesticulating, I make him understand that I do not speak his language. At which, he throws the fish back with the others in the basket, wipes his hands and jumps down onto the quay. Offering his hand, he says, “Welcome to Iceland! I was told that some visitors have arrived from Germany tonight. Welcome to our home!”

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I am nearly at my wits’ end. But why? I dreamt of an enchanted land… and I find myself in a land that would be found nowhere in a fairy tale. The infinite solitude of this deserted island, at the edge of the Polar Sea, distresses me. There is not even the night to recover sufficiently from one’s sailing — like eyelids, which close so that eyes no longer have to see that which they flee. But there is something else to which my mind is drawn: I wished to ‘fly’ like Lucifer and I am not mastering my vertigo. Yes indeed, it was mainly this that was filling me with worry…

Wherever I have been, wherever I have alighted, thought and meditated: everything, for years, has led me here. — Is it to these Icelandic shores which an often intoned chant invited us to set sail and follow the route of the Vikings? Is this the Island of Thule, for which Pytheas risked his life? I had dreamt of a fairy tale land… and it is the crudest reality that surrounds me. Not a single tree, forest, flower or field. Plain and soulless houses are planted here; separated only by a few shops, fashion stores, newsagents and cinemas. All of which gives the impression of makeshiftness, of rootlessness, of imposed functionality and certainly nothing wished for. This must be what the gold prospecting towns resembled, when the Klondyke or Californian gold rushes drove men to dig, and dig further, until they had — for the most part — dug… their own grave.

When I think of my peasant men and women of High Hesse, who barely managed to feed themselves with their twenty or thirty acres of land, eating only due to their efforts and dressing in the most rudimentary manner, but who, in spite of this, never forgot their dignity or their love for the beautiful… And when, on the other hand, I see here, in the capital of the land of Vikings and skalds, a copy of Europe’s ostentation at its worst… Well then, it remains for me to look still further to the North or the South. It is to the South, to which I turn!

A most pious Christian who had made the journey to Palestine told me one day that the most disagreeable memory of his pilgrimage had been his visit to Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulchre: trade and fighting constituted the ordinary and one could easily count the days without homicides in this most holy of Christian sites. — This journey to Iceland was to be my pilgrimage. I can hear the voice of deception speaking within me and I am unable to silence it. I do not say that my first impressions are repulsive or completely loathsome. If I were to claim that, I would be exaggerating or lying. Simply, there is nothing for me to discover here. That is all!

What Reykjavik, a town like Marseilles, can offer me, what I have chosen to avoid, would also have been possible…

Today, we are taking a trip to Thingvellir (Field of the Thing), the most renowned site in Iceland where the *Althing*[1] stood. Much has been written about it. I feel no sacred shiver. My thoughts wander… and I think of Germany. And, not only because I have stumbled on some large red graffiti on the Thingvellir's basaltic face celebrating one of the most famous German communists of earlier times. — At *Walhall* tavern, we drink a coffee and eat a cake. It is time to return to Reykjavik. There is still not the slightest tree, nor the

[1] The ancient Icelandic Parliament where all free men could come and where civil (judicial or commercial), public (notably legislative) and religious affairs were ruled upon. The *Althing* (or General Assembly — *Thing*) was founded in 930 by a certain Ulfjot, after he had researched other equivalent institutions, notably in Norway. The *Althing* lasted for the entire second part of June (the summer solstice).

36 *godhar* (plural of *godhi*, priests) made up the *lögretta* (the legislative body) and elected a three-year president, a *lögsögumadr*. Everything was treated orally and the great plain with its rocky promontory (where the president stood) lent itself well to this mode of communication.

smallest shrub or bush, to offer us the earth's benediction. And what I had taken to be a mountain range in Reykjavik has revealed itself to be a desolate mound of volcanic cones.

On the way, the only living things we meet are a rider on his pony, three ewes and as many lambs, a few patches of dry and sallow grass

and some tufts of moss, no larger than a plate, sprinkled with minuscule flowerets. — At last, we reach a rectilinear tarred road, passing by the most unsightly houses possible, which takes us as far as our hotel.

My room is comfortable and agreeable. A bed, a desk, a metal armchair and a cupboard encrusted in the wall… and on the wall, some paintings by four Icelandic artists.

There are five of them and they represent gnarled trees of a magnificent green with imposing branches. Are the Icelandic painters feeling nostalgic for the South…?

One of my comrades — twenty of us came to Iceland — told me a short while ago that he was counting the days until his return home. As soon as he has returned, he will cross the Teutoburg forest on foot.

The Icelandic word for ‘thought’ and ‘memory’ is *minni*!

The Icelandic artists do indeed feel nostalgic for the South! But as soon as they are in the South, they become homesick! And if they had to choose definitively between the South and their solitary and desolate island at the limits of the Polar Sea, they would irrevocably choose this island. I put this question to a painter and that is what he replied. We have become friends. His wife is German. Mansi, this painter, and his brother, Sveni, are the last descendants of the most famous Icelandic skalds, Snorri Sturluson and Egill Skallagrimsson. Sveni will soon set off for Germany and will remain there for a considerable time. He is twenty years old. He has never seen a tree! He tells me that there are supposed to be a few trees in Iceland’s tiny forests, but he has yet to discover their exact location. On the other hand, he knows all the deserts and glaciers. — Mansi will also visit Germany this year. For a few months. We make plans to climb the Tyrolean ‘rose garden’

together. Four times already, he has climbed and painted this mountain. He refuses to sell these four canvasses. But he showed them to me. How he must love this ‘rose garden’!

Mansi thinks it is time that I should leave Reykjavik. He understands perfectly my deception and my homesickness. But, according to him, Iceland is not the one at fault, and if there is indeed any responsibility for the blame, it belongs to Reykjavik and myself, which is not Iceland. On his natal island, there are still many things to seek— and find —, but for that, I must not forget to contemplate the Icelandic

sky.

 Born, 1179 Hvamm (region of Dalir in W. Iceland). Poet, historian and legislator. He was a member of one of the most important Icelandic families of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the Sturlungar. Wrote the *Edda* (composed of three parts: the *Gylfaginning*, the *Skaldskaparmal* and the *Hattatal*) and the *Heimskringla* (in four parts including the *Saga of Saint Olav*). Assassinated in 1241 in Reykjaholt (now Reykholt, region of Borgarfjord).

 Egill 'Son of Grim the bald'. An ancestor on Snorri's maternal side. He lived in the 10th century, five generations before Snorri, and is the hero of a celebrated saga, *Egill's Saga*, whose author is thought to have been Snorri himself.

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LAUGARVATN

t is Sunday. Jazz music is coming through the thin walls of the hotel, in which we are resting up for a few hours. Having arrived by car along incomparably poor routes, I Reykjavik's youth is dancing. The women are made-up and decked out in the *dernier cri*… of years ago; the young boys and men are well dressed in a sporty fashion. All the dance tunes are classics. At this very moment, they are interpreting a fox-trot, which, in Berlin, would torture me every Wednesday morning for months. A travelling musician has just finished playing on his barrel organ.

I observe through the window the tiny little undulations of Lake Laugarvatn, one of the warm water lakes. A light steam rises. Very far off to the southeast, the snowcap of Iceland's most famous volcano, Hekla, is sparkling.

In 1300, Mount Hekla split in half and spat out the 'earth's fire'. The darkness became such that day was indistinguishable from night. "At the same time, there was a lava eruption in Sikiley which reduced two bishoprics to ashes". — Sikiley is Sicily. Three hundred years later, while Charles Quint was emperor of half of the Occident, a young noble of his court, Walter van Meer, came to Iceland and is said to have seen "the souls of the damned borne, with a terrible din, on a

dark ship captained by a Moor", into Hekla.

Iceland, like Sicily, then has had its own mountain of fire, its Mount Bel! Hekla and Etna both feed themselves from the same fire, the earth's fire; and the forge of the divine blacksmith Hephaestus-Vulcan, Venus' husband, is the earth.

Dietrich of Bern, the Thidrek of the Norwegian saga, must have used Mount Bel as his dwelling-place…

Scarcely a few hours ago, we were standing before the Great Geyser (*Geysir*). We had to wait a long time before the boiling water decided to spurt forth. Finally, to incite the eruption, it was necessary to discharge sacks of soap into the refractory's depths. Soon the ground began to tremble and rumble over a vast surface, and suddenly the giant kettle spat forth, in jolts, its showers of boiling water and vapours with a whistle. At the moment when the pressure was at its strongest, the burning jet reached a height of forty metres. Then, the earth's cauldron was once again bare and empty. From time to time, a cloud of vapour rose.

One was aware of a constant rumbling coming from the earth's unfathomable depths. Wisps

 The 'latest thing'.

of steam were lying above the broad valley. The air was heavy with a sulphurous odour.

Lungs were choking with it.

It must be fantastically beautiful to pass near the Great Geyser on a winter's night or on one of those winter solstice days that so resemble the night. The country wears a heavy shroud of endless snow. The Polar storm howls. The steam clouds hiss. The earth groans.

And there is no living being anywhere in sight. Maybe somewhere the light of a volcano is shining. Silently, the colours of the North come to life and unravel in the sky. Here, in winter, the stars must remain static or move around with more luminosity than at home. At the moment, it is summer, and there is daylight without end.

he house in which we spent the ‘light night’ is an unsightly concrete cube. In winter, it is a classroom. It is ten o’clock on the night of the summer solstice and as light as Tday. I am in my room, writing. My comrades are relaxing downstairs, where a swimming pool is fed from warm springs. I too, worn out by the long and laborious voyage, had enjoyed the invigorating water and left it with some misgiving. My bathing costume, which I have hung over the radiator, gives off a faint smell of sulphur.

To the northwest, the sun is high. The sky is resplendent with multicoloured hues. A light, almost imperceptible, sea mist hovers over the Reykjadalsa and the wide valley it cuts a swathe through. In the distance, clouds of steam emanating from the warm springs rise up.

The peaks of the Skarneyjarbunga and the Steindorsstadaöxl stand bare, as does that of Reykholtsdalur. There is not a single tree. The rare verdure of minuscule fields makes this ground seem more lifeless than it is in reality.

I do not think I could voluntarily choose to live here. I would have to be constrained, and then I would miss the forests and fields of my country to which I am attached by the very fibres of my heart.

Seven hundred years ago exactly, the legislator and skald Snorri Sturluson lived here at Reykholt. His swimming pool of warm water surrounded by a circular wall still exists and is just a few paces from the inn, next to the poor peat cabins that pour out smoke. Could Snorri, a contemporary of Wolfram von Eschenbach and Walther von der Vogelweide, of Peire Vidal and Peire Cardinal, really have composed the *Edda* and the *History of the Norwegian Kings* and the *Heimskringla* (*The Orb of the World*), in such a dismal shack? Was is not the nostalgia for a lost country and the obsolete faith of his fathers which guided his pen during the long winter nights while the glacial cold and the deepest darkness — only sometimes lit by the light of the North — hung heavily on his farm isolated from the rest of the world?

For a long time, he also lived at Borg, near to where we shall pass tomorrow. At that time, he lived in a farm that had belonged to his ancestor, Egill Skallagrimsson, two hundred years earlier, at least when the Vikings’ audacious expeditions did not take him off across the vast sea towards distant shores.

The storm is howling and raging all around the house. I shall rejoin my comrades. It is the night of the summer solstice in the Edda lands…

 Reykholt valley.

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An hour has passed. The new day will soon dawn. As the sun descends further and further towards the North, I gaze at the Steindorsstadaöxl. The play on colours on the bare rock is sublime and, behind, the immense glacier Langjökul, stands gravely and solemnly.

Everywhere one's gaze alights, there are only colours: from the gentlest mauve to the most ardent red, the brightest white to the darkest, blackest grey. In the field, belonging to a farm situated on the other side of the river, and whose name according to my map is Hoegindi, I notice small mobile stains. With my binoculars, I make out that they are Icelandic ponies ambling down towards the river. The farm is tranquil. I turn my binoculars towards the Steindorsstadaöxl. Its gentle slopes end halfway in sheer basalt faces. If I am not mistaken, the black points that I have spotted out are entrances to grottoes. The voice of one of my comrades rings out suddenly beside me. He asks me if I am still on the lookout for grottoes.

Faced with my affirmative response, he proposes — as it is the night of the summer solstice

— foregoing sleep and spending the night making an ascent of the mountain. "It is true", he adds, "that the bed of the Reykjadalsa is wide, but there is a ford not far from here". Before dinner, he had taken a stroll as far as the river and had seen a peasant's cart cross it. We could therefore cross the ford and climb up to the grottoes, as he too thinks they are indeed caves. I do not hesitate and we set off then and there.

The storm practically blows us off our feet. We reach the river, taking off shoes and socks, raising our trousers, and begin to tackle the water. It is so cold that I am afraid of not crossing to the other side fast enough. A run as far as the Hoegindi farm, taking a route sheltered from the howling wind, reactivates the blood in our veins. In the end the mountain is less steep that it had appeared. We reach the basalt face, our goal. And realise our mistake: what we had taken for grottoes, were simply faults in the rock through which streams and

other sprays cascade down the valley. We rest up for a while near the handsomest of the waterfalls. Our gaze turns to the sun, then Reykholt, which, far below us, resembles a toy.

For a long time, a very long time, we are lost in contemplation of the Eyrikjökull glacier, which offers itself up to our gaze for the first time. Who was the first between us to strike up a conversation? I could not say, even though the facts I am reporting took place scarcely a few hours ago.

One moment, I say: “There is an Indian word, *Titthakara*, which, originally, meant

‘discoverer of a ford’; it stood for a person who had found a passage there where others had searched in vain for a way to cross to the other side. In one way, such a *Titthakara* showed us the ford to pass from one side of the river to the other. Here is what this means: he knew how to guide across the thick obscurity which stretches before men and separates them from what they can only know after their death — even if they bore within themselves the eternal question: how can we cross, from now, in spirit to the other side, to have the knowledge of this Hereafter and thus then comprehend here and now the sense of things? There were charitable men who would give those who questioned them the answer that they themselves,

‘discoverers of a ford’ through spirit, had found all alone. Today, the Indian word *Titthakara* designates those whom we would call heretics”.

I can still clearly hear what my comrade told me. I did not interrupt him. During this time, the solar disc rose gently, surrounded by little clouds of a pale red, above the bare peaks; the waters ran down to the valley, and — if I was not mistaken — swans sung in the Reykholtsdalur, there where the river widens to the point of becoming a lake: singing swans.

Or was it the wind, which found an Aeolus harp in the crevasses and gorges? A chant crossed this summer solstice night. And my comrade — more ‘Christian’ that I had guessed

— told me:

“While Christianity was preoccupying itself principally with man, condemning Nature as anti-divine or leaving it to science and atheist techniques, paganism believed that Nature itself was ‘full of gods’ and that all phenomena are words or actions of genies or spirits. In this sense, one should consider paganism as more pious, more divine and more Christian than Christianity, as the imperialism and intransigent dogmatism that one finds in Catholicism as well as in Protestantism have more often than not been inspired by Rome or Judea and not Christ himself.

Originally, ethnicity is inextricably linked to the power of these gods, to whom their members are intimately bound. This spiritual link conditions the blood links and confers above all to the people its supreme aspiration to constitute one unit. This is why the Edda sings:

‘ *It was in the days of old*

When the eagles screamed,

The sacred waters

Of Himinfjöll flowed’

Each people, each clan saw its own gods as radically different to those of others. The saw in them, in a manner full of imagery, the powers that had created them, that had made them into a whole, that guided them through their migrations and their wars, and that inspired their customs and laws. The ‘gods’ were as indubitably real as the languages and peoples.

These gods of the peoples’ ethnic groups were in strict harmony with the environment, the centres of popular religion, temples, forests, sources and mountains.

Experience showed that certain places — grottoes or faults — were points of convergence and underground energy influence, and that others — mountains and other knolls — were receptors of planetary or astral power emanations. A raised tree is therefore considered a space opening up below to the elements of Water and Earth, and receptive above to the elements of Air, Light and Fire.

In primitive times, divinity was not to be found in an inconceivable ‘Hereafter’, uniquely accessible by ‘Faith’. The world is not reduced to

a simple mechanical dimension, rather it is Nature that is everywhere, the polymorphic mirror of divine activities. It is from it that, more than any other, the Germanic peoples of the most distant past received their deepest spiritual revelations. Their gods were the gods of Nature. The Germanic soul was formerly entrenched in the pure and sunny dream of Nature's spiritual revelation. It was the time of the god Balder, the favourite of gods and men.

One cannot comprehend ancient History if one cannot realise to what extent it was determined by the holy places disseminated in the country, as much in its knots as in its strong points. It is not individuals alone who have made History; no more than it is the clans or people like them, that is to say groups of ephemeral and mortal men, who made war or united, but rather the divine powers who manifested in great cult places and from there spread themselves around the inhabited countries. The Germanic tribes took themselves to cult places at key moments: they gathered around the Irminsul in the Teutoburg forest or the seer Velleda at Lippe Springs. [] They believed that the spirit of the people expressed itself

[] First chant of Helgi, murderer of Hundingr I.

[] The Sky Mountain

[] Between Paderborn and the Externsteine.

more directly and in a more decisive manner there through the intermediary of the predisposed, particularly women.

It is for that reason that it seemed fundamental to first of all destroy the sacred sites of a people that one wished to destroy. It was known that to strike there was to hit the very heart itself, which would then stop beating. Isolated families or tribes were able to continue living within farms scattered around the country; they would be cut off from their cult sites and, because of this, the link with their gods; they would come to represent but a sum of individuals without roots or a goal, and in any case, would scarcely be able to use their power. It was for this reason that the Romans tried to rally Velleda[] around to their side with gifts or intimidation, so that she might influence the leaders of the Germanic tribe in return. In the same way that Emperor Charlemagne — like Varus and Germanicus[]—

always led his armies into the sector of the Teutoburg forest as by striking there, at the confluence of most of the great tribes, he would attain the heart of Germanic religion.

One can only understand the proto-historical mythic times, if one is conscious of the fact that the 'individual' had not yet come into existence. Concepts of thought and individual will of conscience had not yet come into being: the accomplishment of an ethno-communal order was all that mattered. Nature was not only peopled with gods, but also the souls of the deceased. The German would go into battle accompanied by the souls of his ancestors who aspired to be reborn in their descendants. Escorted by their protective entities, the Valkyries, he would already be self-aware, whilst alive, as an immortal being, a member of a powerful cortege of spirits led by the gods and manifesting itself in atmospheric events. □ He also has the faculty to see the dead hero, next to his funeral mound, in luminous form. All life is like a play of spiritual theatre, permanently uniting the dead with the living.

By the terms 'mythic' and 'myth', we should understand a 'revelation of a distant past', in which man is directly submitted to the superpower of the divine world. Whether we like it or not, we are today distanced from all mythic elements. Man's modern universe is science, technique and an approach to History that only takes into account tangible events and considers the 'gods' merely a superstition. From this point of view, Ecclesiastical Christianity was no less 'intellectualist' than modern science. The 'mythic' is indissociable from the manifestation of divine forces. Today, these have been occulted. Modern man does not live in the 'cosmic inspiration', but instead thinks and acts of his own volition inside the material universe. Myth has nothing to do with either 'Faith' or 'Confession'. On the contrary, every belief only becomes beneficial from the moment when 'Presence' has been erased and man compensates for this disappearance by placing faith and confidence in his soul. Consequently, if we wish to grasp the mythic world of the gods and through that, the roots of the peoples in their essence, exterior considerations are not sufficient. The mythic world of the gods is in no way a poetical reproduction by man; as it is more the case that man is the product of the reigning gods. It is firstly in the divinity that man perceives his own image. Before he was capable of vision, God appeared to him. The image of God

□ Germanic high priestess who resisted Emperor Vespasian's Romans. Participated most notably in Caius Julius Civilis' revolt in 69-70, but was eventually delivered to the Romans.

 Varus was defeated in 9 by Arminius, the Germanic Vercigetorix, at the Battle of Teutoburg.

Germanicus, Augustus' great nephew, adopted by Emperor Tiberius, eventually defeated Arminius in 16.

 This is an image of the wild Hunt, this cortege of dead warriors led by Odhinn-Wotan, astride his eight-legged steed Sleipnir, crossing the sky at night, notably during the winter solstice periods.

precedes that of man. Whatever human form and nature, man learnt what he was through observation of the divine. In the beginning, there is always God.

If the mythic figures are the fruit of the imagination, this imagination is not human in origin, but divine, and instils itself in man in poetic form. Mythic man is delivered to cosmic imagination, which, beyond everything arbitrary, manifests itself in the images and words — rigorously structured — of cosmologies and hymns as in nature itself: in the plants and animals, the seasons and the movement of the planets. He is telling the truth when he perceives his soul's forces as manifestations within himself of the divine world. Such humanity is still open to the cosmos, but virtually without skin or boundary.

The origins of religion should not be sought in the Human, but in the Divine. Firstly, a god is enlightened, speaks and acts in man's heart — opened in dreams —, before even the latter is capable of recognising himself by saying, 'I am', by thinking and acting for himself.

Original religion is the connection between man and the divine, or, in some senses, the birth of man's becoming as a physical and psychic organism proceeding from the divine. Mythic man is nourished and formed by the cosmos, as an embryo in its mother's womb. Not only is the manifestation of the divinity, the point of departure of all region and not a product of delirium, but also it is, in all its realities, also the most real. It transmutes the horde into a community and the community into a people.

An original ethnicity does not live in a neutral universe, but rather in a world full to the very brim with significant elements, communicative and sacred. Human life itself then gains a sacred, sacerdotal dimension. Each manifestation of the divinity also opens man's soul,

and the creation act is immediately in effect. Man must express this immensity that has taken possession of him. The most venerable of these great modes of expression is the cult.

Its language has become as foreign as that of any other.

By simply reducing the cult to a series of relations between men and gods, we have wrongly interpreted one of the most venerable phenomena of ancient times. Instead of measuring ourselves against the past and raising ourselves up to it, we measure ourselves against our own worth.

The Cult is the service of the Universe! One could characterise the act of founding a cult as a bold opening up of arms to the sky. Through this, man, in his entirety, becomes a symbolic expression, which contains, like a seed, all that man can receive from the world and all that the latter can give. In this way, he places himself between the sky and the earth, an intermediary between what is high and what is low. For this reason, the circle of children around a tree in a flowery field in springtime is already a cult act. Children are not as hermetic as adults. They do not grasp the world with their intellects, but rather with their chests, their breathing and the beating of their hearts. A luminous spring day is in itself a chant and an exaltation. The circle of elements and elementary spirits, which rise and fall in the air, exalt the children who are receptive and who place themselves in harmony with it.

Cults are not ‘abstract symbols’ or ‘simple commemorations’; they are the transcendent manifestation of a cosmic power. We are not talking here about building theories on God and the world, but rather about a sort of divine amazement.

The supreme — and to tell the truth the most mysterious — summit of cult activity is the Sacrifice. All egotistic leanings towards God, whatever they may be, should be considered ulterior degeneration. Originally, man would only carry out a sacrifice because he felt that a cosmic link was expressed within this act. The sacrifice neither born out of

 Odhinn, the god of initiation and secrets, is also the god of Poetry.

egotistical cupidity nor pusillanimous favour seeking from a Power,

but rather an interior richness, which wishes to manifest itself to others by giving life.

Human life itself, in its activities and suffering, is a great sacrificial fire, in which all the elements, the spirits of nature and gods participate. Man does not only receive, he gives.

His cult activity depends in large part on the health and order of the world; even the gods watch this man who, by his disinterested gesture, becomes a symbol of the creative powers.

The sun also sacrifices when it shoots the earth through with its rays. Steam vapours which rise, the life of plants, their colours, their perfumes are the repeated sacrifices vying with each other through which the earth replies to the sky's sacrifice.

The primordial sacrifice has therefore no other finality than its own. It should neither produce, obtain nor magically engender anything. It bears its reality in itself. Thanks to it, man expresses his integration in the great cosmic community of all the Powers and Beings.

The fact that in nature, living beings feed off one and other, is in itself only an expression of the law of giving-receiving, where nothing closes itself off egotistically, but where everything gives and receives.

The profound link that united the ancient Germans with the forces of Nature conditioned the multiple rites according to which sacrifices were made to them and assured living community with them. Sacrifices were made to the sources and trees, with the help of lit torches, hymns and invocations, or animal and plant offerings. A tree's life force would be honoured by attaching flowers, ribbons and fruits to its branches or by dancing and singing around it. In the most ancient temples, even the house was built around a living tree, and through this, it was possible to communicate directly with these Powers, by giving and receiving.

Nature, voyaged through by gods living in harmony, became the link uniting men living as a community. According to Tacitus, the Germans thought that 'locking up the gods inside walls or representing them in human form, did not seem befitting of the grandeur of the sky's inhabitants; they consecrated woods and copses to them and gave the divine name to this mysterious reality, which only their piety allowed them to see'.

By destroying the sacred copses to build their churches within the wood, the Christian missionaries destroyed the symbiosis that existed

between the Nature of the gods and that of humans; they taught only to regard the trees as a dead matter, wood, and they prepared the way for this distancing of nature and lack of regard that modern man pays to it, by deeming all that surrounded him as matter to serve first for his aspirations and consumption.

Even though mythic History begins at the dawn of time, it does not only belong to the past: it is the permanent Power of all History, even if it has been occulted. Through external events, History reflects what the myths prefigure in symbolic form. Behind apparent History therefore, mythic powers, which, even if they are not perceived as such by the obscure consciousness of modern times, evolve manifesting themselves only in their misunderstood effects. It is precisely there where myths, from an exterior viewpoint, seem altogether unreal and unhistorical that their metaphysical reality lies.

It should be obligatory for all genuine historians to exceed the limits of materialism and psychologism that are but an envelope. The more mythic a reality, the less it is in accordance with a fact determined on the surface of space and time. The accomplished work is dead. It possesses no more procreative power. Only by being receptive to mythical

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powers, from which one can say along with Schiller: ‘Only that which has never been produced anywhere will never grow old’. Historical personalities are all the greater as they know how to incarnate these powers, so that they themselves become mythic.

Legends — and above all the heroes and other mythic figures who evolve in them —

, constitute the path leading to the divine powers of apparent History. The heroes appear as gods in human form or men having been divinised. They are held at the root of human history, for example in the form of city founders or fundamental legislators; they are already in touch with certain tangible historical elements and form a conduit to priests and kings of the most ancient history.

In the world of legends, that which is non-historic and that which is supra-historic integrates itself surreptitiously into History. This said

however, legends do not describe direct events in the same way as the historian. From the latter's point of view, one is dealing with 'phantasmagoric distortion' and 'poetic adaptation'. This 'poetry' — this 'fiction' — is perhaps truer than modern historical accounts, as, in its legendary portrayal, the soul of a people expresses itself on the decisive forces of its past. It transposes this into images, whose objective is wholly unconcerned with describing external events, but rather the decisive elements of destiny that act in them. This is precisely why the historian should take the legends woven around Arminius, Theodoric or Alexander, to name a few, very seriously.

The correct interpretation of the signs of our times shows that if we are interested today in divine and heroic figures, which is not because appropriate documents exist, nor because during a certain period men believed that they constituted reality, but because we ourselves aspire to the most profound regions beyond a philosophical facade. The documents of the past only acquire a meaning for us when we begin step by step to draw intuitively nearer the multitude of creative or destructive cosmic powers.

The beginning of the Twilight of the Gods, □ which also marks the destruction of Men linked to an ethnic group, is prepared by the relaxation of the strict ethnic order, which translated, in ancient times, the attachment of the individual to the powers of the gods, heroes and ancestors. The isolated man freed himself from his bonds to the cosmos and blood. The twilight of blood is at the time the twilight of the gods. Blood lost its spiritual significance; it dries up; ancestors are silenced. The combat of everyone and everyone begins.

The divine wisdom of myths is replaced by mechanical intellect, cultic interpretation by egotistical activity in the material world. Individual freedom is obtained at the price of death and decline. These human events also reflect in the cosmos in the form of the luminous gods' defeat by the dark forces. The Edda evokes this in a striking manner; a universal anguish spreads, the gods themselves feel under threat as a result of Balder's death, as he, more than any other, is the expression of Nature's luminous transfiguration.

In the final battle of these traditional gods, during the Twilight of the Powers, the mythic ethnicity of original times experiences its own decline: Thorr fights against the serpent of Midgard. He is victorious over the serpent, this is true, but he dies nine paces later

□ Path which we find incarnated in the North by Bifrost, the rainbow bridge, linking Midgard, the world of men, with Asgard, that of the

Gods, and whose rupture contains one of the major aspects of the Twilight of Powers.

 The Nordic term *Ragnarokr* translates more exactly as ‘Twilight of the Powers’. The term ‘Powers’

renders without a doubt more accurately than the term ‘gods’ what the concept of divinity represented to the Nordics.

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poisoned by the latter’s venom. Odhinn is devoured by the wolf, whose mouth opened as wide as the space separating the earth from the sky. Let us remember here that the genie of Rome is a she-wolf.

But soon an integral revival announces itself: a son of Odhinn, the taciturn Widar, kills the wolf by ripping open the latter’s jaws. Balder returns and reveals again to resurrected man the divine secrets of the earth and cosmos.

‘ *I see a hall standing*

More beautiful than the sun

Covered in gold

At Gimle:

It is there that the faithful

Troops shall live

And for eternity

Will rejoice in happiness.

When arrives from on high

At the last judgement

The powerful, the magnificent

He who governs everything.

He decides the fate of the combats

He appeases the quarrels

He decrees the eternal laws. ’

That is what the Edda chants.

Who is this ‘Powerful Lord on High’, this vanquisher of the powers of death and hate? Who is he who, after the Twilight of the Gods, instilled the spirit of community inside the heads of men who had become individualists, who transformed their egotism into the talent of self-disinterest and who does not annihilate freedom, but sanctifies it?”

I extend my hand to my comrade. And I think to myself: this ‘Power up on High’ is the sun, bearer of light, whose children we are. In the New Testament, his name is Apollo.

He was the victim of a great injustice.

A chant cuts through this Icelandic summer solstice night. Is it not the music of the spheres announcing the death and return of Balder? Before this dead god was consumed by the flames of his bramble bush, Odhinn the Father-of-All murmured into his ear the word of supreme wisdom. This word, Lucifer could have pronounced. As could Lohengrin or Helias. This knight on a swan mount had a message of joy to bear to the Christian peoples…

 Gylfaginning 51.

 Völuspa 53, *Vafthrudnismal* 53.

 Völuspa 55, *Vafthrudnismal* 53.

 Völuspa 62, *Gylfaginning* 53.

 Gylfaginning 53. ‘Secrets’ literally ‘runes’. They are written on golden tablets, which are an identification of the Grail and the sacred and fundamental laws of the Golden Age.

 Völuspa 64-65 (excepting the last three lines which could have been taken from other texts and deal with diverse characters such as Odhinn and Forseti, Balder’s son).

Before returning to Reykholt, I gather a stone. I shall put it with the fragment of the Delphi temple frieze and with the other stone, which I collected in Montségur's ruins.

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RETURN

his book, whose basic substance was the pages of a journal, was written in a little village in High Hesse. At the heart of the land of my distant pagan ancestors and T

Comment [CG1] :

heretic forefathers.

The book's manuscript is placed on my desk: I now wish to finish it. The pages covered in cramped handwriting, are weighed down by a stone which is a fragment of the Delphi temple frieze. Two other stones prevent the wind from scattering or sweeping away the thick bundles of my journal to my left and right.

The window of my room is open. A short while ago, after a hot stuffy day, a violent storm broke. Great drops are falling from the trees and bushes.

A small Empire clock beats quietly. It marks out the hours. With its exquisite chime.

It was offered to me by an old lady who is no longer of this world and who, now, is in possession of the supreme knowledge. She knows more than all of us.

My eyes consider the two piles of the Journal's pages, those on the right and left. The two piles are equal. The pages on the left have been used. They have furnished the substance of this book. I shall put them away, but I shall reread them from time to time: they contain notes, which I took only for myself and which I must not forget.

Early tomorrow, I will lift off this stone that I brought back from desert-like Iceland and will free the pages on my right. And I shall give speech to the first sheet, then the others, one by one. It is a new book which I wish to begin: the *Journal* of the continuance of my quest, which will follow on from the first work. I wrote the first page

opposite the Icelandic North Cape, on the Arctic Polar Circle; the others, for the most part, in the heart of Europe: in my German fatherland. But some were written in the meantime in the sector of two volcanoes: Vesuvious and Etna, which were both known as Mount Bel in the Middle Ages.

Along with the pages of my Journal on my left, I will also put away the stone which acts as their paperweight. I brought it back, a long time ago now, from the ruins of the Pyrenean heretic fortress of Montségur, the Grail castle. Then the left third of my desk shall be empty, ready for a new pile. Another stone will guard the order of the pages which will occupy this new free space: a block of amber, golden yellow.

A short while ago then, a storm broke out. The thunder was incessant. From the sky, where the sun remained invisible behind black clouds passing fast overhead, lightening bolted down almost constantly and had just struck the ground with a great crash. How the Great Mother must be suffering! — Perhaps at this moment a peasant is watching his meagre wealth being devoured by the flames and going up in smoke. In this man's heart, there is a blacksmith who hammers: suffering. The man's heart must be an anvil. Misfortune to him, with suffering heart, if he is not strong enough!

I can hear a buzzing. A bee is hovering on the edge of the window. Its wings are paralysed by the rain water. When the sun returns, all the water will evaporate from his wings

— so marvellously conceived by the divine master — and he will regain the skies. At night, the water condenses into dew in the calyx of the flower and begins to shine like a precious stone. The little bee drinks the dew. When she has sucked it all up, it can penetrate to the heart of the flower. There the nourishment is to be found for the cold and flowerless winter: the exquisite honey, yellow as gold.

 The Countess of Pujol-Murat.

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With the bees' honey, our ancestors made hydromel, to drink to *Minne*. *Minne* is remembrance; and remembrance is a paradise one can never be chased out from. The pagan Germans thought that bees were the survivors of the Golden Age, of Paradise. On the lips of the new-born, they would smear the sacred honey, which the bees had extracted from the flowers of apple trees, roses and daisies. It is for

this reason that the Icelanders call daisies the “eyes of Balder”.

Above all the flowers and plants, bees like one tree: the ash. Sometimes, they swarm on it in hundreds, even thousands, nourishng themselves on the ash’s sweet sap. —The Edda has the dew from the cosmic Yggdrasill ash, Tree of the World and of Life, falling in

“honey chutes” so the bees can feed from it. The cosmic ash is the Milky Way in the nocturnal sky. The Anglo Saxons called it the Aryan Way. In Sweden, it was called Erik’s Way. Erik is another name given the Devil.

The sun has at last broken through the clouds. Its oblique rays make everything shine and sparkle. Vapours rise from the steam. My little Empire clock will soon strike seven times. At nine o’clock, it will be dark. I will go out of the house. Very near here, I know a forest path bordered by majestic pine trees. It begins in a place called the “Free Man”, then, passing through the Dornberg, it rejoins the Ransberg. There is a prairie there: the rose garden. The path is called the “Path of the Thief” (*Diebsweg*).

I carry with me the key, the *Dietrich* …

I am going to follow the ancient path of the thief, eyes constantly fixed on the Great Bear. In the Nordic sky, in ancient times, this constellation bore the name Arktos or Artus, Arthur, Thorr, or — the old Grandfather. The bear Thorr also, the old and great Father, master of Eddic divine power, loved, like all bears, the honey patiently collected by the laborious bees in spring and summer. Our most distant ancestors drank it in the form of hydromel in the rose garden. In remembrance (*Minne*) of Thorr and the dead.

With its wings still handicapped, the little bee flies around the table at which I am writing, and then disappears into the night. Perhaps it will spend the night in a wild rose. —

And tomorrow is a new day.

 More exactly the “eyelids of Balder”, *Baldr bra*. Snorri’s Edda says: “There is a field flower so white that is has been compared to Balder’s eyelids: it is the whitest of all the flowers in the field”. And if it has often been said that “the eyelids of Balder” were daisies, it is now the camomile matricaire which bears the name *Baldrsbra* today in the North.

 Gylfaginning, 16. “The dew which, from there [Yggdrasill], fell to

the earth, men called ‘honey-dew’

(*hunangsfall*) and it is from this that the bees fed themselves”.

i

ABEL In the Old Testament, shepherd and second son of Adam and Eve who was slain by his brother Cain. [70]

ABRAHAM (ABRAM/IBRAHIM) Old Testament patriarch regarded by the Jews as the founder of the Hebrew people through his son Isaac, by his wife Sarah, and by Muslims as the founder of the Arab peoples through his son Ishmael, by Hagar, Sarah’s Egyptian handmaid. He probably lived in the period between 2000 and 1500 BC. The tale of Adam’s trial by faith (the sacrifice of Isaac – although Muslims claim it was Ishmael) was taken up by Protestant theologians (notably Søren Kierkegard in his *Fear and Trembling*) to form the cornerstone of their religious belief. According to *Genesis*, after God was convinced of the perfect obedience of both father and son, he provided a ram as a substitute for the youth.

This is thought to be at the root of the Hebrews’ rejection of human sacrifice, in contrast to the surrounding tribes of the region, and today is symbolised by the ritualistic blowing of the *shofar* or ram’s horn on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. [88,119,140,162,164]

GUSTAV-ADOLF (GUSTAVUS ADOLPSTONE OF THEIRHUS/‘LION OF THE NORTH’)

{1594-1632} King of Sweden. [109]

AENEAS Son of Anchises and Venus/Aphrodite, defender of Troy and hero of Virgil’s *Aeneid*. In mythology, he married Lavinia and founded the Roman people. [72,116]

AGRIPPINE (‘AGRIPPINA THE YOUNGER’) { *c.* 15-59} Emperor Germanicus’

daughter, future wife of Emperor Claudius and mother of Nero, by first husband Domitius Ahenobarbus. Gave name to Colonia Agrippinensis (modern Cologne). [136]

ALBIGENSIANS (ALBIGENSES) Cathars from the Albi region; Provence, Languedoc

& Gascony.

[6,10/1,13/4,16-9,24/5,27-9,31-34,37/8,44/5,59,62/63,75,101,128,137-9,1

ALANI Catalonians descended from Ostrogoths. [53]

ALARIC II {484-507} Visigothic king. [13,19,27,30,66]

POPE ALEXANDER III (ROLANDO BANDINELLI) { *c*.1105-1181} [11]

ALEXANDER THE GREAT (ALEXANDER III OF MACEDONIA) {356-323 BC}

King Son of Philip II and a princess of Epirus, he went on to become one of the world's greatest military stategists.Made a son of Zeus-Amon at the temple of the Siwa Oasis.

[21,81,114/5,148-51,154,164,184]

DANTE ALIGHIERI {1265-1321} Italian poet. [62/3,66]

AMALASUNTHA {498-535} Queen of the Ostrogoths; Dietrich of Bern's daughter.

[68]

AMALS Ancient Gothic royalty who were revered as Gods. [67,72,80,94]

ST. AMBROSE {339-397} Father and Doctor of the Church. Patron and archbishop of Milan while Theodore ruled the Western Roman Empire and Valentinien the Eastern. Baptised the future St. Augustine. Author of numerous works and hymns. [66/7]

/(ST.) AMOR [111-13]

ANCHISES Trojan prince and father of Aeneas. [72]

ANDREAS {1175-1235} King of Hungary, descended from the Arpadian Dynasty; St.

Elizabeth's father. [81/2,122]

ANFORTAS King of the Grail. [30,80,95,120,134]

ANSISES Gothic demi-gods. [67]

ST. ANNO {?-1075} Archbishop of Cologne. [136]

APOLLO/APOLLYON/PHOEBUS/ABADDON/PAIAN (‘THE ARCHER’/

‘THE HEALER’/‘THE DESTROYER’/‘THE TELPHOUSIAN KING’/ ‘THE PYTHIAN’

ii

/‘THE DELIAN’/‘DELPHINIUS’) Son of Zeus and Leto; Artemis’ twin brother. Greek god of sunlight, prophecy, music and poetry. “Angel of the bottomless pit” in the Book of Revelation. [40-52,45/6,49,51/2,59,62,72,92,95,99,101,103,115,134,138,149/50,153, 156,159, 167, 169/70,185]

APOLLONOIS OF RHODES (APOLLONIUS RHODIUS) { *c.* 295-215BC} Greek poet and grammarian who, after his stay in Rhodes, ran the celebrated library of Alexandria.

Argonautica. [92]

ARGONAUTS (‘**HELLENIC VIKINGS**’) Group of adventurers, so named due to their ship, the Argo, who sought the Island of Æa and the Golden Fleece. [47-9,51,71/4,92,95,115,133,139/40,170]

ARIANS Followers of the doctrine of Arius of Alexandria, which was declared the first great heresy of the Catholic Church in 325 at the Council of Nicaea. [7,73,78,80,90,97, 114]

ARIADNE Daughter of Minos and Pasiphaë who helped Theseus out of the Labyrinth.

[97]

ARISTOTLE {384-322 BC} Greek philosopher and scientist who tutored the future Alexander the Great. [150/1]

ARIUS { *c.* 256-336} Born in Cyrenaïca (modern Libya) he was once a Christian priest in Alexandria. He later expounded a Neoplatonic doctrine, which sought to coherently explain the Trinity, notably distancing the Father, creator of the world, from the Son, progenitor of the creatures. This became known as Arianism. [7,97]

ST. JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA A rich merchant in the first century; probably a member of the Sanhedrin, the ancient Jewish court in Jerusalem. According to Christian legend, a secret follower of Jesus, whom he had buried in his own tomb. In Grail lore, he was

responsible for bringing Christianity to Europe along with the sacred object itself.

[50,66,115]

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO {1474-1533} Italian Renaissance poet and member of the house of Este. *Furious Roland* [165]

ARMINIUS {18 BC-19 AD} Chief of the Teutonic tribe of the Cherusci. [184]

INGOLFR ARNARSON Norwegian Viking who colonised Iceland in 874. [171]

PONS ARNAULD Lord of Castel-Verdun. According to Cathar lore, the treasure was entrusted to him after the siege. [32]

MEISTER ARNOLD Influential heretic leader in Cologne whose followers were known as Arnoldists. [136/7,140]

ARPÁD {869-907} Magyar prince who gave rise to the Arpadian dynasty, which reigned in Hungary until 1301. [82/3]

ARSACE I King of Scythia. [154]

ARSACIDES *qv*. Parthians. [154]

ARTEMIS/BELISSENA/ASHERA/PHOEBE/ ('THE VIRGIN'/'THE LADY OF

THE WILD THINGS') Zeus' and Leto's daughter; Apollo's twin sister. The goddess of moonlight, hunting, childbirth and nature. Her Roman equivalent was Diana. She was sometimes identified with Selene, Goddess of the Moon, and Hecate, Goddess of the Night and Queen of Witches, who in some sources is given as her nurse. Along with Aphrodite she is associated with Astarte, the Greco-Roman equivalent of the Phoenician Ashtoreth, and the Babylonian and Assyrian Ishtar. [41/2,159,166]

ARTHUR/ARTUS Semi-historical king of the Britons whose legend developed in the Middle Ages. The earliest references to him are found in Welsh sources and date from around 600. The first continuous Arthurian narrative is in the *Historia Regum Britanniae*

{ *c.* 1139} by the English writer Geoffrey of Monmouth. The tradition

also developed in Europe, probably based on stories handed down from the Celts who immigrated to Brittany in the 5th and 6th centuries. The oldest of the French Arthurian romances is a series of 12th century poems by Chrétien de Troyes, which include the first mention of a search for the Holy Grail. These works went on to influence the German writers Hartmann von Aue and Wolfram von Eschenbach. The culminating masterpiece of the English romances of the 13th and 14th centuries was the anonymously written *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight,* which later inspired Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* of 1485. [22,24,33,78-80,95,118/9, 134,140,143,147, 162,164]

ARYANS Indo-European (*esp*. Indo-Iranian) people. The name derives from the Sanskrit word ' *arya*' meaning 'noble'. In Nazi ideology, a non-Jewish Caucasian of Nordic features. [13,97/8,106,113/4,148,150,154]

ASES/ALCIS Norse/Germanic gods. [49,67,72,90,94,148]

ASKLEPIOS/AESCULAPIUS Greco-Roman god of medicine. [40/1]

ATTILA THE HUN/ETZEL/ETHELE/ATLI ('THE SCOURGE OF GOD') { *c*. 406-453} Warrior king who held huge power in Europe due to his numerous victories.

Celebrated in the *Nibelungenlied* and the *Völsunga Saga*. [67,91,95]

ST. AUGUSTINE {354-430} Latin Father and Doctor of the Church. Before his definitive conversion by St. Ambrose, he had previously been a Manichean, a Neoplatonist and a sceptic as well as a professor of rhetoric. *Civitas Dei, Contra Faustum, Confessions.* [66-8,73,87,113]

AVENTINUS (JOHANNES TURMAYR VON ABENBERG/'THE BAVARIAN

HERODOTUS') {1477-1534} Bavarian chronicler, grammarian, humanist and cartographer.

[91/2]

AZTECS ('THE MEXICA') Nahuatl-speaking Indian people; founders of the Mexican empire conquered by Cortez in 1519. [56]

FREIDRICH II OF BABENBURG {?-1246} Duke of Austria and Styria. The last of the Babenbergs. [90]

BERTRAN DE BACCALAURIA Architect, hired by Esclarmonde to fortify Montségur Castle. [11]

BALDER/BALDUR Son of Odhinn and Frigg. The god of light, peace and joy in Norse mythology. [88, 112,126,152,176,180/1]

BALDUIN Archbishop of Trêves. [126]

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA/FREDERICK I {1123-1190} Holy Roman emperor and king of Germany. [28,119]

BEBRYX Medieval ruler of Lombrives. [34/5,59]

GUILHABERT DE BELIBASTE Notorious heretic who gave his benediction on the killing of Catholics. [29]

ESCLARMONDE DE BELISSEN [16]

ST. BENEDICT (BENEDICT OF NURSIA) { *c.* 480-547} Considered the father of Western monasticism, he was declared the patron saint of all Europe by Pope Paul VI. [149]

BENEDICTINES Monks or nuns of the order following the rule of St. Benedict established *c.* 540. [25,47]

BENOIST Jesuit Historian. [42]

BERCHTHER [78]

BERCHTUNG [78]

DIETRICH OF BERN/THEODORIC THE GREAT {455-526} Ostrogothic king; 14th direct descendant of Amal royal family. Son of Theodomir and a Catholic concubine, he ascended throne 475 and reigned over all Italy between the Alps and the southern extremity of Calabria. Vandals ceded Sicily to him. Roman Emperor of Zenon Orient adopted him as a 'Son in Arms'. Estes, Baltic Estonians, and Erules, Northern Germans, all deferred to him. During his thirty-six year reign, there were thirty-three years of peace. Cited in many heroic sagas, including *Thidrekssaga*. Now Verona. [27,63-5,75-8,82,87/8,91-3,99,104/5,113,114,124/5,135,142, 146,158,160,164,173,180]

ST. BERNARD (BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX/'THE HONEYSWEET DOCTOR') {1090-1153} Doctor of the Church. The author of many

sermons, letters and hymns, he is reputed to have established the rule of the Order of Knights Templar as well sixty-eight Cistercian monasteries and was said to have "borne the twelfth century on his shoulders". [9,30,140/1]

PEDRO BERRUGUETE {1450-1504} Spanish master painter. [5]

ST. HILDEGARDE OF BINGEN ('THE SIBYL OF THE RHINE') {1098-1179} [133]

BJOLF [168]

BOGOMILS ('FRIENDS OF GOD') Heretic faction in the Balkans who derived their belief system from a priest named Bogomil during the 10th century. They were influential in the region until the majority converted to Islam in the 15th century. [3]

JAKOB BÖHME (JACOB BOEHME) {1575-1624} German mystic, Protestant and cobbler. *Aurora,oder die Morgenrö te im Aufgang.* [5/6,73]

MATTEO MARIA BOIARDO (CONTE DI SCANDIANO) {1441-1494} Italian poet and member of Este family. His major work was his unfinished historical epic *Roland Innamorato*. [162]

WERNER OF BOLANDEN [139]

BONIFACE (WINFRID/WYNFRITH/'THE APOSTLE OF GERMANY') { *c.* 675-754}

English Benedictine missionary. [44,108,122]

HUON OF BORDEAUX Legendary king cited in the Charlemagne romances. [130]

BERTRAN DE BORN (VICOMTE DE HAUTEFORT) { *c.* 1140-1215} French soldier and troubadour. [60/1,100-3]

JOHANNES BRAHMS {1833-1897} German composer and pianist. [129]

BRETANNOS King of Britain who played host to Hercules. [48]

EDMOND BROECKX Theology professor. [29]

BRÜNNEHILDE/BRYNHILD One of the Valkyries. [88,124]

OTTO IV OF BRUNSWICK { *c.* 1174-1218} Holy Roman emperor. [139]

BURGUNDIANS/BURGONDS Germanic tribe of Arian heretics. [4,60]

GAIUS JULIUS CAESAR {100-44BC} Roman general, statesman and author.

Commentarii de bello Gallico (*War of the Gauls)* [39,125]

CAGOTS Descendants of the Albigensians. [24,60,113]

CAIN The elder son of Adam and Eve in the Old Testament. Father of Enoch according to *Genesis* 4:17-18. [67]

v

JOHN CALVIN/JEAN CAUVIN ('THE GENEVAN REFORMER') {1509-1564}

French theologian who relocated to Switzerland where, as a zealous reformer, he succeeded in imposing a theocratic system of government, instigating several purges on heretics.

Founder of Calvinism. [94/5,117]

PEIRE CARDINAL [41,51,61,143,174]

CARTHUSIANS Members of an ascetic, contemplative monastic order. The austere discipline owes its origins to St.Bruno who conceived its tenets it in the solitude of the valley of Chartreuse, near Grenobe in Franccce. [75]

FLAVIUS MAGNUS AURELIUS CASSIODORUS { *c.* 480- *c.* 575} Roman noble and historian, chancellor & confidant of Theodoric. Wrote the subsequently lost *Twelve Books of History*. Founded a monastery at Vivarium in Sicily where he retired for the last thirty years of his life. [64]

CASTALIE Nymph drowned whilst trying to escape from Apollo. The fountain of the Muses, in Delphi, bore her name. [38]

CASTIS Herzeloïde's deceased fiancé in *Parzival*. Moulded on Alphonse the Chaste, King of Aragon. [27]

GUILHABERT DE CASTRES Of the noble line of Belissen; patriarch

of the heretic church in the south of France. [9]

CATHARS/CATHARI (NOVATIANS) Name given to, or assumed by, several early sects of heretics who claimed to be 'Pure Ones' (from the Greek ' *katharos*' meaning

'purified') in comparison with the Church. Used with reference to the followers of Novatus of Carthage who seceded from the Church to become the first Antipope in about 251 AD. St.

Augustine refers to them in his book on *Heresies* as "the Cathari, who proudly and hatefully so designated themselves, as if on account of their purity: they do not admit of second marriages, and refuse repentance, following one Novatus, a heretic, from whom they are also called Novatians". By far the most renowned are those of medieval times in southern France, who were also known as Albigensians. Their field of influence was vast and their beliefs embraced other similar sects such as the Vaudois. In England the name was reproduced in the form 'Puritans'. In the Middle Ages they would famously refer to Rome as

'Satan's Synagogue' or 'The Devil's Basilica'. [3/4,9-11,16/7,20-2,24/5,27-30,33-5,38-43,46,51,59/60,63,70,76/7,87,97/
149,155,160,164]

ARTHUR CAUSSOU Otto Rahn's pseudonymous 'Mr. Rives'. Poet, archaeologist, Ariège scholar and relic enthusiast. [13,21/22]

CERBERUS Three-headed dog who guarded the gates of Hell. [46]

CHARLEMAGNE/CAROLUS MAGNUS {742-814} Frank king who converted to Catholicism and became emperor of the West. [64,67,70,106,124,129,162,177]

CHARLES Frank king. [10,129]

CHARON Son of Night and Erebus, in Greek mythology, who ferried the souls of the dead across the river Styx to the gates of the Underworld. [135]

CHATTES Germanic tribe of the 8th century. [44,46]

CHIONE Mother of Orpheus. [166]

CHIRON Centaur; half-man and half-horse. Master of music, meditation and archery who instructed Jason and also Achilles. [45]

CHOLDWIG Frank king. [10]

ST. CHRISTOPHER A martyr, probably in the 3rd century. The famous legend connected with his name grew up in the East during the 6th century and was unknown in the West before the 9th. [108]

CRONUS One of the twelve Titans, he conquered his father Uranus to become the ruler of the Universe. He wed Rhea and fathered six children, of whom the youngest was Zeus.

[152]

FRANCISCO XIMINEZ DE CISNEROS {1436-1517} Spanish prelate and statesman.

[52]

CISTERCIANS ('WHITE FRIARS') Members of an order founded in 1098, at Cîteaux, as a stricter branch of the Benedictines.

HENRI DE CLAIRVAUX Abbot, then Cardinal, of Albano after the Council of Lateran in 1179. [8]

FERDINAND OF COLOGNE {1578-1637} King of Bohemia and Hungary; Holy Roman Emperor from 1619 until his death. [121]

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS {1451-1506} Italian-Spanish navigator. [56,63]

NICOLAUS COPERNICUS (MIKONAJ KOPERNIK) {1473-1543} Polish astronomer. In the year of his death he published *De revolutionibus orbium coelestium* shattering Ptolemaic conceptions of the universe by correctly placing the Sun at its centre although retaining the false notion of circular orbits. [73]

COUNT CONSOLATI [87]

HERNANDO CORTEZ {1485-1547} Spanish conqueror of Mexico. [56/7]

SIBYL OF CUMAE/DEIPHOBE The Italian Pythia and prophetess of the Grail (*acc.* to Wolfram von Eschenbach) at Puteoli (now Puzzuoli). Among the ten sibyls of legend she is the most celebrated. [69]

DEGENHARD [123]

DEMETER/HERCYNA/ GEMETER/CERES ('GIVER OF HARVEST') Daughter of Cronus and Rhea; mother of Persephone. [125,129]

DICUIL Irish monk and scholar of the early 9th century. [168]

DIODORUS (DIODORUS SICULUS) { *c.* 90-21BC} Greek historian. [89]

DIOSCURES [46]

DISRAELI {1804-1881} English politician and author. [68]

ST. DOMINIC (DOMINGO DE GUZMÁN) {1170-1221} Born at Calauega in Spain, he became an Augustinian canon regular at Osma. In 1207, he founded a convent at Prouille, which was the germ of the Dominican Order. Played a very consequential role in burning heretics and their works during the Albigensian Crusade. [3,5,16,29]

DOMINICANS ('BLACK FRIARS') Members of the Order of St. Dominic. [3,10/11, 15/6,30,42,79]

DRACHENFELS Father of Godelinde — Dietrich of Bern's wife. [125,138]

ARTHUR DREWS {1865-1935} German philosopher. [30]

DRUSIAN [125]

RUPERT of DURNE [119]

ECKE Giant. [125]

MEISTER ECKHART (JOHANNES ECKEHART VON HOCHHEIM) {1260?-1327}

German mystic and Christian theologian. [107]

ST. EDWIGE/HEDWIG (JADWIGA) {1174-1243} St. Elizabeth's aunt and patron saint of Silesia. [120]

ST. ELIZABETH {1207-1231} Landgravine of Thuringia and daughter of King Andreas II. Celebrated for her 'rose miracles'. [76,78-80,90,92,118-123,128,138,149]

THOMAS ELMHAM English monk. [160]

EMPEDOCLES {493-433BC} Greek philosopher, statesman and poet. [98]

ST. ENGELBERT {1186-1225} Deemed an unworthy holder of four valuable benefices, he incurred excommunication, and when this was lifted became archbishop of Cologne in 1216. His cultus arose solely on the merits of his martyrdom whilst defending a nunnery.

[31,132]

ENOCH Old Testament patriarch and, in conflicting chapters, both the son of Cain or Jared and the father of Methuselah or Irad. His prominence in the traditional legends is due to his 'translation', that is, his being taken directly into heaven without evidencing death. [67]

ENOSH [67]

ERMANARICH/IRMIN/TYR/MARS Gothic, Germanic, Norse and Roman gods of war respectively. [64,91,124,176]

ERULES Northern Germanic tribe. [63,65]

WOLFRAM VON ESCHENBACH {1170-1220} German epic poet and *minnesänger*.

Parzival [18/9,27-

9,30,34,42,45/6,59/60,69,76/7/8,90/1/2,103,105/6,110/1/2/3, 114,119,144,147,174]

ESTES Powerful Baltic tribe. [65,88]

TILL EULENSPIEGEL { *c.* 1290-1350} German peasant and clownish rogue who inspired numerous folkloric and literary tales. [143]

EURYDICE Beautiful nymph and wife of Orpheus. [166]

FAFNIR Dragon killed by Siegfried in the land of Gnita. [124/5]

HEINRICH VON FALKENSTEIN [96,123]

FASOLT Giant. [125]

FAUST Magician and fortune-teller who lived between 1480 and 1540 in Germany. In the legends inspired by him, he enters into a pact

with the devil. [45,73/4,96,163,170]

FAUSTUS Famous intellectual Manichean. Debated with St. Augustine. [66,73]

FEIRFIZ Son of Gahmuret and Belacane; Parzival's half-brother. [131]

JOACHIM DI FIORE {1135-1202} Sicilian hermit mystic, bible scholar and Calabrian monk. [39,42]

ESCLARMONDE DE FOIX Received into heretic church at Fanjeaux in 1204.

Invited Catholic priests in 1207 to her castle in Palmiers to debate religion. Rejected the Old Testament. Believed Yahweh was Satan. Already had six children and was an aged widow when she became a Perfect. Seen by many as the Grail's guardian. [8/9,11,15-7,24,28,35,56,110,130]

FRANCISCANS ('GREY FRIARS') Members of the order founded by St. Francis of Assisi in 1209. [52,79]

FRANKS Germanic people who conquered Gaul in the 6th century. Northern French of the Middle Ages. [10,98,124,129,132]

FREYA Sovereign of the Valkyries. Sister of Freyr. [86,109,114]

GAD [115]

GALILEO GALILEI {1564-1642} Italian physicist and astronomer who was tried for heresy in 1613 for contradicting Ptolemy's and Rome's doctrine that "Everything turns around us" by famously declaring, "And yet, we turn!" [6,73]

GAMURET Father of Parzival. [111]

GAMURT Ancient Iranian king. [111]

()**GAUT** Ancestor of the Amals (deemed a God). Synonymous with Odin. [64,87]

GEISERICH Vandal king *c.* 430. Wed Adelaïde. [67]

GEORGES II {1626-1661} Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. [121]

GERMANA Queen of Spain. [52]

GERMANICUS {15BC-19AD} Roman general who defeated Arminius and fathered Caligula and Agrippina the Younger. [177]

GERTRUDIS Wife of Andreas II of Hungary and mother of St. Elizabeth. [78]

HEINRICH OF GLEIBERG [123]

GODELINDE Dietrich of Bern's wife. [125]

GOTHS Germanic tribe that invaded the Roman Empire from the 3rd to 5thcenturies.

[4,7,10,24, 27,51,64/5,67-9,75,77,86/7,90/1,98,102,113,135]

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE {1749-1832} German poet, novelist, dramatist and scientist. *Faust.* [45,169/70]

CHRISTIAN DIETRICH GRABBE {1801-1836} German dramatist and poet. *Don Juan und Faust.* [73,96]

BALTASAR GRACIAN (Y MORALES) {1601-1658} Spanish writer and philosopher who became the chief representative of conceptism on entering the Jesuit Order. [51]

POPE GREGORY I ('THE GREAT') { *c.* 540-604} Doctor of the Church and patron saint of teachers. [72,136/7]

POPE GREGORY IX (UGOLINO DE SEGNI) Innocent III's nephew, he reigned from 1227 to 1241. [122,128]

JACOB LUDWIG CARL GRIMM {1785-1863} German librarian, professor, philologist and folklorist. [131,143]

GUDRUN Wife of Sigurd in Norse mythology. [114]

GUIRAUD French Dominican monk. [30]

HAM Noah's son and father of a number of nations. [67]

GEORGE FREDERIC HANDEL {1685-1759} Composer of the late baroque period.

Girl of Zion. [95,98]

HARALD HARFAGRI King of Norway. [166]

HARPAGOS Persian tyrant in 6thcentury. [10]

HASCANIANS *qv.* Parthians. [150]

GERHART HAUPTMANN {1862-1946} German dramatist, novelist and poet. *The White Saviour*. [57]

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN {1732-1809} Austrian composer. [139]

HEIDENREICH [122]

CÄSARIUS VON HEISTERBACH { *c.* 1170- *c.* 1240} Cistercian monk and author.

Dialogus miraqcolorum. *Vita S. Elisabethae landgraviae. Adelaïde petitionem magistri Joannis. Contra haeresim de Lucifero.* [25,29,31,75,80,96,105,119, 132,138/9,143]

HELLENES Ancient Greeks. [44/5,129,134,150]

HENRI IV (HENRI DE NAVARRE/'KING OF THE HUGUENOTS') {1553-1610}

[30,35]

HEPHAESTUS/VULCAN The god of fire and thunder. [134]

HERA ('MOTHER OF THE SKY') Daughter of Cronus and wife of Zeus. Her Roman counterpart was Juno. [39,134]

HERACLES/HERCULES Half-man, half-God. Son of Zeus and Alcmene. [18,34/5, 44-6,48/9,51,59,63,92,125,135,155]

HERACLITUS (HERACLEITUS/'THE DARK OR WEEPING PHILOSOPHER') { *c.* 540-475BC} [73]

HERKA/HEL/SAELDE Queen of the Underworld. [124]

HERMANN I { *c.* 1156-1217} Landgrave of Thuringia and count palatine of Saxony. [76, 78,149]

HERODOTUS ('THE FATHER OF HISTORY') (*c.* 484-425 BC) Greek historian. [43,85]

HERZELOÏDE Mother of Parzival. [18/9,27/8,130]

HESIOD { *c.* 800 BC} Greek scholar and poet. Famous for his *Theogony*. [85]

JOHANN CHRISTIAN FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN {1770-1843} German lyric poet. [95/7,97,161]

HOMER ('THE BIBLE OF THE GREEKS') Ionian poet who probably lived sometime during the 9th or 8th century BC. [145]

POPE HONORIUS III (CENSIO SAVELLI) {?-1227 } [148]

Infanta ISABELLE [121]

ISENTRUD VON HÖRSELGAU [118]

Lady HURTIG [143]

HYPATHIOS Greek philosopher. [145]

HYPERBOREANS People from the northern Polar regions (from *hyper*-beyond and *borée*-name of a septentrional wind). [37/8,49,112/3,134,136,146,152]

DOCTOR IBSCHER German palaeographer. [151]

POPE INNOCENT III (LOTARIO DE' CONTI DE SEGNI) {1160-1216} [8,72,132]

POPE INNOCENT IV (SINIBALDO FIESCHI) { *c.* 1200-1254} [119]

IRAD [67]

ISAAC (YISHAQ) Old Testament patriarch, son of Abraham and father of Jacob and Esau in *Genesis*. His name translates as 'laughter' in Hebrew. A symbol of self-sacrifice, the New Testament alludes to him as a precursor of Christ. [115]

ISAIAH (YESHA'YAHU) { *c.* 760-695? BC} Hebrew prophet. Traditionally considered the author of the first 39 chapters of the Old Testament book of *Isaiah*. [5,31,37,60,76,84,92, 115/6,121, 144,152,155/6,]

JAPHETH One of Noah's three sons and ancestor of a number of nations. [67]

JASON Thessalien leader of the Argonauts. Sailed in the Argo to Island of Aea, seeking the Golden Fleece. [44,48,89,135]

x

JESSE (YISHAY) Grandson of Ruth and Boaz and father of David, king of Israel, in *Samuel 1*. [108/9]

JOHANNES Itinerant preacher. Lord Oldcastle's favourite. [158]

MAGISTER JOHANNES Torturer of heretics. [31,138]

ST. JOHN ('THE THEOLOGIAN'/'THE DIVINE'/'THE EVANGELIST') {?- *c*.101AD}

One of the 12 apostles. Son of Zebedee. First a disciple of John the Baptist and then Jesus.

Apocalypse. [15,25,37,39,42,47, 122/3, 139]

ST. JOHN ('THE BAPTIST') {8BC-27AD} Jewish prophet**.** [139]

JORDANES Gothic historian of the 6th century. Condensed Cassiodorus' *Twelve Books of History*. [64]

VISCOUNT RAYMOND-JOURDAN [13,22, 31]

ST. JUTTA (JUDITH) Patroness of Prussia. [80]

KENAN [67]

JOHANNES KEPLER {1571-1630} German astronomer. [6]

MEISTER KLINGSOR [76-9,92]

KRIEMHILDE Siegfried's fiancé. [104]

ANGÈLE DE LABARTHE Heretic accused of union with the devil and of bearing a monster with a wolf's head and serpent's tail. (1275). [7]

MAÎTRE LABORI Emile Zola's lawyer. [35]

LAMECH

LAMPRECHT [145]

LAURIN King of Tyrolean dwarves (at Bozen, in Dolomites). Keeper of the Rose Garden. Protected it with a silk thread.

[76,81-3,87,92,104/5,117,125,133,137]

LENAU (NIKOLAUS NIEMBSCH VON STREHLENAU) {1802-1850} Austrian poet.

Before going insane in 1844, he wrote *Die Albigenser* (The Albigensians) in 1842 and *Faust* in 1837 as well as his *Don Juan* , which inspired Strauss' symphonic tone poem. [72]

POPE LEO X (GIOVANNI DE' MEDICI) {1475-1521} [60]

POPE LEO XIII (GIOACCHINO PECCI) {1810-1903} [10]

GUIDO VON LIST Aryosophist runologue. [88]

LODMUND [168]

LOHENGRIN/LOHERANGRIN('HELIAS') Son of Parzival and Condwiramurs.

[19,77,92,111, 114,136,152/3,163,181]

LOHRANGERIN Persian 'Red Messenger'. [111]

LOLLARDS Followers of the 14thcentury religious reformer John Wyclif who carried out the first English translation of the Bible. The name probably derived from the German

'lolhard' meaning 'one given to singing' and was used to designate lay people who assisted at religious offices, although the term gained a derogatory edge as time passed and carried this with it when it was used to designate Wyclif's initiates. [158/9]

IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA {1491-1556} Basque knight. Founder of the Society of Jesus in 1534, also known as the Jesuit Order or Cult of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Spiritual Exercises. [25,51-6,62,72,160/1]

LOMBARDS Germanic people who conquered Italy in the 6thcentury. [4,66,77]

LUCIFER/LUCIBEL/TIUBEL ('THE STAR OF MORNING') The "fallen angel" of the Old Testament scriptures and light divinity of heretic cults. The Morning Star (the planet Venus). Associated with

Apollo. *Etym.* 'Bearer of Light'. [4/5,17,20,24/5,31/2,39, 42/3,45/6,52,56/7,60,62,66,68,70,72/3,76,83/4,92,96/7,101,110,114-6,12 138,141/2,144-9,151/ 2,155,157/8,160,163,165,170, 181]

MARTIN LUTHER ('THE GERMAN REFORMER') {1483-1546} German theologian who founded cardinal doctrine of justification by faith alone with Augsburg Confession in 1530. Originator of Protestantism. Regarded as the Antichrist by Roman Catholics during the Reformation [5,115]

LYSIMACHOS General in Alexander's force. [144]

MALHALEL [67]

MANI/MANES (*c.* 216-275/7?) Founder of Manicheanism. Thought to have been born at Ctesiphon, in Mesopotamia. Wrote *Chant of the Pearl*. Of Persian origin, descended from the ancient line of Hascanians and Arsacides. It is claimed he into the world laughing. A scholar, poet, orator, astrologer, mathematician, doctor and artist. From 240, he preached a system compounded of Zoroastrian dualism and Christian soteriology. He was crucified, burnt alive or cut in two (depending on the account) by Zoroastrian priests.

[111,150/1]

MANICHEANS Followers of Mani. [3,66,70,73,77,87,111/2,123, 148-52]

MANSI [172]

KONRAD VON MARBURG { *c.* 1180-1233} German Grand Inquisitor. [3,79/80,110, 118/9,122/3]

JUAN MARTOREL *Tirant lo Blanch*. [50]

ARNOLD DE MAUREUIL [39]

PYTHEAS OF MARSEILLES/MASSILIA Greek navigator and geographer.

Wrote *Study of the Ocean* — all his writings have been lost. [46/7,133]

? **MAURUS** Monk from Heisterbach. Said to have slept for 300 yrs. [136/9]

WALTER VAN MEER [169,173]

MEHUJAEL [67]

POMPONIUS MELA [49]

MELITO [100]

MENI [115]

DUKE BERCHTHER OF MERAN King Rother's companion who wore the Claugestiân stone as an ornament in his helmet. [75,144]

METHUJAEL

METHUSELAH Noah's grandfather in the Old Testament who was said to have lived for 969 years. [67]

METHUSHAEL

MIDAS King of Phrygia whose touch turned everything to gold. Son of Gordias.

Punished by Apollo for worshipping Pan — received donkey's ears. Tied the Gordian Knot.

[142]

RENÉ FÜLÖP-MILLER *Power and Mystery of the Jesuits*. [50, 51]

xii

HEINRICH MINNEKE Prior of Cistercian monastery at Goslar. Belonged to Premonstratensian Order. Believed in Lady Wisdom and that Lucifer had apologised to the All Mighty. Denounced by Konrad von Reisenberg *c.* 1220. [148/9]

PIERRE-ROGER DE MIREPOIX French knight of the family of Bélissen. Ruled lands of Foix and was commander of Montségur. Gave order to four Cathars to take treasure to Sabarthès. [39]

MITHRAS Persian god of light. [152]

ST. MONICA Afro-Carthaginian/Punic Christian mother of St. Augustine.

JUAN PEREZ DE MONTALBAN 17th century Spanish writer who was ordained priest in 1625. *The Melancholy Knight*. [50]

JORGE DE MONTEMAYOR { *c.* 1520- *c.* 1561} Spanish romancer and poet. *Diana.* [162]

MONTEZUMA {1466-1520} Aztec king. Thought, at first, conquering Spanish were Gods of the North. Was imprisoned and wounded. Rejected Christianity in favour of death.

[56/7]

SIMON DE MONTFORT (SIMON IV DE MONTFORT L'AMAURY) { *c.* 1165-1218}

Appointed generalissimo of the Albigensian Crusade by Pope Innocent III. Killed by a block of masonry thrown from the ramparts in Toulouse. [5,8,24]

MOORS A mixture of people, mostly derived from Arabs and Berbers after the former's conquest of the latter in the 7th century. [51]

MOSES (MOSHEH) Hebrew prophet, lawgiver and founder of Israel. He lived some time during the 14th and 13th centuries BC. Sometimes suggested as Akhenaten

[38,64/66,103]

FRIEDERICH MUCKERMANN Jesuit priest. [54]

COUNTESS PUJOL-MURAT Owner of Lordat Castle. [22,94]

NARSES { *c.* 480-574} Byzantine general and eunuch. Conquered Nordics near the Mons Lactarius (Naples). [66]

JESUS OF NAZARETH (JOSHUA/CHRIST/THE MESSIAH) { *c.* 6 BC-30?AD}

[9,15,19,25/6,31,40/1,47,49,51-

3,55/6,62/3,66,,75,84,100/1,108,111/2,123/4,130,136/7,145, 150/1,160]

NERO (NERO CLAUDIUS CAESAR DRUSUS GERMANICUS/ LUCIUS DOMITIUS

AHENOBARUS) {37-68} Fifth emperor of Rome. [132]

NIBELUNGEN [104,113/4]

NIDHOD [135]

DIETRICH VON NIEHEIM {1340-1418} German historian and church official. [67]

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE {1844-1900} German philosopher, poet and classical philologist. [22,107]

NIKOLAUS ('THE ARCHPOET'/'PRINCE OF POETS') {?- *c.* 1165} German poet whose poem *Confessio* has often been acknowledged as *the* greatest drinking song in the world. It was certainly the first significant defiance by an artist of that society which it is his business to amuse. It is one of the hardiest poems in medieval literature and the first articulately reasoned rebellion against the denying of the body. His patron was Reginald von Dassel, archbishop of Cologne and chancellor to Frederick Barbarossa. [143]

NIKOLAUS Icelandic monk. [124]

NIXES / UNDINES Water sprites of Germanic folklore. [106]

NOAH Old Testament patriarch who built the ark in which he, his family, and living creatures of every kind survived the flood. [67]

NORN Any of three Scandinavian goddesses of Destiny (*qv*. Urd).

OCCIS [145]

ODHINN (ODIN/WODEN-WOTAN/ALFADDIR) Norse Father-of-All. His two black ravens, Huggin ('Thought') and Muninn ('Memory'), flew forth daily to gather tidings of the world's events. His court was Valhalla and his greatest treasures were his steed, Sleipner, his spear, Gunger, and his ring, Draupner. As well as the god of war, he was also the deity of initiation, secrets, poetry and wisdom, which he acquired, at the sacrifice of an eye, drinking at the fountain of Mimir. [106]

ODOACRE {433-493} Became king of the Erules in 476. Considered a sage. Killed by Theodoric at a banquet in Ravenna.

HEINRICH VON OFTERDINGEN Wartburg singer. [67]

ST. OLAV (OLAF II HARALDSSON/'THE NORWEGIAN APOSTLE') { *c.* 995-1030} King of Norway. [162]

LORD JOHN OLDCASTLE (BARON COBHAM) The most famous

English heretic.

Died, wrapped in chains, suspended over a fire. It is widely accepted that Shakespeare based his Lord Falstaff on him, although the bard himself gave the following qualified denial:

“Oldcastle died a martyr and this is not the man!” [155]

ORCUS Guardian of the kingdom of the dead. [125]

ORPHEUS Thracian singer and Argonaut. [162]

ORTNIT [114,146]

OSTROGOTHS Eastern branch of Goths. Conquered Italy in the 5th and 6thcenturies.

[66]

PARSIS/PARSEES Adherents of Zoroastrianism. Descendants of the Persians who fled to India from Muslim persecution in the 7th and 8thcenturies. ‘ *Parsi*’ is the Persian word for ‘Pure’. Derogatorily referred to by Muslims as ‘ *Guebres*’ or ‘ *Giaours*’ from the Arab word

‘ *kaffir*’ meaning ‘non-Muslim’. [107]

PARTHIANS People of Scythian descent who lived in the ancient empire of Asia, which would now be Iran and Afghanistan. Two of their royal families were the Hascanians and Arsacides. [150]

PARZIVAL Grail guardian; son of Gahmuret and Herzelöide. Found the Grail. Rode in a swan-drawn wherry announcing the truth to men. The Persian ‘ *Parsiwal*’ translates ‘Flower of the Parsis (the Pure)’, [103]

ST. PAUL (SAUL THE PHARISEE/‘THE APOSTLE TO THE GENTILES’) { *c.* 3-62} First theologian of Christianity as well as its most prominent missionary. [63]

PERSEUS Greek mythological hero and slayer of Medusa the Gorgon. Son of Zeus and daughter of Danaë. [69]

ST. PETER/SIMON/CEPHAS (‘PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES’) {?-64AD} Most prominent of Christ’s 12 disciples and traditionally, the first bishop of Rome. [82]

PHILIP II {382-336BC} King of Macedonia and Alexander the

Great's father. A treasure-filled royal tomb, believed to have been his, was excavated at Vergina, near Thessaloní ka, Greece, in 1977. [141]

xiv

PHILIPPE IV ('THE FAIR'/'LE BEL') {1268-1314} King of France who notoriously suppressed the Templars.

PHILIP I ('THE MAGNANIMOUS') {1504-1567} Landgrave of Hesse.[120]

PHOCAEANS A native or inhabitant of the ancient city of Phocaea, the most northern of the Ionian cities on the west coast of Asia Minor. In antiquity, the name given to the inhabitants of Marseille. [8]

PONTIUS PILATE Roman procurator of Judaea, under Emperor Tiberius, who tried and sentenced Jesus Christ. [47]

/ **ST. PIRMIN** [105]

PLATO (ARISTOCLES) {428-347BC} Greek philosopher and reputed author of 28

comedies. [113]

PLINY (GAIUS PLINIUS SECUNDUS/'THE ELDER') {23?-79} Roman writer and encyclopedist. *Natural History*. [86]

WALTHER PROBST [120]

GUIOT DE PROVINS Kyot in Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*. [25]

PSYCHË Multicoloured butterfly in Greek mythology and beautiful princess loved by Cupid in Roman mythology.

PTOLEMY

(CLAUDIUS

PTOLOMAEUS)

{120-180} Egyptian astrologer,

mathematician and geographer. [73]

PYRÈNE Daughter of Bebryx. Loved Hercules/Heracles. Eaten by

wild animals trying to follow him. Gave name to Pyrenees. [32, 33]

PYRRHUS {319-272BC} King of Epirus and author of memoirs and works on the art of war. [144]

PYTHIA Chief priestess in Delphi who spoke the oracle of Apollo. [47,49,145]

CHARLES QUINT (CHARLES V/CHARLES I OF SPAIN) {1500-1558} Holy Roman Emperor. [120,173]

RAVAILLAC {1578-1610} French schoolmaster and fanatic Catholic who assassinated Henri IV. [33]

KONRAD VON REISENBERG Bishop of Hildesheim. Took over from Konrad von Marbourg after the latter's death. [145,148]

REMUS Twin brother of Romulus. [67]

GEMINOS OF RHODES Wrote about Pytheas, quoting from the lost original.

Astronomical Elements. [47]

JEAN-PAUL FRIEDERICH RICHTER {1763-1825} German writer and poet.

RICHWIN [139]

ROLAND (HRUODLANDUS) Legendary hero of the romances concerning Charlemagne who founded Runkel, wielded his sword Durandal, and possessed the horn Oliphant.

ROMULUS Twin brother of Remus and legendary founder of Rome. [67]

CHRISTIAN ROSENKREUZ Mythical character who was the inspiration for the Rosicrucian movement.

ROSICRUCIANS Legendary order that dates from 1605. Gained impetus a decade later with the publication of three inflammatory texts ('The Rosicrucian Manifestos') which claimed the existence of a secret brotherhood of mystical 'initiates', allegedly founded by one Christian Rosenkreuz — who it is maintained was born in 1378 and died in 1484. Tracts expounded esoteric, Hermetic theories, talked of an 'underground stream' and attacked the

Catholic Church. One of the tracts, the famous *Chemical Wedding of Christian Rosencreutz* was composed by Johann Valentin Andrea who confessed that he composed it as a 'lubidrium'

— a satirical comedy. Andrea formed quasi secret societies known as Christian Unions, which may have formed the blueprint for the Masonic lodge system.

ROTHER [75]

RUNCARII (RUNKELER/RUNCARIENS) German Cathars. [1]

YAHWEH SABAOTH (JAHVEH SABAOT/JEHOVAH) Judaic God. Hebrew 'YHWH'

with added vowels, also known as the tetragrammaton. The 'All Mighty' of the Old Testament. Yahweh Sabaoth in Hebrew translates as 'the Lord of Heavenly Hosts'. [3,7,103]

SARAH Wife of Abraham and mother of Isaac. [115]

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA {1547-1616} Spanish writer of the Golden Age. *Don Quixote*. [53,162-65]

RUDOLF SCHENK [119]

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER {1769-1805}

German playwright, poet and critic. [104]

ANNE OF SCHLESIEN [120]

SELEUCOS (DIADOCKUS SELEUKOS I NIKATOR) { *c.* 358BC-280BC} One of Alexander's generals, he later became the king of Babylon. [144]

MICHEL SERVET [94]

SETH In the Old Testament, the third son of Adam and Eve. [67]

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE {1564-1616} English dramatist and poet. *Hamlet*, *Henry IV*. [133,156/7]

SHEM One of Noah's three sons and ancestor of a number of nations.

[67]

SIBICH [113]

SIEGFRIED/SIGURD Hero of Germanic and Norse legends. Weilded Balmung and slayed Python, the winter dragon. [36,85,103]

ST. BERNADETTE (MARIE-BERNARDE SOUBIROUS OF LOURDES) {1844-1879} [55]

EGILL SKALLAGRIMSSON Egill 'Son of Grim the bald'. An ancestor of Snorri Sturluson on the maternal side. He lived in the 10th century, five generations before Snorri, and is the hero of a celebrated saga, *Egill's Saga*, whose author is thought to have been Snorri himself.

STRABON Greek geographer. [164]

SNORRI STURLUSON {1179-1241} Icelandic poet, historian and legislator.

Edda (*Gylfaginning*, *Skaldskaparmal, Hattatal*), *Heimskringla*. [170]

SOCRATES {469-399 BC} Greek philosopher. [38]

STEDINGERS German heretics. Held similar beliefs to those of the Vaudois. [133]

LUDOLF DE SUCHEN Carthusian monk and pilgrim. *Love of Jesus*. [72]

FRIEDRICH VON SUHTSCHECK Austrian researcher. [111]

SVENI [172]

PHILIP OF SWABIA {1176-1208} [139]

CORNELIUS TACITUS { *c.* 56- *c.* 120} Roman orator, politician and historian. [46,136, 179]

TALMUDISTS Members of the body of Jewish civil and ceremonial law and legend comprising the Mishnah and the Gemara. [97]

TANNHÄUSER Mythical Germanic figure and inspiration for Wagner's opera of the same name. [71,73,81,90/1,114,129/30,141,155,]

TANNHÄUSER {1240-1270} Composer in the court of Duke Frederick II of Babenburg. *Minnesänger* who joined the Crusades and went to Palestine. [90/1]

TAUNASIS/THANAUSES/DONAWS/DOUNASIS [61]

TEJA {?-555} Last of the Ostrogothic rulers. [63]

TEUTONIC KNIGHTS After adopting the rule of the Knights Hospitallers, they were recognised by the pope in 1191. The most powerful and cynical exploiters of religion in the Middle Ages. Finally secularised during the Reformation. [119-21]

? KNIGHTS TEMPLAR ('THE WARRIOR MONKS') Founded by Hugues de Payen in 1118, officially, to protect pilgrims to the Holy Lands. Ten years later, persuaded by St.

Bernard, they adopted the Cistertian Rule. Quarters built on the foundations of the ancient Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem. Thought to be guardians of the Grail. Certainly cited as such in early Grail romances of the Middle Ages, such as Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parsival*. Thought by many modern historians to have had a concealed agenda. All Templars in France were arrested in 1307 on orders of Philippe IV and tried for heresy. Among the many different 'confessions' extracted, two of the more recurrent ones detailed the worship a silver head (possibly related to a credo in which John the Baptist figures as the true messiah) and sacrilegious treatment of the cross (from straightforward denial to ritual spitting on the object itself). They were finally suppressed in 1312. [19]

TEUTONS Members of a North European Germanic tribe around 110 BC [89]

THEODORIC Archbishop of Cologne [138]

THOROLF One of Iceland's colonisers. [167/8]

THORR (THORR-DONAR) Eldest son of Odin and Jord, the earth goddess in Norse mythology. The god of thunder, he possessed a magic hammer. [44,104/5,117,129,160,167, 180]

THORSTEIN Son of Ingolfr Arnarson. [167]

GERVAIS OF TILBURY { *c.* 1152-1220} English scholar and courtier who was appointed marshall of the kingdom of Arles by Otto IV. [75]

TITUREL First Grail King in the known line. Along with the grail, he was also the guardian of the Roman centurion Longinus' lance (which opened Jesus' flank). Grandfather of Anfortas.[47]

TOLTECS Mesoamerican Indian people who lived in what is now Mexico and worshipped the ancient deity Quetzalcoatl, the Plumed Serpent, in the guise of Venus. [112]

COUNT RAYMOND VI OF TOULOUSE {1156-1222} Uncrowned king of the south of France. [11,]

VICOUNT RAYMOND-ROGER TRENCAVEL Lord of Carcassonne. Poisoned by Simon de Montfort. [26-8]

TREVRIZENT Hermit. [34]

HAGEN VON TRONJE [101,103]

WILLIAM OF TYRE { *c.* 1130-1186} Chronicler and clergyman who, on entering the service of the kings of Jersusalem, was appointed archbishop of Tyre. [60]

TYROLEANS People from Bozen (Bolzano), in Dolomites.

HEINRICH OF UELMEN Rhineland knight. [139]

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND {1787-1862} German poet, philologist and politician.

[12]

ULRICUS [119]

POPE URBAN IV (JACQUES PANTALÉ) {?-1264} One of the important medieval popes.

He is also the pope who rejects the Tannhäuser of legend. [87]

URD Oldest of the Norns (ancient Icelanders) who sewed a silk thread that unwound all the way to Hel (*qv*. Laurin). [126,133]

UTTARAKURU Men of the North; Aryan Indians.

PEIRE VALDO (PIERRE VALDEZ/PETER WALDO/PETRUS VALDESIUS) Lyon merchant who founded the Vaudois sect. [9]

VALKYRIES Any one of Odin's twelve handmaidens who selected heroes to be slain in battle (*Etym. valr*-the slain, *kur*-to choose). [132,173]

VANDALS Germanic people that ravaged Gaul, Spain, northern Africa and Rome in the 4th and 5thcenturies, destroying many books and works of art along the way. [2]

LUCILIO VANINI (GIULIO CESARE VANINI) {1584-1619} Sicilian philosopher who was burnt at the stake for heresy. [5]

PUBLIUS QUINTILIUS VARUS Roman general and governor of Syria who committed suicide after being defeated by Arminius in 9AD. [177]

VAUDOIS (WALDENSEIANS/PAUPERES DE LUGDUNO/ PAUPERES SPIRITU) Puritan religious sect, founded *c.* 1170 by Peire Valdo. Spread to Italy and remain active, especially in America, even in modern times. [9]

HEINRICH VELDEKE Court poet at Looz. [110]

VELLEDA German priestess and prophetess who resisted Vespasian in the 1st century.

[172/3]

BERNARD DE VENTADOUR {?-1195?} Provençal troubadour who was celebrated for his fine melodies. [41]

VENUS/APHRODITE Goddess of Love. Belief in an Eastern origin to her cult is borne out by similarities to the worship of the Mesopotamian mother-goddess of love and war, Ishtar, also known as Astarte. [35,43/4,71,109,114,129/30,134,152,173]

VESPASIAN {9-79} Roman emperor and founder of the Flavian dynasty. [177]

PEIRE VIDAL Important Cathar 'Perfect' (*Parfait*). [41/2,97]

VISIGOTHS Western division of the Goths who settled in France and Spain in the 5thcentury. Ruled much of Spain until 711. [4,10,16,22,27,60,63]

GEVARD VON WALBERBERG Abbot of Heisterbach. Exhorted Cäsarius von Heisterbach to convert. [31,139]

WITTEGE Son of Wieland. [135]

WOLFDIETRICH [78]

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE {1170?-1230?} Middle High German poet and *minnesänger*. [42,76,83/4,90,100,114,174]

ST. VOLUSIAN 5th century bishop of Tours who is chronicled as having been "afflicted with a very bad-tempered wife"! [10]

WILHELM RICHARD WAGNER {1813-1883} German composer and musical theorist. *Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Parzival***.** [19,153]

GEVARD OF WALBERBERG One time abbot of Heisterbach. [139]

CARL MARIA ERNST VON WEBER {1786-1826} German composer, pianist and conductor. *Oberon*. [130]

WERNHER ('BROTHER WERNHER') 13th century Middle High German poet and one of the twelve founders of the Meistersinger guild. [3]

WIDAR Son of Odhinn. [180]

WIELAND Blacksmith. [88,114,124,135,141]

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND {1733-1813} German writer. *Oberon*. [130]

FREIDRICH WILHELM IV {1795-1861} King of Prussia. [144]

JOHANN (JOACHIM) WINCKELMANN {1717-1768} German archaeologist and art historian. He became superintendent of Roman antiquities. *Description of Hesse*. [120]

WOLFART One of Dietrich's companions. [113]

OSWALD VON WOLKENSTEIN { *c.* 1377-1445} Lyric poet and adventurer; one of the last of the minnesingers. [87]

GIBICH OF WORMS King of a terrestrial paradise known as the Rose Garden; father of Kriemhilde. [104]

JOHN WYCLIFFE/WYCLIF ('MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION')

{ *c.* 1330-1384} English religious reformer and theologian who instituted the first English translation of the complete Bible. [158]

ZARATHUSTRA/ZOROASTER { *c.* 630-550BC} Persian prophet and founder of Zoroastrianism theory of dualism, based on the concept of a conflict between a spirit of light and good and a spirit of darkness and evil. He appears in the earliest portion of the Avesta scriptures and sought to establish a holy agricultural state in the face of Turanian and Vedic aggression. [103]

ZEUS ('LORD OF THE SKY') The youngest son of the Titans, Cronus and Rhea, and the ruler of the gods on Mount Olympus in Thessaly. His breastplate was the aegis, his bird the eagle and his tree the oak. His Roman equivalent was Jupiter. [37/8,134,144/5,152]

ÉMILE ÉDOUARD CHARLES ANTOINE ZOLA {1840-1902} French author who founded the naturalist movement. *Lourdes*. [35,58]

ZOROASTRIANS Followers of Zarathustra in the Zend-Avesta region who worshipped a supreme god, Ahura Mazda, during the first millennium BC After Zarathustra's demise, the faith continued to be practised by Parsees and survives to the present day. [103]

KEY

Dietrich

!

Prophets and founders of religious orders.

 Divinities.

 Mythical or legendary figures.

Peoples, tribes and groups.

 Royals.

 Heretics (by which it is understood here: people who denied the Cross or other Orthodox Roman Catholic doctrines and symbols — even though they themselves may have considered themselves Christians — or adhered to

pre-Christian

religions).

 Judaic or Old Testament figures and bodies.

 Figures of Catholic faith, including Crusaders.

 Troubadours, minnesängers, philosophers, artists composers & poets (skalds and aedes).

 Nobles & important generals.

 Astronomers & astrologers.

 Adventurers & geographers.

 Historians & authors.

Doctors, lawyers, architects & professors.

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